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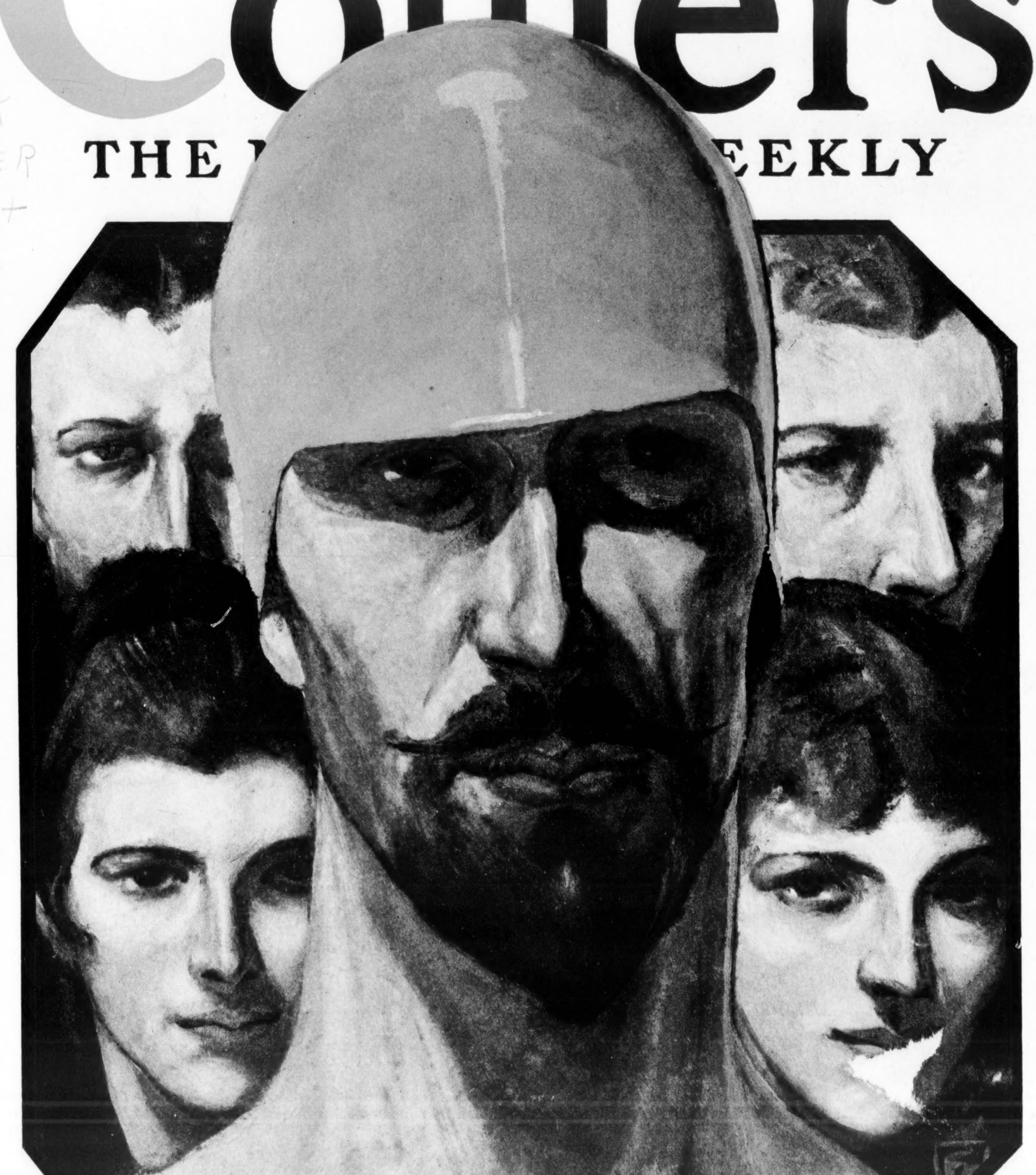

"The Professor's House"

A NEW NOVEL *by* WILLA

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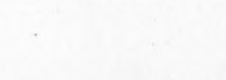

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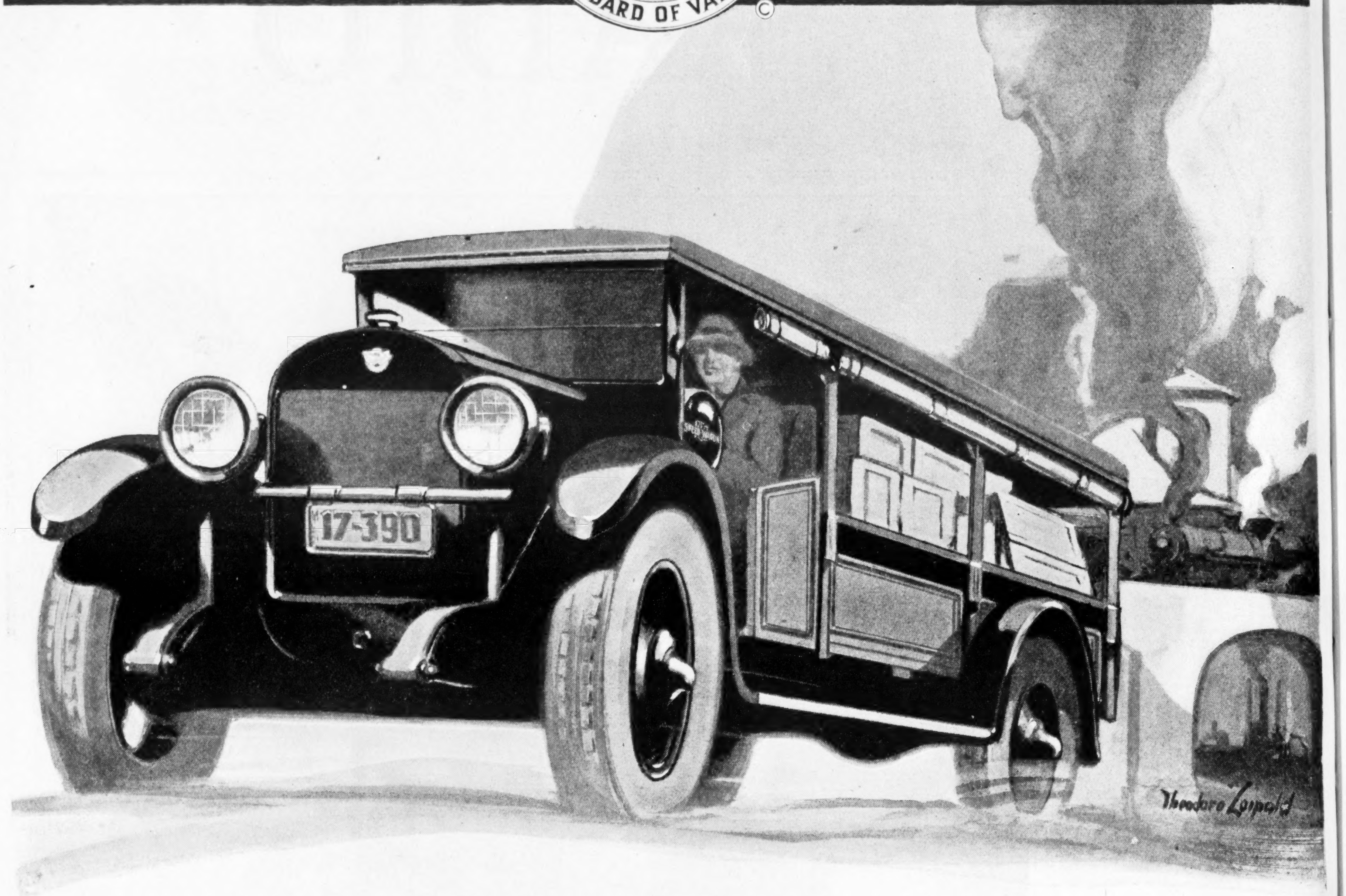

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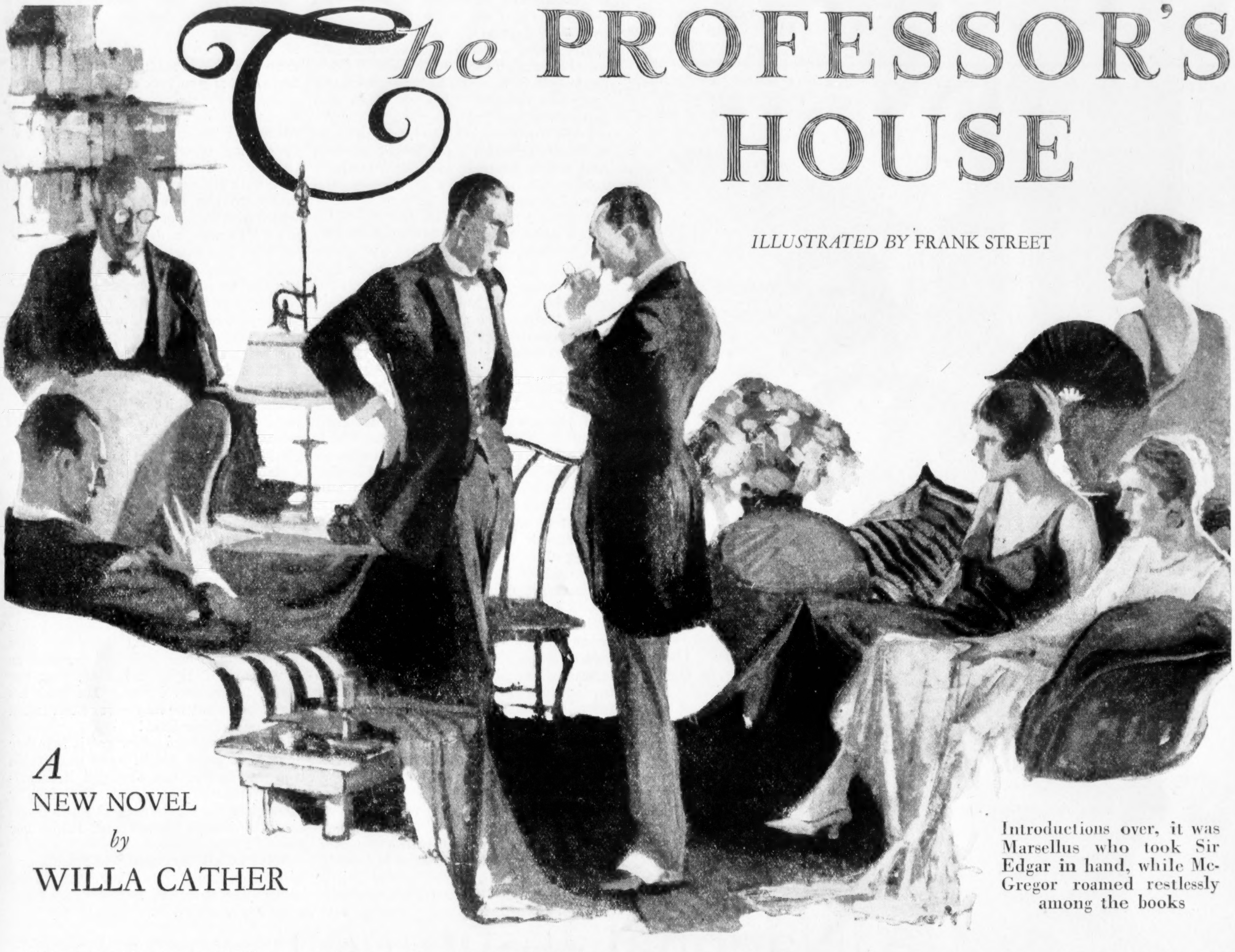
The PROFESSOR'S HOUSE



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Introductions over, it was Marsellus who took Sir Edgar in hand, while McGregor roamed restlessly among the books

A NEW NOVEL *by* WILLA CATHER

"A turquoise set in silver, wasn't it? . . .
Yes, a turquoise set in dull silver."
LOUIE MARSELLUS

Book I

The Family

THE moving was over and done. Professor St. Peter was alone in the dismantled house where he had lived ever since his marriage, where he had worked out his career and brought up his two daughters. It was almost as ugly as it is possible for a house to be: square, three stories in height, painted the color of ashes, the front porch just too narrow for comfort, with a slanting floor and sagging steps. As he walked slowly about the empty, echoing rooms on that bright September morning, the professor regarded thoughtfully the needless inconveniences he had put up with for so long; the stairs that were too steep, the halls that were too cramped, the awkward oak mantels with thick round posts crowned by bumptious wooden balls, over green-tiled fireplaces.

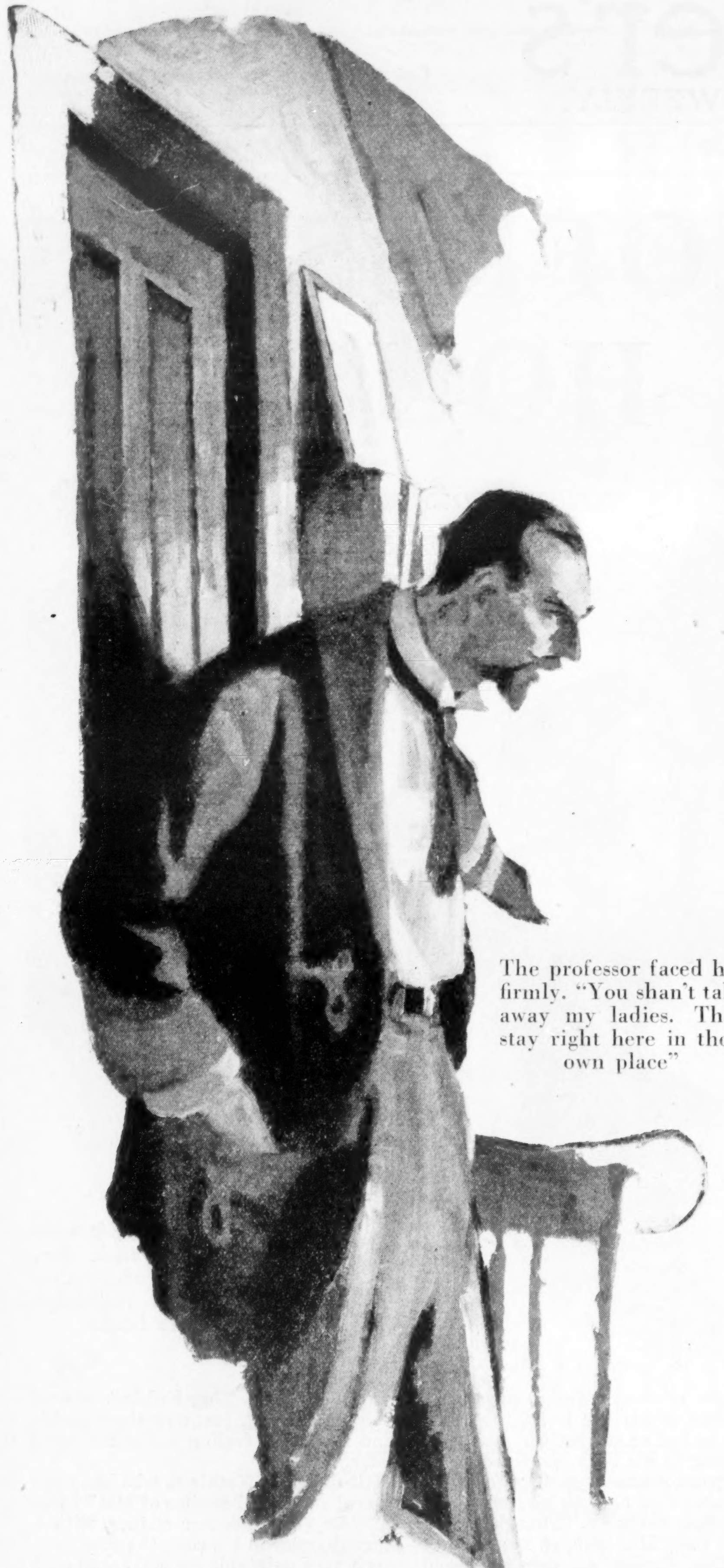
Certain wobbly stair treads, certain creaky boards in the upstairs hall, had made him wince many times a day for twenty-odd years, and they still creaked and wobbled. He had a deft hand with tools, he could easily have fixed them, but there were always so many things to fix, and there was not time enough to go round. He went into the kitchen, where he had carpentered under a succession of cooks, went up to the bathroom on the second floor, where there was only a painted tin tub; the taps were so old that no plumber could ever screw them tight enough to stop the drip, the window could only be coaxed up and down by wriggling, and the doors of the linen closet didn't fit. He had sympathized with his daughters' dissatisfaction, though he could never quite agree with them that the bathroom should be the most attractive room in the house. He had spent the happiest years of his youth in a house at Versailles, where it distinctly was not, and he had known many charming people who had no bath at all. None the less, he quite agreed with his wife when she said, "If your country has contributed one thing, at least, to civilization, why not have it?" Many a night, after blowing out his study lamp, he had leaped into that tub, clad in his pajamas, to give it another coat of some one of the many paints that were advertised to behave like porcelain, and didn't.

The professor in pajamas was not an unpleasant sight; for looks, the fewer clothes he had on the better. Anything that clung to his body showed it to be built upon extremely good bones, with the slender hips and springy shoulders of a tireless swimmer. Though he was born on Lake Michigan, of mixed stock (Canadian French on one side, and American farmers on the other), St. Peter was commonly said to look like a Spaniard. That was possibly because he had been in Spain a good deal and was an authority on certain phases of Spanish history. He had a long brown face, with an oval chin over which he wore a close-trimmed Vandyke, like a tuft of shiny black fur. With this silky, very black hair, he had a tawny skin with gold lights in it, a hawk nose, and hawklike eyes, brown and gold and green. They were set in ample cavities, with plenty of room to move about, under thick, curly, black-and-gray eyebrows that turned up sharply at the outer ends, like military mustaches. These very striking eyebrows made his students call him Mephistopheles, and there was no evading the searching eyes underneath them: eyes that could pick out a friend or an unusual stranger at once in a throng. They had lost none of their fire, though just now the man behind them was feeling a diminution of ardor.

His daughter Kathleen, who had done several successful studies of him in water color (in his dinner clothes, with a Spanish order in his coat, the professor was a very paintable person), once said of him, "The thing that really makes Papa handsome is the modeling of his head between the top of his ear and his crown; it is quite the best thing about him." That part of his head was high, polished, hard as bronze, and the close-growing black hair threw off a streak of light along the rounded bridge where the skull was fullest. The mold of his head on the side was so individual and definite, so far from casual, that it was more like a statue's head than a man's.

From one of the dismantled windows the professor happened to look down into his back garden, and at that cheerful sight he went quickly downstairs and escaped into it from the dusty air and brutal light of the empty rooms.

His walled-in garden had been the comfort of his life—and it was the one thing his neighbors held against him. He started to make it soon after the



The professor faced her firmly. "You shan't take away my ladies. They stay right here in their own place"

birth of his first daughter, when his wife began to be unreasonable about his spending so much time at the Lake and on the tennis court. In this he got help and encouragement from his landlord, a retired German farmer, good-natured and lenient about everything but spending money. If the professor happened to have a new baby at home, or a faculty dinner, or an illness in the family, or an unusual expense, Appelhoff cheerfully waited for the rent, but pay for repairs he would not. When it was a question of the garden, however, the old man would stretch a point. He helped his tenant with seeds and slips and sound advice, and with his twisted old back. He even spent a little money to bear half the expense of the stucco wall.

The professor had succeeded in making a French garden in Hamilton. There was not a blade of grass; it was a tidy half acre of glistening gravel and glistening shrubs and bright flowers. There were trees, of course; a single horse-chestnut, a row of slender Lombardy poplars at the back, along the white wall, and in the middle two symmetrical, round-topped linden trees. In the corners were masses of greenbrier, the prickly stems interwoven and clipped until they were like great bushes. Of his red-fruited thorn trees St. Peter was very proud. There was a bed for salad herbs. Salmon-pink geraniums dripped over the wall. The French marigolds and dahlias were just now at their best—such dahlias as no one else in Hamilton could grow. St. Peter had tended this bit of ground for over twenty years, and had the upper hand of it. In the spring, when homesickness for other lands and the fret of things unaccomplished awoke, he worked off his discontent here. In the long, hot summers, when he could not go abroad, he stayed at home with his garden and sent his wife and daughters to Colorado to escape the humid prairie heat, so nourishing to wheat and corn, so exhausting to human beings. In those months when he was a bachelor again, he brought down his books and papers and worked in a desk chair under the linden trees; breakfasted and lunched and had his tea in the garden. And it was there he and Tom Outland used to sit and talk half through the warm, soft nights.

ON THIS September morning, however, St. Peter knew he could not evade the unpleasant effects of change by tarrying among his autumn flowers. He must plunge in like a man and get used to the feeling that under his workroom there was a dead, empty house. He broke off a geranium blossom, and with it still in his hand went resolutely up two flights of stairs to the third floor, where, under the slope of the mansard roof, there was one room still furnished—that is, if it had ever been furnished.

The low ceiling sloped down on three sides, the slant being interrupted on the east by a single square window, swinging outward on hinges and held ajar by a hook in the sill. This was the sole opening for light and air. Walls and ceiling alike were covered with a yellow paper which had once been very ugly, but had faded into inoffensive neutrality. The matting on the floor was worn and scratchy. Against the wall stood an old walnut table, with one leaf up, holding piles of orderly papers. Before it was a cane-backed office chair that turned on a screw. This dark den had for many years been the professor's study.

Downstairs, off the back parlor, he had a show study, with roomy shelves where his library was housed and a proper desk at which he wrote letters. But it was a sham. This was the place where he worked. And not he alone. For three weeks in the fall, and again three in the spring, he shared his cuddy with Augusta, the sewing-woman, niece of his old landlord, a reliable, methodical spinster, a German Catholic and very devout.

Since Augusta finished her day's work at five o'clock, and the professor, on week days, worked here only at night, they did not elbow each other too much. Besides, neither was devoid of consideration. Every evening before she left, Augusta swept up the scraps from the floor, rolled her patterns, closed the sewing machine, and picked ravelings off the box couch, so that there would be no threads to stick to the professor's old smoking jacket if he should happen to lie down for a moment in working hours.

St. Peter, in his turn, when he put out his lamp after midnight, was careful to brush away ashes and tobacco crumbs—smoking was very distasteful to Augusta—and to open the hinged window back as far as it would go, on the second hook, so that the night wind might carry away the smell of his pipe as much as possible. The unfinished dresses which she left hanging on the forms, however, were often so saturated with smoke that he knew she found it a trial to work on them next morning.

These "forms" were the subject of much banter between them. The one which Augusta called "the bust" stood in the darkest corner of the room, upon a high wooden chest in which blankets and winter wraps were yearly stored. It was a headless, armless female torso, covered with strong black cotton, and so richly developed in the part for which it was named that the professor once explained to Augusta how, in calling it so, she followed a natural law of language, termed, for convenience, metonymy. Augusta enjoyed the professor when he was *risqué*, since she was sure of his ultimate delicacy. Though this figure looked so ample and billowy (as if you might lay your head upon its deep-breathing softness and rest safe forever), if you touched it you suffered a severe shock, no matter how many times you had touched it before. It presented the most unsympathetic surface imaginable. Its hardness was not that of wood, which responds to concussion with living vibration and is stimulating to the hand, nor that of felt, which drinks something from the fingers. It was a dead, opaque, lumpy solidity, like lumps of putty, or tightly packed sawdust—very disappointing to the tactile sense, yet somehow always fooling you again. For, no matter how often you had bumped up against that torso, you could never believe that contact with it would be as bad as it was.

The second form was more self-revelatory; a full-length female figure in a smart wire skirt with a trim metal waist line. It had no legs, as one could see all too well, no viscera behind its glistening ribs, and its bosom resembled a strong wire bird cage. But St. Peter contended that it had a nervous system. When Augusta left it clad for the night in a new party dress for Rosamond or Kathleen, it often had a sprightly, tricky air, as if it were going out for the evening to make a great show of being harum-scarum, giddy, *folle*. It seemed just on the point of tripping downstairs, or on tiptoe, waiting for the waltz to begin. At times the wire lady was most convincing in her pose as a woman of light behavior, but she never fooled St. Peter. He had his blind spots, but he had never been taken in by one of her kind!

Augusta had somehow got it into her head that these forms were unsuitable companions for one engaged in scholarly pursuits, and she periodically apologized for their presence when she came to install herself and fulfill her "time" at the house.

"Not at all, Augusta," the professor had often said. "If they were good enough for Monsieur Bergeret, they are certainly good enough for me."

THIS morning, as St. Peter was sitting in his desk chair, looking musingly at the pile of papers before him, the door opened and there stood Augusta herself. How astonishing that he had not heard her heavy, deliberate tread on the now uncarpeted stair!

"Why, Professor St. Peter! I never thought of finding you here, or I'd have knocked. I guess we will have to do our moving together."

St. Peter had risen—Augusta loved his manners—but he offered her the sewing-machine chair and resumed his seat.

"Sit down, Augusta, and we'll talk it over. I'm not moving just yet—don't want to disturb all my papers. I'm staying on until I finish a piece of writing. I've seen your uncle about it. I'll work here and board at the new house. But this is confidential! If it were noised about, people might begin to say that Mrs. St. Peter and I had—how do they put it, parted, separated?"

Augusta dropped her eyes in an indulgent smile. "I think people in your station would say separated."

"Exactly; a good scientific term too. Well, we haven't, you know. But I'm going to write on here for a while."

"Very well, sir. And I won't always

be getting in your way now. In the new house you have a beautiful study downstairs, and I have a light, airy room on the third floor."

"Where you won't smell smoke, eh?"

"Oh, Professor, I've never really minded!" Augusta spoke with feeling. She rose and took up the black bust in her long arms.

The professor also rose, very quickly. "What are you doing?"

She laughed. "Oh, I'm not going to carry them through the street, Professor! The grocery boy is downstairs with his cart, to wheel them over."

"Wheel them over?"

"Why, yes, to the new house, Professor. I've come a week before my regular time, to make curtains and hem linen for Mrs. St. Peter. I'll take everything over this morning except the sewing machine—that's too heavy for the cart, so the boy will come back for it with the delivery wagon. Would you just open the door for me, please?"

"No, I won't! Not at all. You don't need her to make curtains. I can't have this room changed if I'm going to work here. He can take the sewing machine—yes. But put her back on the chest where she belongs, please. She does very well there." St. Peter had got to the door, and stood with his back against it.

Augusta rested her burden on the edge of the chest.

"But next week I'll be working on Mrs. St. Peter's clothes, and I'll need the forms. As the boy's here now, he'll just wheel them over," she said soothingly.

"I'm damned if he will! They shan't be wheeled. They stay right there in their own place. You shan't take away my ladies. I never heard of such a thing!"

AUGUSTA was vexed with him now and a little ashamed of him. "But, Professor, I can't work without my forms. They've been in your way all these years, and you've always complained of them, so now don't be contrary, sir."

"I never complained, Augusta. Perhaps of certain disappointments they recalled, or of cruel biological necessities they imply—but of them individually, never! Go and buy some new ones for your airy *atelier*, as many as you wish—I'm said to be rich now, am I not? Go buy, but you can't have my women. That's final."

Augusta looked down her nose as she did at church when the dark sins were mentioned. "Professor," she said severely, "I think this time you are carrying a joke too far. You never used to." From the tilt of her chin he saw that she felt the presence of some improper suggestion.

"No matter what you think, you can't have them." They considered; both were in earnest now. Augusta was the first to break the defiant silence.

"I suppose I am to be allowed to take my patterns?"

"Your patterns? Oh, yes, the cut-out things you keep in the couch with my old notebooks? Certainly, you can have them. Let me lift it for you." He raised the hinged top of the box couch that stood against the wall under the slope of the ceiling. At one end of the upholstered box were piles of notebooks and bundles of manuscript tied up in square packages with mason's cord. At the other end were many little rolls of patterns, cut out of newspapers and tied up with bits of ribbon, gingham, silk, georgette; notched charts which followed the changing stature and figures of the Misses St. Peter from early childhood to womanhood. In the middle of the box, patterns and manuscripts interpenetrated.

"I see we shall have some difficulty in separating our life work, Augusta. We've kept our papers together a long while now."

"Yes, Professor. When I first came to sew for Mrs. St. Peter, I never thought I should grow gray in her service."

He started. What other future could Augusta possibly have expected? This disclosure amazed him.

"Well, well, we mustn't think mournfully of it, Augusta. Life doesn't turn out for any of us as we plan." He stood and watched her large, slow hands travel about among the little packets as she put them into his waste basket to carry them down to the cart. He had often wondered how she managed to sew with hands that folded and unfolded as rigidly as umbrellas—no light French touch about Augusta; when she sewed on a bow, it stayed there. She herself was tall, large-boned, flat and stiff, with a plain, solid face and brown eyes not destitute of fun. As she knelt by the couch, sorting her patterns, he stood beside her, his hand on the lid, though it would have stayed up unsupported. Her last remark had troubled him.

"What a fine lot of hair you have, Augusta. You know, I think it's rather nice, that gray wave on each side. Gives it character. You'll never need any of this false hair that's in all the shop windows."

"There's altogether too much of that, Professor. So many of my customers are using it now—ladies you wouldn't expect would. They say most of it was cut off the heads of dead Chinamen. Really, it's got to be such a frequent thing that the priest spoke against it only last Sunday."

"Did he, indeed? Why, what could he say? Seems such a personal matter."

"Well, he said it was getting to be a scandal in the church, and a priest couldn't go to see a pious woman any more without finding switches and rats and transformations lying about her room, and it was disgusting."

"Goodness gracious, Augusta! What business has a priest going to see a woman in a room where she takes off these ornaments—or to see her without them?"

Augusta grew red, and tried to look angry, but her laugh narrowly missed being a giggle. "He goes to give them the Sacrament, of course, Professor! You've made up your mind to be contrary to-day, haven't you?"

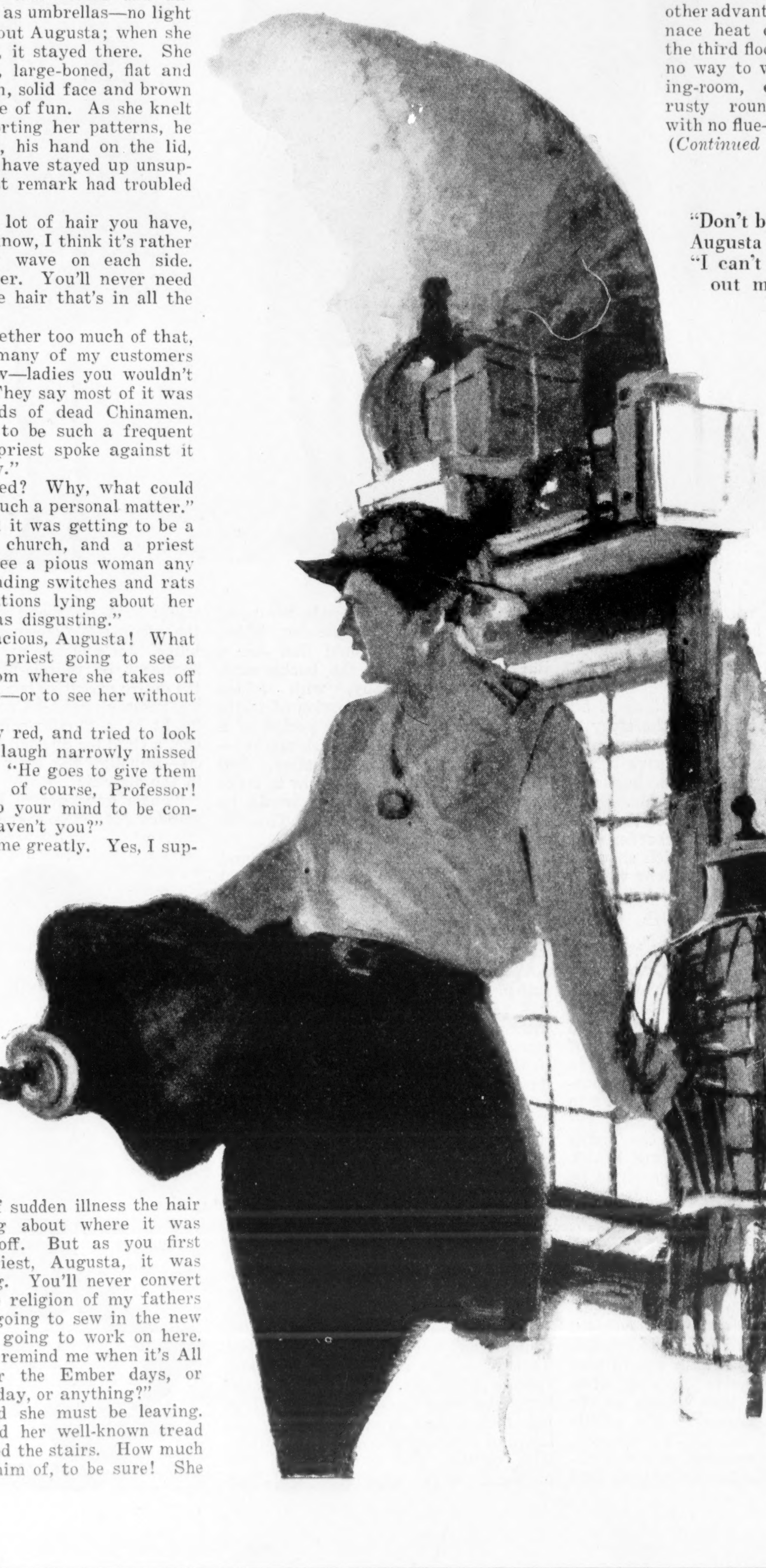
"You relieve me greatly. Yes, I suppose in cases of sudden illness the hair would be lying about where it was lightly taken off. But as you first quoted the priest, Augusta, it was rather shocking. You'll never convert me back to the religion of my fathers now if you're going to sew in the new house and I'm going to work on here. Who is ever to remind me when it's All Souls' Day, or the Ember days, or Maundy Thursday, or anything?"

Augusta said she must be leaving. St. Peter heard her well-known tread as she descended the stairs. How much she reminded him of, to be sure! She had been most at the house in the days when his daughters were little girls and needed so many clean frocks. It was in those very years that he was beginning his great work; when the desire to do it and the difficulties attending such a project strove together in his mind like Macbeth's two spent swimmers—years when he had the courage to say to himself, "I will do this dazzling, this beautiful, this utterly impossible thing."

During the fifteen years he had been working on his "Spanish Adventurers in North America," this room had been his center of operations. There had been delightful excursions and digressions; the two sabbatical years when he was in Spain studying records, two summers in the Southwest on the trail of his adventurers, another in Old Mexico, dashes to France to see his foster brothers. But the notes and the records and the ideas always came back to this room. It was here they were digested and sorted and woven into their proper place in his history.

FAIRLY considered, the sewing-room was the most inconvenient study a man could possibly have, but it was the one place in the house where he could get isolation, insulation from the engaging drama of domestic life. No one was tramping over him, and only a vague sense, generally pleasant, of what went on below came up the narrow stairway. There were certainly no other advantages. The furnace heat did not reach the third floor. There was no way to warm the sewing-room, except by a rusty round gas stove with no flue—a stove which

(*Continued on page 35*)



"Don't be contrary." Augusta was vexed. "I can't work without my forms"

Two little BARONS

The light-fingered, light-hearted urchins who make up the "kid gangs" are all guided by old heads

© *Ewing Galloway*

AFTER this, when I see a flight of raggedy boys down a dark alley, or a bivouac of them around a bonfire in a vacant lot, I shall find more meaning in these little glimpses of rebellious youth in a big city. For I have learned the story of Joe and Frank—and of their baronies.

To learn it, one has to leave behind the region of huge hotels and banks, of shops and glittering boulevards. Journeying westward, one crosses the river into a vale of gray streets, bordered by dwellings or tenements which shoulder each other crazily, which wear wounds or patches, and on whose rickety steps scuffle multitudes of children. Call it all the Valley.

In a city block like this, within three doors of each other, and in about the same year, Joe and Frank were born. They were to be leaders, but nobody knew this. Their arrival was greeted with utter indifference. Such a lot of kids! Eleven in Joe's family; eight in Frank's. Births in those rabbit burrows weren't even worth mentioning to McGuire, the policeman.

And yet, in a small way, the Valley was to become aware of Joe and Frank. As I have said, they were born to be leaders. As soon as they could get into the streets alone, it was seen that they both had some quality—call it magnetism—which gave them the right to tell other boys what to do. But though alike in this, they differed in other ways. Joe worked with his head, and Frank with his fists. Joe developed into a cynic, but Frank into an idealist.

Taking Joe first, it is of record that he was scarcely twelve years old when he joined a gang then known as the "Maxwell Street Terrors." For a little while he stayed in the background, a bright-eyed, somewhat scornful observer of what his future subjects said and did. He was no crude scrapper. Come a quarrel, with kicking, biting and scratching, it would find Joe a dark little figure in the background, watching sardonically, with folded arms. But come a discussion of methods—say, how to pick the pocket of a certain fat woman in the fish market—and Joe would make a suggestion. And then perhaps Joe's idea of how to make a raid and foil the police would be adopted, and would succeed. Thus he would reap admiration.

He developed wit too. Sitting around an illegal bonfire, in the foul back yard of some warehouse, he would fascinate the gang with his retorts, his anecdotes, his ambitions, while his little dark face gleamed with a deviltry they admired. The gang leader would listen sullenly from the fringe.

A year passed, and Joe added a few inches to his height, and a dozen new stories to his repertoire. Then fate—in the form of the juvenile court—removed the gang leader. Joe was elected to his place by acclamation.

"Say, you kids," he addressed them severely, "the name of this here mob is the Black Hand. It ain't no more the Maxwell Street Terrors."

Joe set about reorganization and increase of membership. More, he perceived, as many a king has done, the need of an inner group, an executive committee, a cabinet. With wisdom, he selected certain imps who, I believe, were called Benny, Silver and Clownie. With these he met often, secretly. Campaigns were planned in detail. Then from the executive board came specific orders to less trustworthy members, who never thought for themselves, but filched just where and how the board of strategy directed. Meanwhile, with caution and conservatism, new members were acquired. Qualifications: 1. A light and sure touch upon the victim; 2. Gameness; 3. Compatibility. Joe's system provided that each applicant be thoroughly examined by the entire executive board. Unexpected weaknesses might be found. This boy might be a Sunday-school pupil; that one, a child too devoted to the home circle—although the trait was very rare in the district.

"These guys got to be right," commanded Joe. "No pikers allowed."

Thus the Chief. For the spoils were too rich to go to pikers.

Having thoroughly organized his gang and arranged the distribution of profits to suit him, Joe was able to average some fifty dollars a week. He himself was an incomparable pickpocket. His minimum has been spoken of as $25 from a single victim; his maximum as much as $125.

At this time Joe was about sixteen. He is described by one who knew him well as an under-sized urchin looking not more than twelve years old. "He never combs his hair," said this contemporary authority. "He's always smilin'. He's dark, like a dago. He looks dangerous, but there ain't no fight in him."

No fight in him? How, then, did King Joe rule his barony, how control his wild legion? By his wits, we are assured; by his organizing powers, his cleverness in devising traps and signals; by his ability as an actor. He deliberately wore gangster clothes, although having a taste for natty suits. He "made up" with matted hair, from under which his black eyes gleamed with a sinister gleam. He never needed to fight. At a sign from him, he had eager gladiators ready to fight for him.

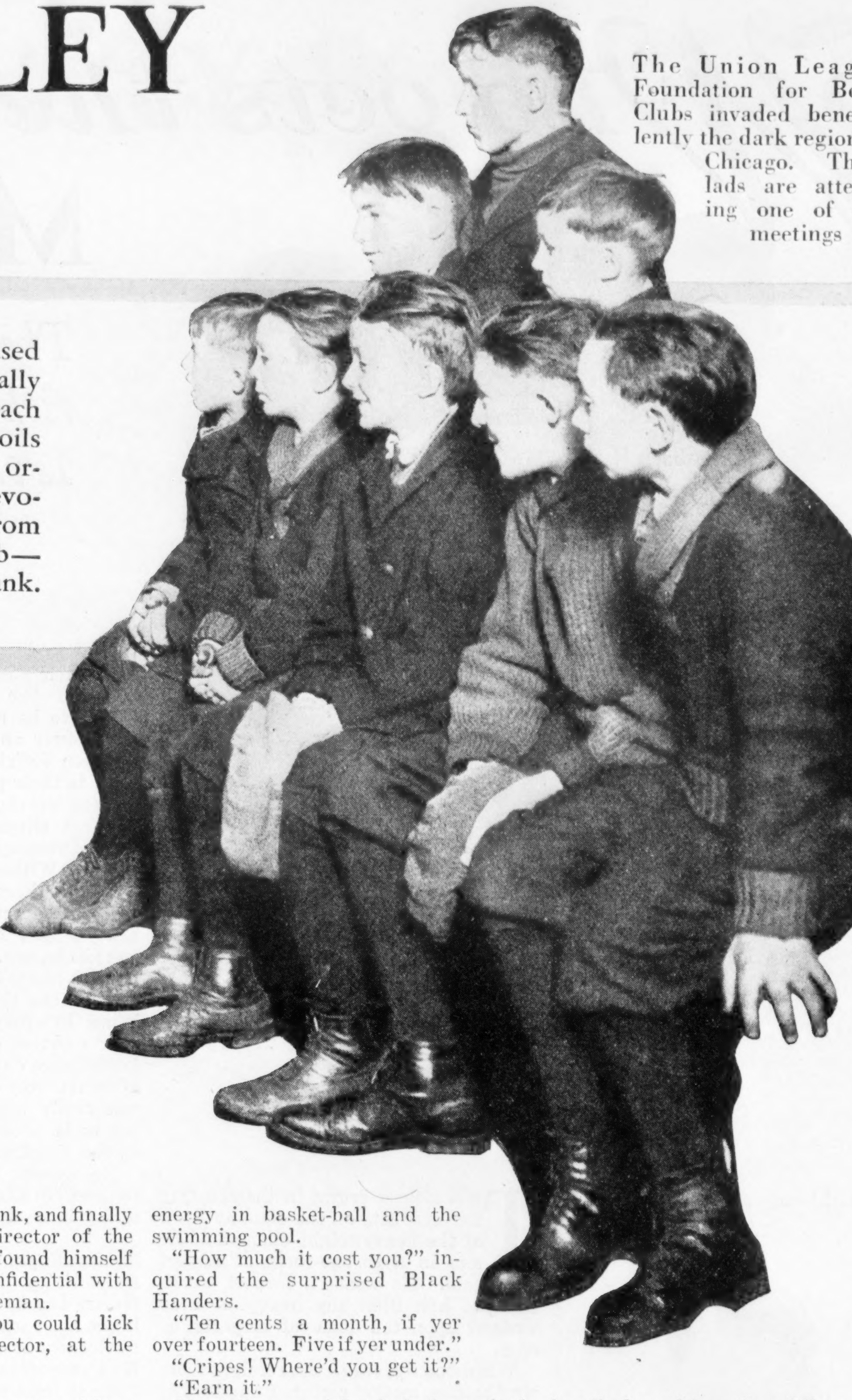
And so his prosperity grew and grew; his disdain for work became more and more profound; his visits to his home—for he had a sort of home somewhere—more and more rare; his profits such as to finance vacations and trips to the country in automobiles, especially stolen

Wide World

The rivalries in boydom are fought out bitterly—but at the bottom of it all there lies a love of sport

# of the VALLEY

By HENRY JUSTIN SMITH



The Union League Foundation for Boys' Clubs invaded benevolently the dark region of Chicago. These lads are attending one of the meetings

JOE was an incomparable pickpocket. He "used his bean." Frank did coarser "work"—usually with his fists. But each was a born leader, and each ruled his gang with an iron hand and split the spoils according to percentage. For gangdom is highly organized, even among the youngsters, and the benevolent gang busters who try to save these boys from careers as "master criminals" have chosen a hard job—consider Joe. But it's worth doing—consider Frank.

for this occasion. Thus destiny favored him, until, one day—

His path crossed the path of Frank.

Now Frank, as already mentioned, had been born in a shanty in the same block as the shanty in which Joe was born. The block, birthplace of two feudal lords, seldom was honored by their presence. They were aware of each other, however. What Frank knew of Joe he expressed like this: "A dirty little coward what jackrolls poor drunks and runs."

And Joe's estimate of Frank: "A coarse worker what don't use his bean."

It is true that Frank's methods were crude and muscular. He held his place as leader of the Tomahawks by force of them. He had nothing to teach except rudimentary athletics. Whereas Joe's "men" worked subtle arts upon blind beggars, or even more intricate schemes for obtaining, say, a lot of typewriters or used automobiles, Frank's gang were schooled to knock down their victims; even to battle the police.

Beef Against Bean

POSSIBLY Frank's heart was never in the profession enough to make him a true genius of gangdom. It is known that he read books! (A friend tells me that he favored Rex Beach and Zane Grey.) He had a collection of novels, some of which he would sneak into his attic at home to prevent their theft by his followers. Not that they cared to read them; they considered, in their ignorance, the books to be worth selling.

What have we here? A gang leader with "possibilities of good"? It seems so. For within the three years during which Joe built up his barony and tightened its boundaries, we find Frank occasionally dallying with a club that had lately formed in the district; a regular club, founded by men of consequence in the city, especially to deal with boys whose love of excitement, of variety, of coming together in groups had made them easy prey for leaders like Joe. Frank, ignorant, pugnacious, but much more sentimental than Joe, gradually drifted toward the radius of the club. Presently he was seen doing wonders in the gymnasium. He hovered on the edge of meetings and entertainments. He was known to the director. He was almost a member.

Just at this point occurred the chance encounter of the two gang chiefs; they happened to be unaccompanied.

"Oh, it's you, Greaser" (the occasional name of the Tomahawk leader).

"Yes, Blackie" (the neighborhood pseudonym for Joe).

"I heard about you, gettin' soaped by the missionaries." (The club was not a mission, yet so it was termed in scorn.)

Frank made a gesture. Joe turned tail, and scampered away from the street lamp and down an alley.

No blood drawn this time. What really resulted was a deal of thought on the part of Frank, and finally an interview with the director of the club. Frank somehow found himself getting more and more confidential with that understanding gentleman.

"You really think you could lick him?" inquired the director, at the close of the talk.

"I know it."

"Then," said the director, with a scheme of his own lurking behind the bloodthirsty advice, "go and lick him, Frank."

Twenty-four hours later the gang chiefs—urchins in short trousers, yet old as the city itself—met a second time. But this time Joe was accompanied by Benny and Clownie; Frank (at a little distance) by young friends of the director, to insure fair play.

Joe had no choice but to fight. And—not to make the story too sanguinary—the fall of the Black Hand leader was immediate.

He was reduced to a weeping child, fleeing into the shadows. Clownie and Benny, retreating by another route, hurried to the headquarters of the Black Hand, where, according to ceremonies established by Joe himself, he was formally deposed from the throne.

And now followed the result which the club director had foreseen when he said the words, "Go and lick him."

The Black Handers, leaderless, discouraged and perhaps more impressed by Frank's "coarse work" than by the stratagems of Joe, drifted one by one into the club. There they found before them the entire band of Tomahawks, reading books, singing songs, and finding relief for their enormous suppressed energy in basket-ball and the swimming pool.

"How much it cost you?" inquired the surprised Black Handers.

"Ten cents a month, if yer over fourteen. Five if yer under."

"Cripes! Where'd you get it?"

"Earn it."

The followers of Joe looked agonized. Work! What would Joe have said? Yet Joe was nowhere, while here were these games, these pleasant rooms, and all for so little. Within a week the Black Handers had paid up and were "in."

After all, they were only children.

A Thesaurus of Gangdom

I TAKE these facts—for facts they are—from the notebooks of my friend Frederic M. Thrasher. They form only a few pages of his vast thesaurus of information about boys' gangs. I have made a little rearrangement and changed a few names, to make the story typical. The rest is truth. Nay, more: it is sociology.

Mr. Thrasher is professor of that subject, and of economics, in Illinois Wesleyan University, and he is also "going up" for a Ph. D. from the University of Chicago. He selected for his thesis this unique and difficult study of boys' gangs, and was encouraged to keep on with it by the fact that the University of Chicago was making a city survey into which his investigation fitted. So for a year he went out among groups, big and little, formed because boys flock together, hunting—or being hunted—in packs. Thrasher is a lively and ingenious fellow. A man who wore a solemn face or asked questions carelessly could never have "got in" with the wary Black Hands and Tomahawks, not to speak of the Night Riders or the Sheiks and Wailing Shebas. He would have been forced to run for his life in the North Side Jungles, the West Side Wilderness and the South Side Bad Lands—the three empires of gangdom in Chicago.

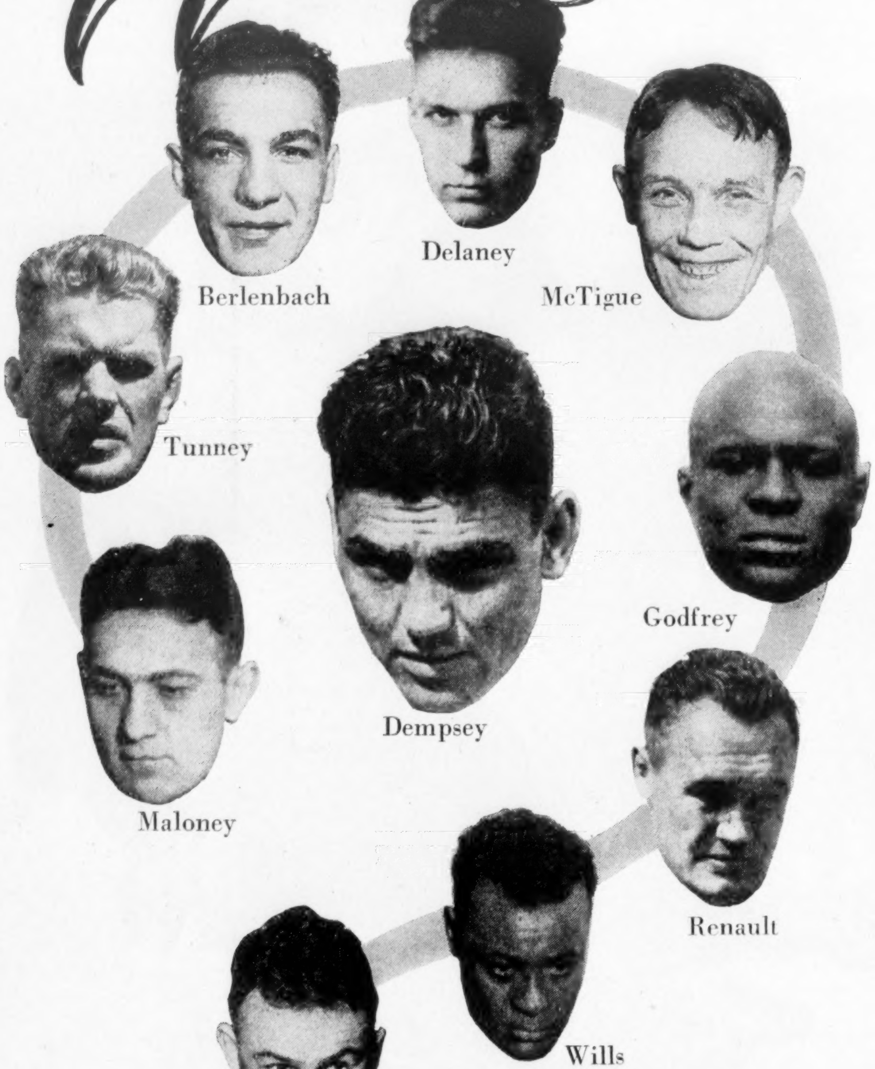
But Thrasher could sing songs; he could tell stories; he could even do "magic tricks." He was such an amusing and likable fellow altogether that he was simply adopted into this tribe and that. Now he knows the rank and sobriquets of more than 1,300 gang leaders in Chicago alone, and has gathered not only data—as they call it sociologically—on the 50,000 or more gangsters in Chicago, but also facts of interest to other cities. Indeed, Thrasher finds that gang life flourishes in every city where conditions of life are disorganized.

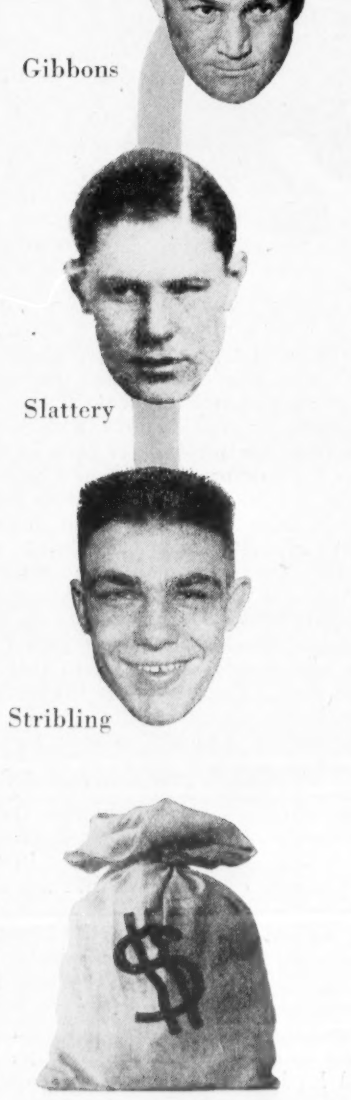
"Almost every boy in the tenement-house area of Boston is a member of a gang," says Thrasher. "When these gangs get older they tend to become criminal. New York has an even more extensive gangland than Chicago. The bad lands of (*Continued on page 28*)

Who gets the next MILLION?

The heavyweight king wears the richest sports crown in the world. Is the crown prince in this line-up?

By GRANTLAND RICE





THE richest crown in the sporting universe sits on the clammy brow of the heavyweight champion. He sits in a throne-room of almost solid gold. He wears a coronet worth more to him than any headpiece ever wedged upon the dome of emperor or czar.

When one figures in the receipts from ring battles, motion pictures, vaudeville, literature and what not, Jack Dempsey and Jack Kearns, his manager, will have collected well over $2,000,000 before the former retires or lies huddled on the rosin with a dazed look on his battered countenance as all the others have done.

Jack Dempsey beat Willard and won his crown just six years ago. He will be thirty years old late in June, which is far from the doddering, decrepit class. But he has fought little in the last four years, and his long absence from the flame of competition is bound to cut in heavily upon his skill, his stamina, his timing and his speed. Dempsey isn't through yet, but he is nearing the borderland, and the time is about ripe to begin wondering who will sit next upon the throne and wear the million-dollar crown.

These successors to the throne are not selected as they are in the run of royalty. No one would ever have picked young Jim Corbett, a bank clerk, as the man to stand above the prostrate form of John Lawrence Sullivan. Each man is entitled to his opinion, and I don't believe any fighter that ever lived could have beaten James J. Jeffries from 1902 to 1905. He retired after this and came back a mere shell of the man that he had been. Around 1916 and 1917 there was no sign that a young freight rider from the West was on his way to supplant the gigantic Willard, who looked to be unbeatable through sheer size, power and reach.

When Jeffries, Johnson and Willard were in their prime there were no challengers worthy of their notice. Willard had not slipped as far as the others when Dempsey caught him, but he was not the Willard of 1915.

To-day there are more challengers or more prospective challengers on the heavyweight highway than any other age has known. For each year the heavyweight turmoil has moved deeper and deeper into the realm of big business. When Dempsey picked up $500,000 for four minutes of fighting in the Firpo mêlée there came a sudden appreciation of what this royal pugilistic scepter was really worth. $125,000 a minute is not to be scorned even along the crest of the financial ridge.

No wonder the Young Men's Right-to-the-Chin Club marched forward muttering hoarsely:

Goldsmith got ten bucks, they say,
For writing "The Deserted Village;"
Homer had to beg his way
When there was no free lunch to pillage;
Burns was a very seldom feeder,
Who only dined well now and then;
Take it from me, believe me, Reader,
The Punch is mightier than the Pen.

I have never seen so many varieties on their way to the modern Field of the Cloth of Gold, all dreaming that some day they may be Dempsey's successor. The age range is from Jimmy Slattery and Young Stribling, only twenty years old, to Tom Gibbons, around thirty-six.

When the spring season opened with many rumors of Dempsey's retirement, affirmed and denied every other day, the two leading challengers were Harry Wills, the giant Negro, and Tom Gibbons, St. Paul's veteran boxer, who was still on his feet against Dempsey after fifteen rounds of Shelby warfare. It was something of a pursuit race. Wills was hot after Dempsey, Gibbons was after Wills and Gene Tunney was after Gibbons. It was all quite complicated. Extremely so. Wills and Gibbons had both been practicing their profession for a dozen years. Wills had developed brittle hands and had lost something of his old speed. The fast left hand was no longer in evidence against Madden and Firpo. They stayed a total of twenty-seven rounds against Wills, and this failed to increase his prestige. Wills had been on the Dempsey trail for six years and Time was beginning to collect.

Gibbons, a master boxer, game and durable, faced the handicap of years and weight and power. Just back of these came Gene Tunney, much after the Gibbons mold except that Tunney had the advantage of youth. So when Tunney was matched against Gibbons and Wills was matched with Charley Weinert, another Firpo conqueror, for the June campaign it was felt that at least part of the haze and fog above the landscape would be cleared away.

In the meanwhile there are other prospects with possibly even better chances to win fame and gold than any of those mentioned heretofore. These might be divided into two classes—the true heavyweights and the other good boxers who hope to increase their displacement and be all set when the big chance comes.

One of the best of the heavyweight prospects is Jimmy Maloney of Boston, who comes from the vicinity of John L. Sullivan's ancient kingdom. Maloney, twenty-one years old and weighing 195 pounds, began to give rare promise several months ago. This promise included boxing ability, a cool head, a stout heart and a good left hand. There were signs of too much flesh that had to be carefully watched, but the other ingredients were all there. Maloney at twenty-one is much farther along the trail than Jack Dempsey was at the same age. A trifle more speed and experience, with careful watch against increasing flesh, are the main points for his campaign.

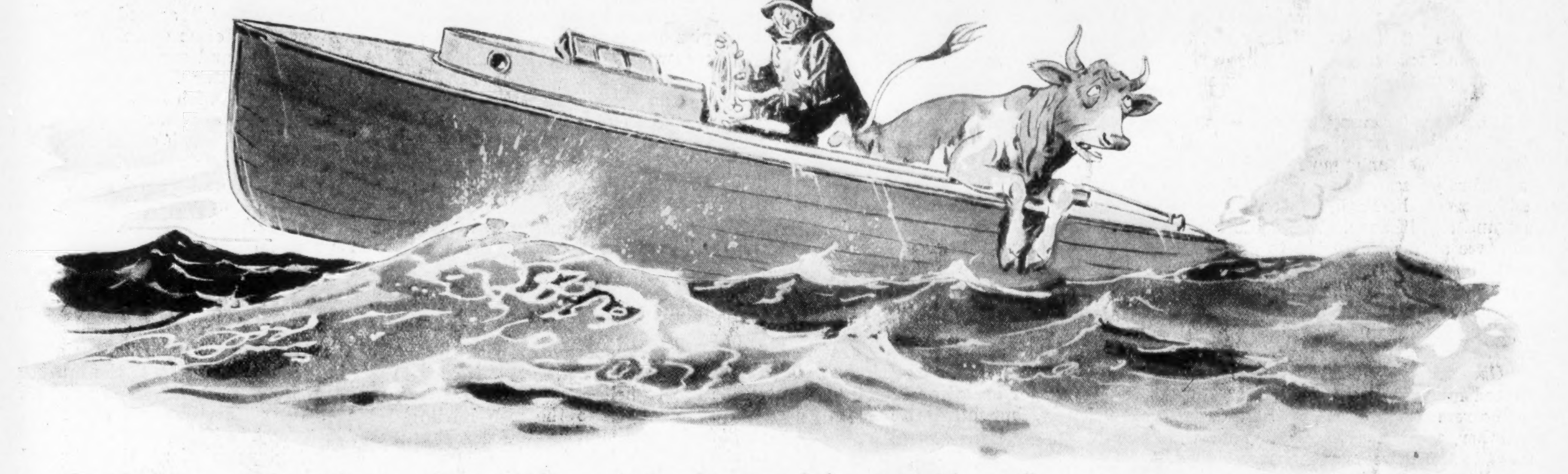
Another great heavyweight prospect is Eddie Huffman, the pride of the navy. Huffman is only twenty, but he has come a long, long way over the right road. He has more aggressiveness than most of the others, and this will help his cause. Only recently he piled all over Tony Fuente, the Mexican battler, in ten slashing rounds before a cheering arena on the coast. Fuente is no part of a set-up, and Huffman proved his worth through every round. The navy has had no challenger since Tom Sharkey faded out, but the fleet is now willing to put up something that within two years Eddie Huffman will be ready for the big shot with enough stuff to win.

Jack Renault, the big Canadian, has never quite come up to his early promise. Renault, as a former sparring partner of Dempsey's, may have decided that the main goal has too many fireworks attached. His main achievements were first stopping and then outpointing George Godfrey, a giant black who is bigger and faster and younger than Harry Wills. Godfrey, well over six feet, weighing 225 pounds, is young, strong and fast, with his full share of boxing skill. He would (*Continued on page 28*)

The MILKY WAY

By
STEWART EDWARD WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY
TONY SARG



"I never knew a more gentle cow. Only trouble was, it was choppy and she got seasick some"

SOMEWHERE along the British Columbia coast a well-found schooner yacht moved in a thick, lazy mist. Glenn Walker, the owner thereof; Aline, his comparatively recent wife, and Jimmy Forbes, together with the mate, were all gathered about the wheel, combining their skill and knowledge. The crow's-nest aloft was occupied by a lookout man. A sailor near the after hatch at intervals worked a crank that actuated a bellows that, in turn, emitted a long, hollow groan. In addition, Walker from time to time pulled the air-whistle cord. Then the entire yacht fell silent, and everybody listened intently for an echo that should indicate the proximity of islands and rocks. Throughout all the ship's company was that nervous, intent, uneasy alertness that is aroused only by a fog in uncertain, broken, or unknown waters. Even Sam, the Negro cook, had deserted his galley and, an unusual solemnity adding a quite superfluous shadow to his countenance, was gazing ahead.

"The worst of it is these confounded currents," observed Walker impatiently, breaking the silence. "You can figure out where you ought to be all right, but you can't tell where the currents may have set you! We ought to be hearing from Disaster Point about now." He pulled the whistle cord. All listened. Nothing! "Nice, cheerful optimist named this country!" he grumbled. "Disaster Point; Desolation Sound; Wreck Reef; Beware Passage; Destruction Point; Grief Point—"

Nobody replied. All understood that the skipper was merely relieving pressure.

The sailor mechanically cranked his machine. In answer to its hoarse shout a booming bellow blared through the mist dead ahead. Walker's hand jerked to the engine-room bell. The yacht came to a quivering standstill. The water fell quiet under her counter as the reverse ceased to operate. She lay gently rocking in the smooth swell. All listened.

Nothing. Walker waved his hand toward the sailor operating the foghorn.

It squawked; and almost immediately was answered from out the mists.

"No lighthouses up here, as I remember it," stated Walker, but in a note of inquiry.

"No, sir; none," rejoined the mate positively.

"Doesn't sound like any ship's foghorn I ever heard, though."

"No, sir; more like a fixed signal."

The mate took two steps to their own foghorn, thrust the sailor aside, and manipulated the crank, one long blast, followed by three short ones. After a short interval he was answered; but, as before, only by the single long-drawn-out note.

"Private signal; not in the books," he explained. "But everyone navigating this coast knows it. Either that fellow's a cod-headed fool or we're up against a fixed signal."

"Maybe it's a new establishment," suggested Jimmy Forbes.

"What I was thinking, sir. But why isn't it reported in this year's 'Information for Mariners'? They don't grow these things overnight."

WALKER rang again, and the yacht's auxiliary engines fell silent.

"I don't hear any engine," he voiced the result of a short interval of listening. "I'd better start up again and keep under control." He signaled the engineer, and the yacht began to creep forward at a snail's pace.

Jimmy Forbes and Aline sauntered forward to the bitts. Jimmy clenched his pipe in his teeth, his hands were deep in his pockets, and his face was alight. She glanced up at him.

"What is it?" she asked, struck by his expression.

"My psychic antennæ are vibrating," said he. "I smell adventure."

"Fog thinning aloft, sir," came the sailor's voice from the crow's-nest.

The invisible horn continued to blare at intervals, but the exact direction or distance of its source was rendered uncertain by the peculiar and baffling acoustic properties of the fog. At each repetition everybody aboard the yacht strained his ears, and at each silence exchanged low-voiced opinions, all different.

With the shattering effect of an explosion the lookout man's voice came again from aloft. The effect was of the release from a spell, a pearl-gray clogging muffled spell cast on sight and sound by the spirit of the fog.

"Cow ho!" cried he.

A moment's incredulous silence was broken by an exasperated bellow of inquiry from both Walker and his mate.

"Cow ho!" the sailor obligingly repeated.

"You triple idiot," shouted Walker, "what are you talking about?"

"It's a cow, sir," explained the lookout man. "I can see her above the fog. She's standing on a sort of high peak of rock that sticks up. Five points to sta'board, sir. She's a spotted cow," he added after a moment, "and she's got a calf with her."

"What in the name of Peter the Hermit do you suppose I care for her color or her calf?" roared Walker, exasperated.

The mate was already eagerly searching the chart.

"It must be this little group here, sir," he indicated. "We've been set west'ard by the tides."

"No bottom at ten," sang out the leadsman, who unbidden had cast his lead.

In the bow Aline was looking at her chuckling brother. "You knew it was a cow!" she accused him.

"I told you my psychic antennæ were quivering. You see, each and every living thing has its own special aura which it emanates, or in the midst of which it lives, so to speak. When two living things come near enough to one another the auras contact or perhaps slightly intermingle. One who—like me—is sensitive or especially trained in the occult lore of the East is aware of that fact, and may even identify the nature of that aura. It's very simple." He caught her accusing eye. "And then, too," he continued, "it sounded like a cow."

The fog continued to thin overhead, while still remaining opaque below, as is often the habit of fogs. Dazzling bits of sky became visible, like blue jewels set in cotton wool. Those on deck shortly became possessed of the vision that had earlier been vouchsafed the lookout man, nearer heaven. On a flat-topped spire of rock stood a veritable spotty cow, with a smaller but gangle-legged replica of herself snuggled alongside. The spire lifted sheer from the rolling fog clouds below. Its top was perhaps ten feet across; its sides apparently almost precipitous. The cow was as though upon an altar. There needed only a few seraphim or cherubim leaning their chins over the clouds below to complete an entirely appropriate setting. The idea was put forward by Aline.

"Should the cherubim be small chubby calves' heads with wings?" she inquired. "Or perhaps little fat pigs?"

APPROPRIATE leisure for the admiration of the spectacle was, however, denied them. The spell was broken by the sudden appearance alongside of an agitated man in a small boat. He was a stockily built person, with a round red face, a shock of brown hair, and an anxious and serious eye.

"Say," he called without preliminary, "can some of you fellows help me with my cow?"

"What's the matter with your cow?" asked Walker.

"I can't get her down. She's clumb up atop and she can't get down. I never knew a more gentle cow, but I can't do nothing with her. She never acted this way before. Something must have scared her; and then she had her calf, and now she's gone crazy. If my piston-rod bearing hadn't give out, me and my partner'd have done something, but as it is she ain't had a drop or a bite for two days except what I've got up to her, and what with a new calf—by golly, you fellers come along just right!"

"With the permission of the owner, here," struck in Jimmy, who, in common with the entire yacht's company, was leaning over the rail, "I would propose that you come on deck and embroider with the glittering high lights of lucidity your suggestive but somewhat obscure narrative."

The man stared at him. "Huh?" he ejaculated.

"Come aboard and have a drink and tell us about it."

The owner of the cow, painter in hand, immediately swarmed over the side. The attentive steward dived be-

low to reappear with a bottle and glasses.

"Better drop your hook," suggested the stranger, his eye on the bottle.

"Is there good bottom here?" queried Walker doubtfully.

"Sure. And good shelter. You're in Graveyard Cove."

"By the mark, seven!" sang out the leadsman hastily.

"Let go the anchor!" commanded Walker sharply.

"The cow," Jimmy Forbes was observing, "is, as perhaps you know, a sacred animal among the Hindus. It therefore possesses for me, as a humble Follower of the Path, a peculiar interest and significance. The sight of one of these animals elevated to a position that I can only regard as symbolical is significant of more than chance. I can see in this concatenation of circumstances an interweaving of the threads of Karma which may—"

"Give me that bottle!" Aline interrupted him severely.

She removed the cork and handed it, together with a tall glass from the tray, to the newcomer. Jimmy sighed.

"Blinded," he murmured—"not so particularly to my occult lore as to the alcoholic habits of the local native."

The glass was intended for highballs, the soda for which was ready on the tray. The man filled it three fourths full of whisky. This he at once prepared to drink.

"Don't you take any water?" gasped Aline.

"Not if the whisky is good, ma'am."

He drank it in long gulps, set down the glass without a shudder and, thus fortified, gave an account of himself. He lived, it seems, with his partner on another small island a few miles distant. They ran a cattle ranch. Jimmy pricked up his ears at this statement.

"How many head of stock have you?" he asked.

"Eleven," said the man. "We had twelve last year, but we killed one for beef."

THE spotted cow, being about to calve, and the grass becoming scant on the "ranch," the idea had occurred to him to transfer her to this island for better forage, and he did so.

"How?" asked Aline.

"In my gas boat, ma'am."

"But how?"

"I just put her in the cockpit and brought her over."

"I don't see how in the world—"

"It was easy enough, ma'am. I never knew a more gentle cow. Only trouble was, it was choppy and she got seasick some."

The crossing and the landing had been successfully accomplished. All seemed to be going well. Then trouble began.

The cow, after falling too eagerly on the new feed, had been seized by a sudden panic.

"I can't think what ailed her," complained the man. "There wa'n't nothing I could see to scare her. But she begun to run around and bellow and curl her tail, and I couldn't do nothing with her nohow. And she's the gentlest critter I ever see. I quit trying to get nigh her, because I didn't want her to run around and get het up—she with her calf, you see—but that didn't do no good. And how she done it, I don't know, but somehow she managed to scramble right up to the top of the island. Why, a goat couldn't hardly make it! Once she got up there she quieted down, but there she was! She can't get down nohow, and I can't figger no way to *get* her down. She's had her calf up there, and there ain't no food or water, so I had to carry up what I could, and she just stands there and bellers. And then when I started to go get my partner to figger something out, my engine breaks down; and I ain't got no small boat with me, and there I am."

"In your estimate of your cattle holdings, did you include the calf?" inquired Jimmy.

"Huh?"

"Have you eleven head counting or not counting the calf?"

"The calf makes twelve."

"What on earth has that to do with it?" demanded Aline.

"I was just figuring whether it meant a 9 or an 8½ per cent loss," submitted her brother meekly. "At any rate, a heavy loss for any large industry."

The stranger looked at Jimmy suspiciously, but otherwise ignored him.

"You can just bet I was glad to hear you fellows whistling," he concluded his narrative.

The fog was now returning into the invisible. There was no motion, just a withdrawal as though into a fourth dimension without disturbance of the three in which we live. The surroundings were becoming distinguishable.

THE yacht was shortly seen to be at anchor in a crescent-shaped bight with long rocky arms on either side. A sparsely wooded shore rose by in a series of low rocky terraces to the central spire on the top of which stood the spotty cow and her calf. The spire was perhaps ten feet high above the last terrace, and seemed to afford various small hand or foot holds in the shape of miniature ledges and crevices, but would appear to be, as the cow's owner had said, problematically scalable to even the skiptious goat.

"Do you mean to say that cow actually climbed up there?" demanded Walker, after surveying the situation.

"I don't think she flew," said the man, and he said it seriously, which pleased Aline.

"Well, let's go ashore and look things over," suggested Walker. "I expect we'll have to help out."

"Any objection to the men landing, sir?" inquired the mate. "Good chance to stretch their legs."

"None. But leave one aboard."

The small boats were put overside, and shortly the ship's crew stood on the island. They ascended by a series of broad shallow terraces, where they grouped themselves at the foot of the spire and looked up. The cow looked down.

"It's plain enough where she got up," observed Walker after a pause—"she could do it if she scrambled hard and kept scrambling. And it's equally plain why she doesn't get down. But I believe she might be led if it were done carefully."

"I figured that," agreed the cow's owner, "if she'd come down gentle; but she's all het up and excited. And she's the gentlest critter I ever see. You can do anything with her. But now I can't even get a rope on her."

A deprecating cough called attention to the steward.

"Beg pardon, sir, but, if I might try? You see, sir, I was cow hand for two years in the Argentine pampas, and I learned methods."

"A hundred and sixty-seven," murmured Aline.

Jimmy raised an inquiring eyebrow in her direction.

"It's Johnston's age," she explained to him aside, "according to the number of years he says he has done different things. He was a hundred and sixty-five yesterday."

Receiving permission, the steward procured a rope and rapidly climbed to the miniature plateau, to the farther edge of which the cow promptly retired with her calf behind her.

"You see," he said modestly, addressing the multitude from his vantage point. "It's partly confidence and partly secret master words which have been known to animal tamers from time immemorial."

"If you know any secret master words, you'd better say them quick," warned Forbes suddenly.

WITHOUT waiting for the secret words, and disregarding the confidence entirely, the cow uttered a bellow and dashed at the steward. The latter, caught unawares by this unsportsmanlike conduct, recovered his wits only in time to dodge sidewise and escape impalement by the skin of his teeth. Now ensued a brief but lively game of tag within most inadequate boundaries. The cow was It, but seemed likely not long to remain so. Before the spectators could either formulate an idea for rescue or even make a move toward it, Johnston, escaping death thrice by a hand breadth, was seen to topple for a moment on the far edge, throw up his hands, and disappear.

Cries and movements. Above the confusion rose the roaring voice of the cow's owner:

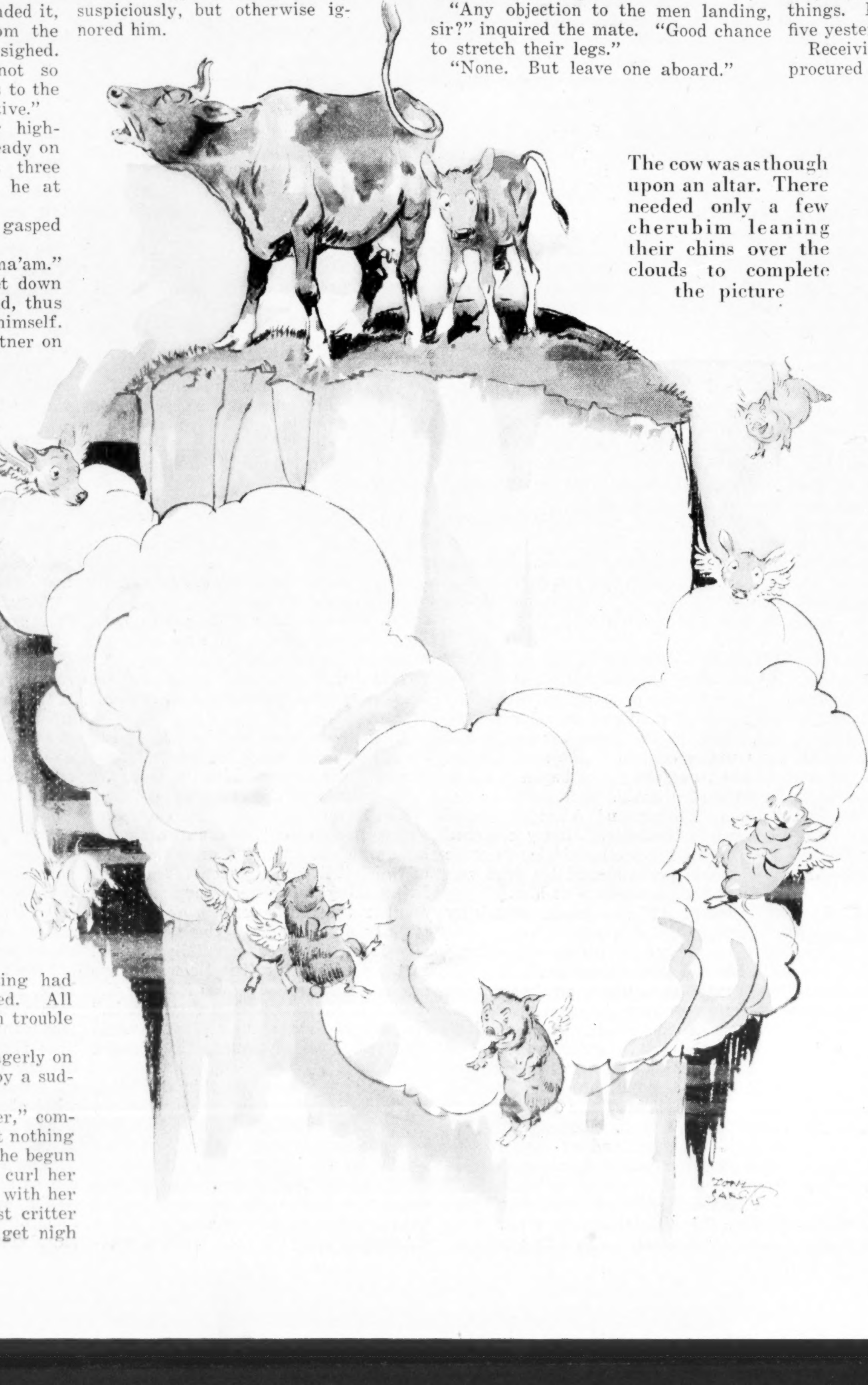
"Can he swim?"

Several voices answered him in the affirmative.

"Then he's all right. The cliff is straight up on that side into deep water. They's no rocks there."

Two men tumbled into the dinghy and rowed madly around the nearer of the two points. Suspended action for a short interval. Shortly it reappeared, and all could see that Johnston sat now in the stern sheets, streaming sea

(*Continued on page 41*)



The cow was as though upon an altar. There needed only a few cherubim leaning their chins over the clouds to complete the picture

U. S. Coast Guard

A big catch on RUM ROW

HERE is the story of the greatest single-handed capture ever made in the sea fight against rum runners. Mr. Shepherd was there during the recent relentless war which has amazed both wet and dry America. He writes on the firing line. He's the only correspondent who has been actually living with "the rum runner's new enemy" the Coast Guard.

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

PRETZELS—that's what we ate in off hours on Coast Guard Rum Chaser 115. By off hours I mean the hours when regular meals were not under way. In the little kitchen-dining-room—down at the foot of the steel ladder in the rear of the boat—the cook is always working, washing the dishes of the last meal or peeling potatoes or chopping celery or making other preparations for the next. He has seven men to feed. They are mostly young men under thirty, who have passed stringent physical tests. Their stomachs are as sound as their teeth, and their teeth must be perfect. They live outdoors on the sea. Their appetites seem to give them no peace. One of them, in the midst of a conversation with you, will suddenly look worried and distrait—he may, to a stranger, appear seasick; he will excuse himself, climb down the steel ladder to the "galley," as they say at sea, and climb back to the deck with a handful of something to eat. Then he's ready for more talk. The cook may go to his bunk to sleep, but the kitchen runs along, during the night watches, just the same.

The men are allowed $1 a day, each, for food; they pool their funds, and the cook or the man in charge of the boat does the buying. Therefore each of the twenty-four 75-foot needle boats in the New Jersey sector of the Battle of Jugland has its own culinary individuality. For instance, on Chaser 117, rye bread and ham was the off-hour food. On Chaser 160, when you climbed down the ladder to get something to nibble on, it was crackers and a hearty, biting cheese that made your palate tingle. The coffeepot, tied to the stove, is always hot. Every man in the crew, including the two engineers of the two powerful gasoline engines, knows where the coffee is kept, as well as where the cheese or crackers or ham may be found. It seems to be the duty of the man, who during the cook's off hours finds the coffee getting weak, to toss into the pot a dozen tablespoonfuls of new coffee. "Wash your cup at the sink and hang it back on its hook," is the cook's only order to the crew. On every chaser several men took the greatest pains to tell me where to find off-hour eating material.

The two captains on Chaser 115 ate pretzels together and separately and got along very well with each other. It was Captain John O'Brien's boat, but I had requested that Captain John Reeder be allowed to go out "on the Row" with me. His boat was laid up with a twisted propeller shaft and he was pining away on shore.

"Go out with Shepherd and keep him company," Commander Kinnaly, in charge of operations, had said to Reeder after I made my request.

Reeder, I knew, was one of the most daring of the young Coast Guard commanders at Section Base No. 2.

That simple and impulsive request of mine for Reeder's company cost some unknown dealer in "wines, liquors and cigars"—and one-thousand-dollar bills —just about half a million dollars.

It provided one of the most spectacular single-handed captures in Rum Row history.

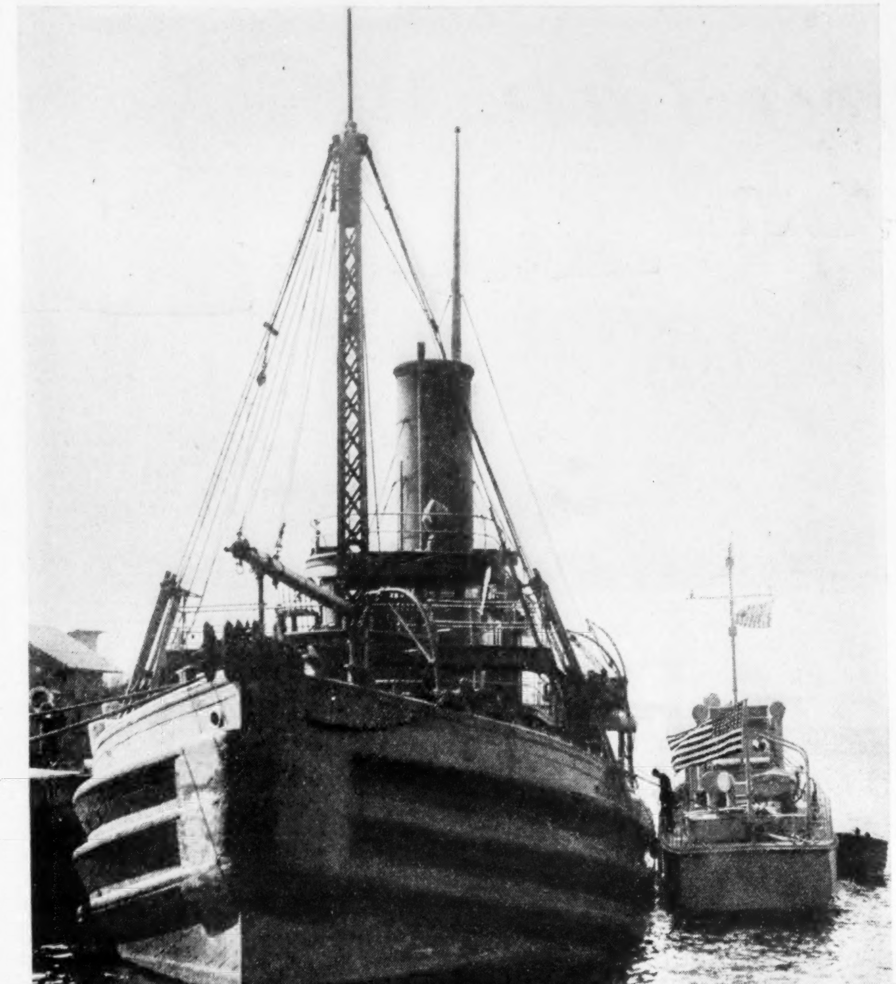
The lazy spring Saturday afternoon on the lazily pulsing sea, thirty miles out from shore, had been uneventful. Our chaser had ambled around slowly from one rum schooner to another, four and five mile trips between boats, and had found only one rum runner, which it had shot at, chased and lost.

That afternoon I had my first view of tracer bullets, invented and used during only the latter months of the war. Someone took down the 40-pound Lewis machine gun from its shelf in the rear of the pilot house and found that it had jammed; its trigger would not snap. It was an hour's work to clean and oil it. And then it had to be tried. The tracer bullets were new and the

While many of their fellows, in rum chasers, are shooting at rum runners, some of the members of our Coast Guard, in lifeboats, continue to save lives at sea

ROCKAWAY POINT

U. S. Coast Guard



P. & A.

ROBERT C. CLOWRY

Photo by Author

Coast Guard John Reeder (in the oval) started out in the 115 (above, at the right), rode for a time in the captured rum dory and docked the same night in the Robert C. Clowry (left), his $400,000 record-breaking prize, taken by sheer nerve

boys used those. In the brilliant sunshine O'Brien fired a "panful" of tracers. The effect was astonishing. Everyone who has ever watered a lawn with a hose knows how easy it is to hit a certain mark with the stream of water. Well, this Lewis machine gun sent out over the sea a thin line of smoke that waved up and down or from side to side as O'Brien pleased; he could direct it where he wanted it to go, and in that two-mile string of smoke there was a core of drilling death. I'd hate to be a rum runner and have that Lewis smoke hose turned on me.

At night the sight of the tracer bullets was even more amazing. I saw it at the entrance to the Ambrose Channel in the moonlight of the early evening. The boat had run in toward the New York shore to hunt for rum runners that might be heading out toward the Row. They're something like hunters, these Coast Guard men; they have their places where they lie in wait.

At a certain spot on the sea the captain had shut off the engines and put out all lights; the boat lay rolling gently and drifting. There was a distant roar of engines. There was a rum runner about. On the deck there was a scampering for rifles and one-pounder shells for the big gun. The man in charge of the Lewis gun took it out on deck. The roar grew louder, but the youngest, finest eyes on our boat could see no lights on the water. The rum runner was running without lights, running toward us. He didn't see us and we couldn't see him. There was a chance for a smash. Fate had it that, like a flash, he should miss us by about 200 feet. He passed in front of us, in the path of the moon. Twenty things happened all at once on our boat. Bells rang. The engines started full speed. We jumped forward. Someone pulled the siren as a signal for the runner to stop. He didn't. Someone pulled the lanyard of the one-pounder gun and sent a shot across his bow as a further signal to stop. He didn't. His boat swerved straight into the moonlight. Someone turned the searchlight on the place where the boat had been a moment before.

Gambling With Life

"GET him!" came the order. Here was human game! Do men feel wicked when they shoot to kill? I've never thought so. That part of them with which men feel wicked isn't working at the time.

Suddenly a stream of fire as thick as my wrist shot out from our deck over the sea—the Lewis gun with its tracer bullets. The daytime thread of smoke had become a hawser of fire. Two rifles sent out the same blazes. An automatic spat four times. That rum runner had only to stop and the shooting would have ended instantly. What could he have been more afraid of than this stream of tracer bullets, these one-pounder shells and the rest of the killing missiles? He chose to run away, and he succeeded—if he didn't go to the bottom. He knew what he was doing; he dashed back and forth across the path of the moon. His white spray in the moonlight, the dull grayness of his boat, the glitter on the water, made him almost invisible. The searchlight could not find him.

And right here, I may remark, he had something to get away in. I asked a rum-runner prisoner on our boat, later in the evening, what sort of boat this shot-defying runner probably had and the description he gave me—I'll repeat it later on—indicated that it was perhaps one of the fastest boats on the coast, amazingly equipped for speed.

I have never, in revolution or war, among machine-gun men in Mexico or among revolutionists in Russia or at various fronts in Europe, seen such desperateness and such willingness to gamble with life as that rum runner, under a tracer-bullet fire from a machine gun, displayed that night. Suddenly there was nothing to shoot at; nothing toward which to steer our boat. We couldn't even hear the thunder of the engines. The rum runner was gone. Flesh and blood had done the almost incredible thing of defying that stream of killing fire.

I have said he might have gone to the bottom. No one on our boat could say he hadn't. And I found out from the rum-runner prisoner, later in the evening, that often his associates never come back to shore—they "stay" at sea.

The rum-runner prisoner mentioned above, whom we did succeed in catching that evening, had started out with a companion, and one of their engines had gone wrong. When 115 signaled them they rounded to and started toward us. The Coast Guard boat came to a stop and waited for them. Their boat was a Seabright dory; in form and type a great, glorified rowboat. It was open, like a rowboat. There were no seats in it, but running from side to side, in the middle of it, was a box to house the engines.

Two men stood leaning against this box as the dory came up to us; one had a hand on a rudder lever behind him; the familiar shape of their seagoing dory made them appear, in size, like dolls. But they were grim dolls. They were covered from head to foot in black oilskins. Their faces peered out through hoods that ran down over their chests. They might have been dressed for moving pictures; instead they were dressed for a night in a fast open boat on the high seas. A wind had come up with the evening, and the sea was choppy. Their boat came up alongside 115 with a bang. Reeder, with revolver and ammunition strapped to his waist, jumped across into her.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Oh, we're just hunting for a skiff we lost," answered the taller of the two.

"Where are your papers?" asked Reeder.

"Papers" are issued by the federal government, and it is against the law to operate without them.

"Papers?" repeated the tall man. "I left 'em ashore. I didn't expect to come out this far."

"Fellow," said Reeder quietly, "I'll have to take you in."

"Throw out a towrope, please," he said to Captain O'Brien.

He stood on the engine box, above and behind the two sinister, monkish-looking figures as the dory trailed along behind us. The 115 headed for the port of New York and for the Barge Office at Battery Park, the sea end of Manhattan Island, where the jails and the cells and the patrol wagons are. We had a thirty-mile run ahead of us.

Romantic Enough for the Movies

PRETTY soon we lost the moon behind clouds, and it was difficult to see the boat behind. Reeder shouted to stop, and the dory ran alongside us again.

"It's too rough to be towed," he explained. "I'm going to put one of these prisoners aboard you. Please give me a seaman, a pocket flashlight, and an oilskin coat. You get up there," Reeder ordered one of the two prisoners.

One of the black, monk-dolls made a grab at the railing of our boat, just as we gave a lurch. He barely grasped the rail, his booted feet slipped and he dangled over the side. Three of us grabbed him and pulled him up.

He stamped on the deck as if his feet were cold; he shook his body in his oilskins. Then I heard a very pleasant voice issue from the face circle in the hood:

"Let him have my oilskins."

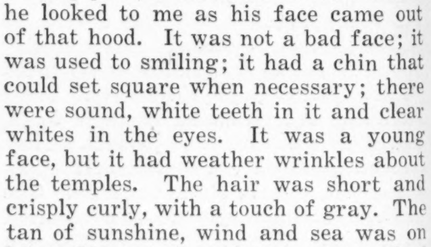
"Fine!" said Reeder, "I'll take them."

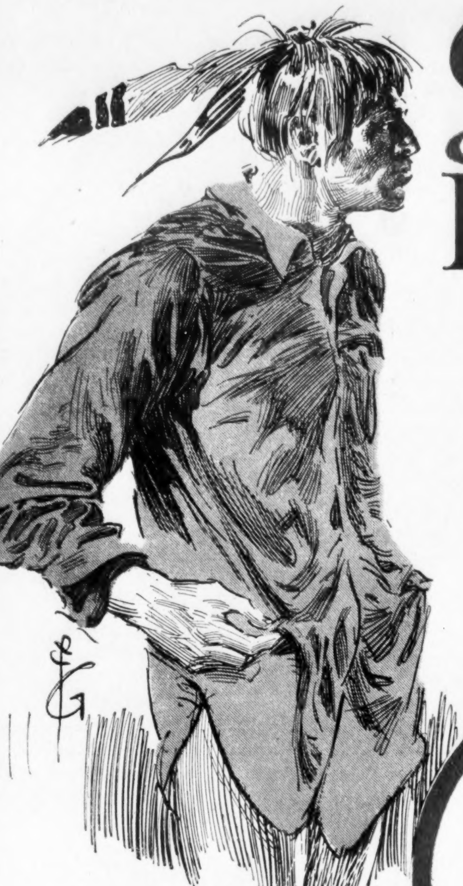
The rum runner's fingers were cold; he could not unbutton his tightly buttoned cuffs.

"If you'll help me off with these—" he suggested. I unbuttoned his cuffs and helped him to pull his great rubber hood off over his head. I'd like to read a Conrad or a McFee story or see a good moving picture about the kind of fellow he looked to me as his face came out of that hood. It was not a bad face; it was used to smiling; it had a chin that could set square when necessary; there were sound, white teeth in it and clear whites in the eyes. It was a young face, but it had weather wrinkles about the temples. The hair was short and crisply curly, with a touch of gray. The tan of sunshine, wind and sea was on him. If a moving-picture camera had caught us, out in that black night, the unhooding of that curly-headed rum runner would have made a picture that would thrill thousands of audiences and queer prohibition for the evening, in any theatre.

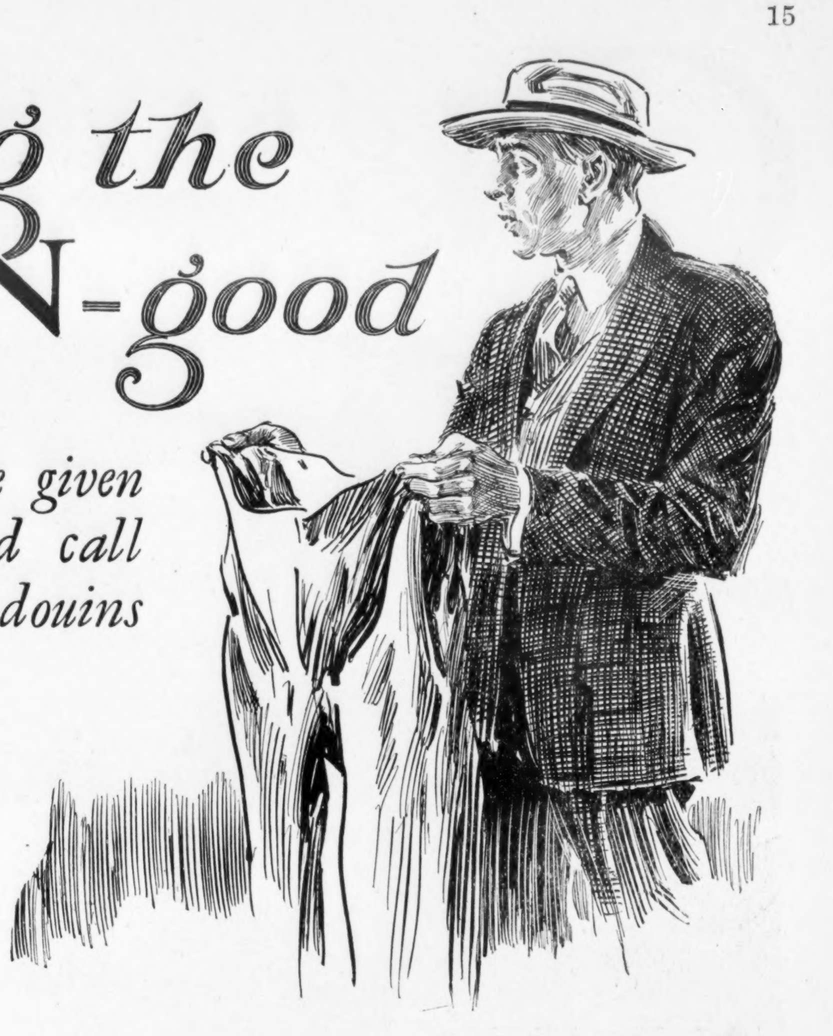
They threw (*Continued on page 32*)

A speed-boat rum chaser hitting the high spots in New York harbor





Doing the INDIAN-*good*



If Uncle Henry were given to such things he'd call 'em our foldin' Bedouins

"INDIANS are a problem," declared Mr. Stubbs, looking up from a government report. "We've certainly got our hands full with 'em."

"Not as full as they used to be," sighed Uncle Henry. "Why, it was nothin' for the first Astor to go out in the mornin' with a bag of glass beads an' a few bolts of red calico, and come back in the evenin' with the whole year's fur catch of the Six Nations. Nowadays it takes an act of Congress to get anythin' away from the noble red man, an' even then you've got to split with so many lawyers that there's nothin' left.

"The humble aborigine has gotten to be as cunnin' as a fox. Gone is the childlike faith that made him swap his beaver pelts for broken teacups, an' trade five or six hundred acres for a lookin' glass with some of the quicksilver still on. Go up to one of 'em now with a perfectly good business proposition, an' he's off like a scared rabbit, hidin' in the hills until his squaw carries him word that the white benefactor has got tired of waitin' an' gone away.

"It's all very well for Rockefeller an' Gary to talk about there bein' as many opportunities for the ambitious boy today as at any other time in history, but it isn't true. Back in my grandfather's time almost every Indian had a patch of cleared ground an' some corn laid by for the winter, an' all the business openin' a young man needed was a rail to rest his rifle on. After civilizin' two or three of 'em he could retire on the proceeds.

"Whatever else we may have done to the Indian, 'Lonzo, he can't complain that we haven't let him see America first. We sure have given him the advantages of travel. Startin' in on the shores of the Atlantic, he's been pushed back until one more good shove will see him takin' a sitz bath in the Pacific. In the good old days it was nothin' for a tribe to go to sleep in one state, dress in the next, an' cook their breakfast five or six imperial commonwealths further on. If I was a man given to such practices, I'd call 'em our foldin' Bedouins.

"The red man refuses to grasp the moral value of pants"

"Nature's a wonderful thing. Jes' as she's given birds an' animals protective colorin', an' put a brain food like fish right close to New England, so has she seen to it that the Indian has no habits that might make him dawdle. Think what would have happened to him if he'd had to stop for a shave in the mornin'.

"Even so, he stung us good in the end. We drove him from the forests an' the watered valleys out into the prairie, an' we drove him from the prairie as soon as he proved that crops could be raised on it. What we ought to have done right then was to civilize the Indians once an' for all, but a lot of foolish considerations stayed our hand. The Santa Fe an' Union Pacific wanted some local color for their station platforms, an' a bunch of Hamburg merchants promised to make the Navahos self-supportin' if we let 'em sell German blankets.

"What happened? After many careful surveys by the Department of Agriculture we put 'em on land where the soil was so poor they couldn't even raise a row. When a prairie dog went from one town to another he had to take his provisions with him, an' on a windy day you couldn't see your hand before your face for the dust from the rivers. Nothin' seemed more safe, an' yet darned if it didn't turn out that almost every inch of the land was simply floatin' on *oil*.

"I don't think we'll ever be the same, 'Lonzo. Men whose eyes had been dry for years burst into tears an' sobbed like little children, an' whole congregations came out of churches an' looked up at the heavens as if wantin' to know how long this sort of thing was goin' to keep on.

"Anyway, it's taught us a good lesson. In many Western states they won't even let the Indian go to sleep for fear they'll find he's in a coal bed, an' New Mexico an' Arizona are makin' him hang from a chandelier until they've examined under him. From this time on it's a cinch that the red man will be kept on a bicycle or up in a balloon until competent geologists have had a chance to make thorough tests of the ground his tepee's on."

"The only good Indian," incisively remarked Mr. Stubbs, "is a dead Indian."

"Heaven knows we've spared no pains in the matter of their salvation," said Uncle Henry, "but while a goodly number have been rescued from their state of sin, some 244,000 remain unregenerate. Tuberculosis is terribly overrated. I don't suppose it takes off more than five or six thousand Indians a year, an' even under-nourishment doesn't drag down their heart action like it should. Several attempts have been made to put delicatessen stores on the reservations, but Congress is afraid of the Humane Society.

They Refuse to be Modern

"WHAT we ought to do is to give 'em more doctors. Accordin' to the last reports, we've only got one medical man to every 6,000 Indians, an' he's expected to cover a 3,000-mile area at that. No doctor can give his best under such circumstances. The proper procedure, if you ask me, is to send down ten or fifteen doctors for each Indian an' get it over with. It's high time they quit enjoyin' bad health.

"What's the use of foolin' ourselves, 'Lonzo? There isn't a chance that we'll ever be able to assimilate the Indian, for he has a stubborn streak that blinds him to the advantage of culture. We've done very well as far as shirts are concerned—he'll put one on over the other as long as the supply holds out—but he absolutely refuses to grasp the moral value of pants, stubbornly insistin' upon his right to a southern exposure. It keeps hundreds of schoolteachers from visitin' the Southwest.

"The same way about dancin'. The red heathen persist in stickin' to their old-fashioned steps when they want to celebrate spring rains, bountiful harvests or the fact that they're still alive after a year of government rations. All sorts of orders have been laid down, but they simply will not learn the jelly roll, the caterpillar crawl, the lizard lope, the St. Vitus blues an' other dances that mark our civilization. An' while they call themselves Christian, it isn't the real thing at all. Think back, an' you can't recall any real good Indian church fight, now can you?

"Music means nothin' to 'em. I don't suppose there's a single saxophone on any Indian reservation. Drama also leaves 'em cold, an' I'll bet you they couldn't get any of 'em to go an' see a piece like 'Desire Under the Elms.' The masterpieces of modern literature are equally without appeal to the savage mind, for the librarian at Taos reports that the copy of 'Flaming Youth' has never once been taken out. It looked for a while as if they might take to football, but finally decided it was too rough.

"However, the bureau is hard at work educatin' the young Indians, an' somethin' may come of it, for the system adopted is admirable in every way. The big feature of it is the removal of the child from the degradin' influence of his parents. Most of the schools, you see, are from five hundred to a thousand miles away from the home, an' mothers don't get a chance to corrupt the little ones.

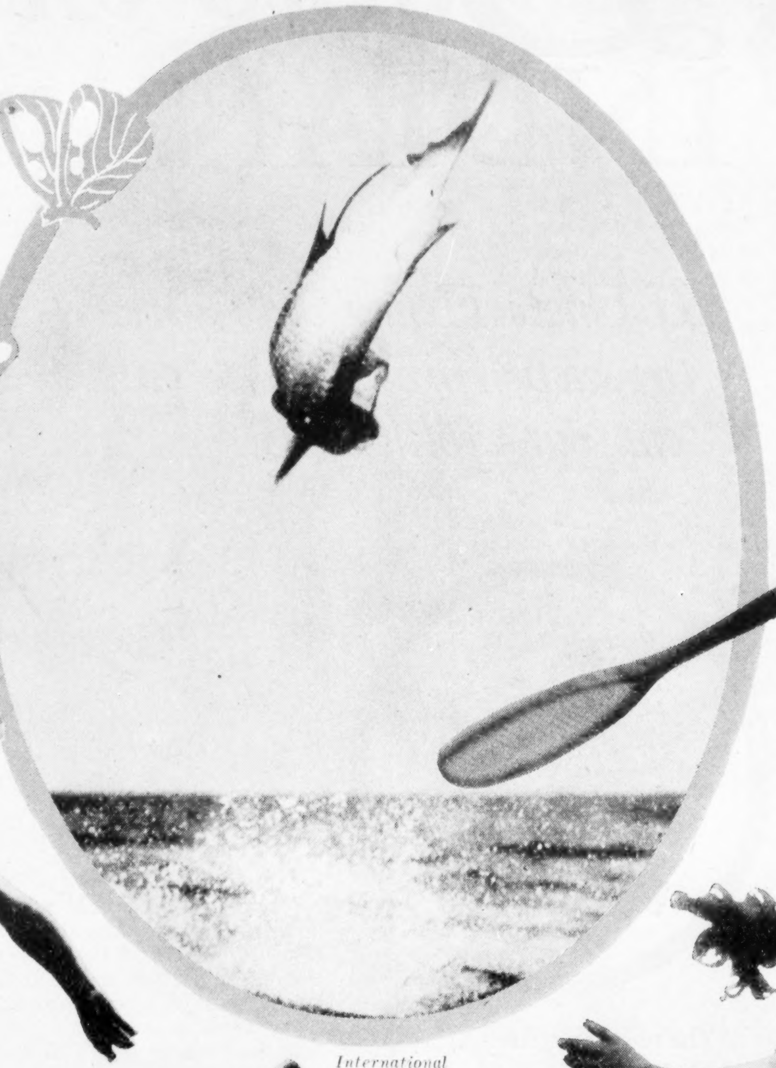
"The curriculum itself does much to wean 'em away from old associations. The children from Alaska are taught horseshoein', how to make porch furniture an' mend lawn mowers, while the Mohaves learn plumbin' an' ice cuttin'. The Seminoles are instructed in dry farmin' an' the Pueblo receives a thorough course in boat buildin' an' nautical engineerin'."

"Don't we teach 'em anything useful?" asked Mr. Stubbs in a pained tone.

"Sure!" said Uncle Henry. "We've taught 'em that heaven is the only safe place to lay up treasure in."

Caught in the AIR

If you crave action, new swift camera shutters can shoot it for you on the wing



International

With a leap for life, a giant tarpon starts his battle against an angler. The cameraman "catches" him first; the angler lands him later. Weight, 180 lbs.

Horse and rider seem almost to float as they top the bar in the snapshot at the right. It's a clipping of film from a "slow motion" camera

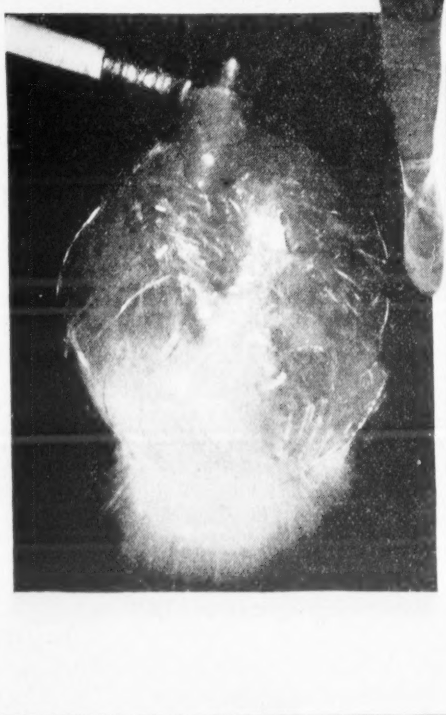
Galloway

An aërial act which always fascinates us at the circus is that of the "iron-jaw sisters." Aloft in the big top's peak they twirl, scorning to have a net below

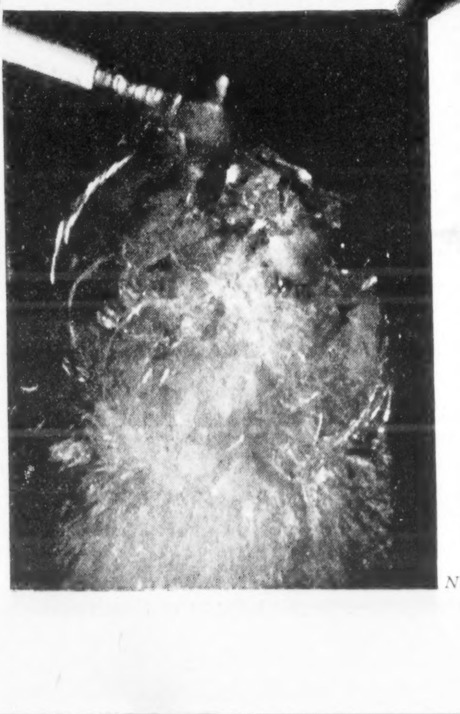
International

England's most photographed girl tennis player is Lady Colyer's débutante daughter (at right). A new ruling of the Tennis Association bans cameramen—so this may be her last snapshot in action

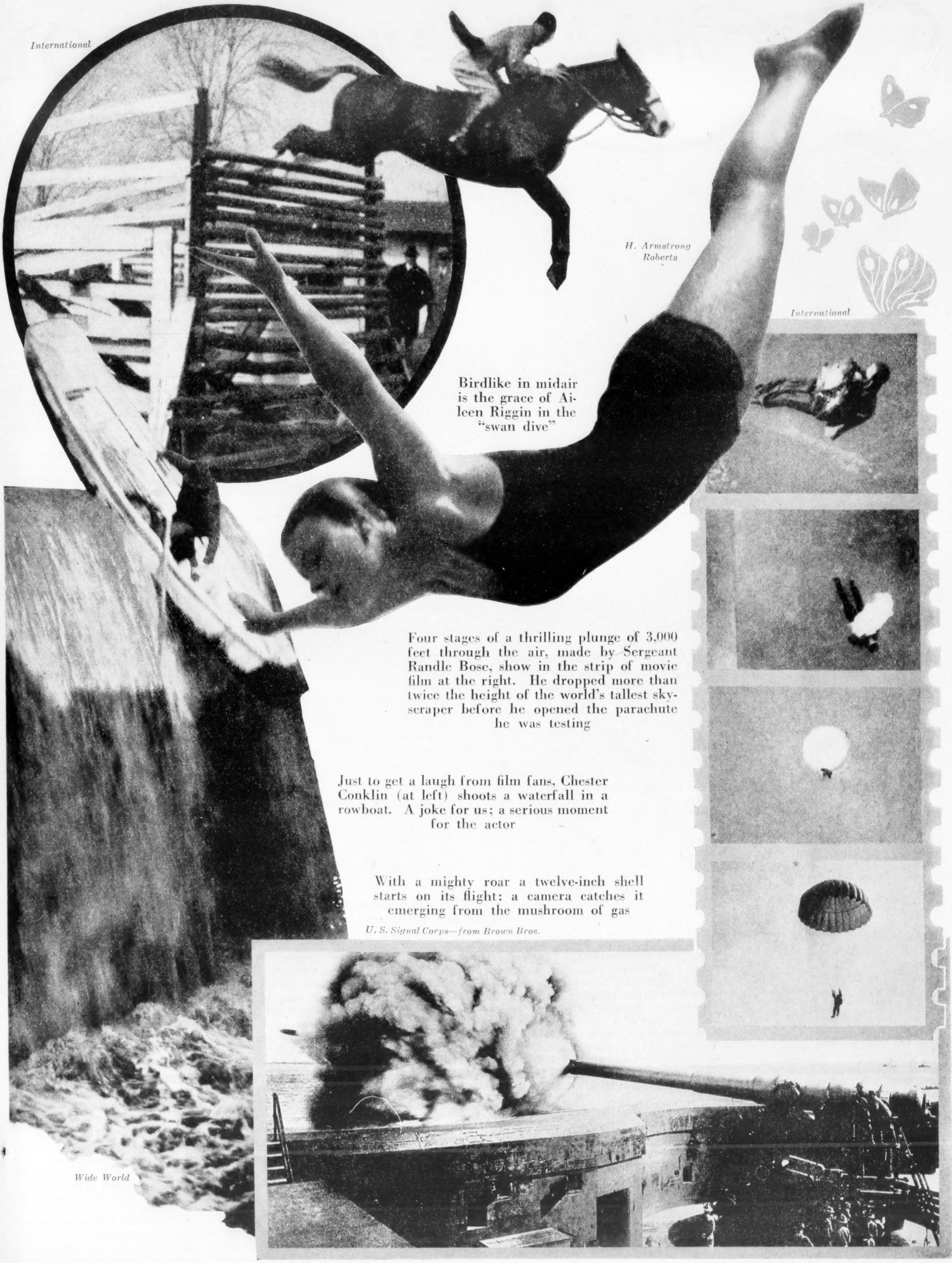
A hammer strikes a glass vacuum bulb—pop! By a marvelous speed camera we can see everything that happens: five pictures in three five-hundredths of a second! Here is one, at the impact:



And here's another, a "twinkling" afterward:



Novagraph—from Galloway



International

H. Armstrong Roberts

International

Birdlike in midair is the grace of Aileen Riggin in the "swan dive"

Four stages of a thrilling plunge of 3,000 feet through the air, made by Sergeant Randle Bose, show in the strip of movie film at the right. He dropped more than twice the height of the world's tallest skyscraper before he opened the parachute he was testing

Just to get a laugh from film fans, Chester Conklin (at left) shoots a waterfall in a rowboat. A joke for us; a serious moment for the actor

With a mighty roar a twelve-inch shell starts on its flight: a camera catches it emerging from the mushroom of gas

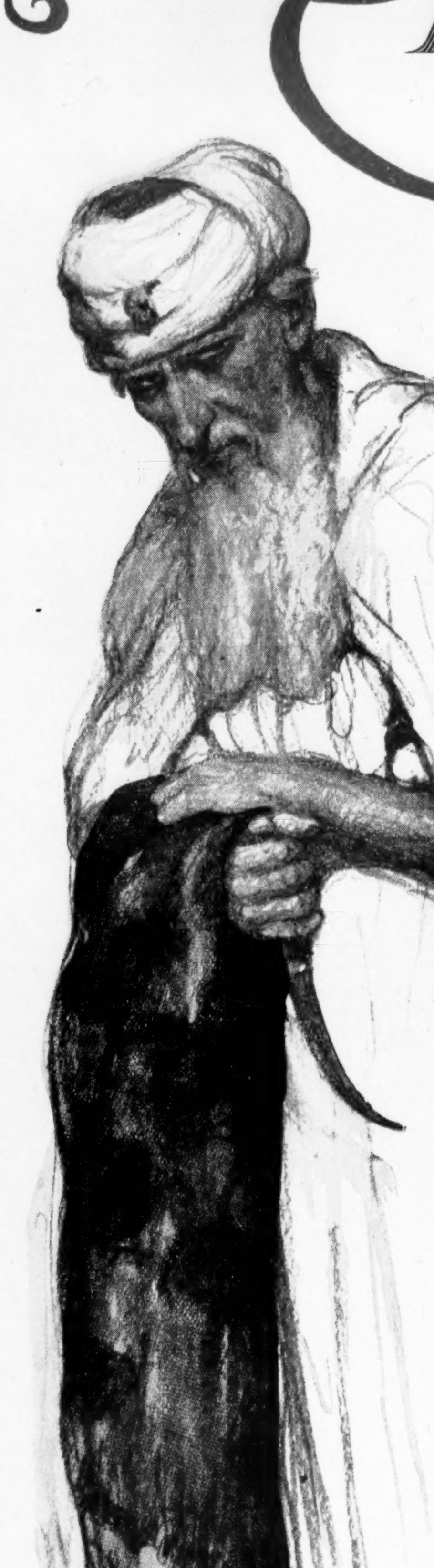
U. S. Signal Corps—from Brown Bros.

Wide World

The hidden SYMBOL

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT



With the rug partly concealing his long curved knife, Ben Hassim moved stealthily toward the two Arabs

MR. BILLINGHAM, attracted always by the unusual, paused in his early morning stroll through the clean streets, the flower-bedecked squares, and along the glorious terrace of Monte Carlo, to regard with some surprise the extraordinary spectacle of a man seated before one of the tables outside the Café de Paris fast asleep. The place was almost deserted, save for the sprinkling of visitors who came to take their early morning déjeuners in the sunshine, and Ben Hassim, the swarthy vender of carpets, who stood patiently in the background, taking apparently no interest whatever in his immediate surroundings, yet with a curious air of watchfulness in his attitude and shining out of his black eyes. The young man who had attracted Mr. Billingham's attention was seated at one of the tables a little removed from the others and was sleeping peacefully and apparently naturally. It was obvious to a habitué of the place, however, that so unusual a proceeding would before long evoke interference from the authorities. A waiter had already called the attention of a maître d'hôtel to his presence; a gendarme from the square had halted in his promenade and seemed to be contemplating action. Mr. Billingham approached, leaned over the sleeping man, sniffed the air for a moment, and became immediately interested. He summoned the maître d'hôtel.

"How long has he been here?" he inquired, indicating the recumbent figure.

"Since the place was opened, monsieur," the man replied. "It seems probable that he spent a great portion of the night here. It is time he moved on."

Mr. Billingham produced a ten-franc note. "Will you let him remain for ten minutes longer?" he begged. "I shall return by then. I am going to the chemist's. The young man is suffering from the effects of some drug."

The ten-franc note resulted in the usual miracle, and on Mr. Billingham's return, in less than the time he had stated, he found the object of his solicitude still asleep. He poured a little powder into a wineglassful of soda water and took the young man firmly by the arm.

"You must wake up," he said.

At the second injunction the sleeper opened his eyes and stared around him in a dazed fashion. Mr. Billingham thrust the wineglass into his fingers. "Drink this," he ordered.

The young man obeyed. Then he blinked several times, stared around him again, and finally looked hard at Mr. Billingham.

"How did I get here, and who are you?" he demanded.

"How you got here is the question we've all been asking," Mr. Billingham replied. "As for me, I'm just an American visitor staying at the hotel yonder. My name is Billingham."

The young man shook himself. He was a sunburnt, good-looking fellow and had a soldierly air notwithstanding his crumpled clothes, somewhat disheveled appearance, and the fact, disclosed by the shape of his shoes, that one leg was a little longer than the other.

"Well," he declared, "they got me first time. Drugged and robbed, I suppose."

He opened his coat and drew out a pocketbook. A considerable number of mille notes were there, some visiting cards, and an odd letter or two.

"They've left you some money, at any rate," Mr. Billingham observed.

The young man returned the case to his pocket.

"Yes," he assented. "They haven't touched that. They've taken the packet, though."

He pressed his disabled foot on the ground for a moment, and leaned once more back in his chair.

"Anything valuable?" Mr. Billingham asked. "Do you want to get in touch with the police? I'm rather close to the chief here."

THE other shook his head. "The packet," he confided, dropping his voice a little, "is not quite so valuable as the people who stole it imagine. All the same, I think I had better be getting along to the Robespierre. They'll be after me again as soon as they find out."

"I'll walk down with you if you like," his rescuer suggested. "I'm just out to stroll about."

"It would be very kind of you," was the grateful acknowledgment. "To tell you the truth, I'm still feeling a little giddy."

He picked up his rubber-tipped stick and leaned for a moment heavily upon it. Ben Hassim, the vender of carpets, who had advanced slowly nearer and nearer, salaamed as he accosted them. His white teeth flashed, and his smile was as irresistible as ever. Nevertheless there was a gleam of anxiety in his dark eyes.

"Has the young gentleman been robbed of anything valuable?" he asked anxiously. "It was I who brought him down here. I found him up in Beausoleil."

"Curiously enough, I have not," the young man replied. "Something was taken from my pocket, but it was of no value to anybody. Anything I had with me," he added, looking intently at Hassim, "which is of value, I still possess."

Once more Hassim salaamed. He gathered up his rugs and retreated. They both looked after him curiously.

"That's a quaint fellow," the young man remarked.

"Got something at the back of his mind about you," Mr. Billingham mused, as they walked slowly off together. . . .

"My name is Powell—Leonard Powell," the young man volunteered, after a moment's silence. "I suppose you think that I've been making a night of it?"

"Kinda looks like it," his companion assented.

"Well, I haven't. I'm here on a special errand. I knew I was being watched, and I went up to dine at the quietest place I know of—right at the back of the town here. I had half a bottle of wine and a liqueur brandy. The last thing I remember was paying my bill."

"Any ladies about?"

"Not a sign of one," was the emphatic reply.

"Sounds kind of interesting," Mr. Billingham observed as they neared the hotel. "Sure you don't want me to make it right for you with the police?"

THE young man shook his head. "The police couldn't help me," he confided. "If you'd like to come in and have your morning coffee with me, I'll tell you just the little more there is to be told."

Mr. Billingham accepted with alacrity.

"Read that first," Powell enjoined, producing a newspaper cutting from the Times. "I found it in the personal column a fortnight ago."

Mr. Billingham adjusted his glasses and read:

> WANTED. Ex-officer or young man of courage, willing to risk his life in a dangerous enterprise. Adequate remuneration. No hardship, but real danger. Applicant must produce unexceptionable references and be unmarried.
>
> Apply Box B. 771. The Times, E. C. 4.

"I answered the advertisement. I happen to have a few decent medals and a pretty good record, and I got the job. I passed through three hands before I came to the principal. I can't tell you his name, but he is the head of the greatest financial and exploration company in the world. The job when I got it seemed almost ludicrously simple. I was to bring a packet here and deliver it safely to the person for whom it was intended."

"Then why don't you deliver it and get it off your chest?"

"It isn't quite so simple as that. Even the persons who intrusted me with the commission didn't know exactly who would come for the packet. They could only tell me how to recognize him when he did arrive. Meanwhile, as they warned me, there's an ugly crowd around who would like, apparently, to nobble me and get hold of it, whatever it may be."

"Do you know what this mysterious packet of yours contains?"

"Not an idea."

"Do you know what sort of person

you have to look out for?" Mr. Billingham inquired.

"He isn't an ordinary personage. I shall probably know when he is here."

Mr. Billingham coughed. The story was scarcely convincing.

"Well," he remarked, as he pushed back his chair and rose, "I wish you luck. I must be getting along."

The young man walked with him to the door. The air was filled with soft sunlight, and the faintest of southern breezes stirred the leaves of the trees in the gardens on their left. The hour was still early, and there were few people about. A dark-skinned denizen of some southern race was reading a newspaper in the little railed-off space in front of the hotel. Powell glanced toward him with a frown.

"Another of the brutes!" he muttered. "On guard, I suppose. . . . Well, good morning, sir. Thank you very much for your help."

THE Marquis de Félan, Mr. Billingham's friend and confederate, was in high spirits that evening. He had won almost as much in the afternoon on his two favorite numbers as he had lost the evening before, and he insisted upon paying for the dinner with money which he had previously borrowed from his guest.

"At roulette," he declared didactically, "all that is needed is confidence. I say to myself, 'My numbers will arrive—they shall arrive.' I see them arriving, and behold they follow one another. But for the unfortunate closing of the tables in the club at eight o'clock, I firmly believe that my winnings this evening would have been enormous."

"You did pretty well as it was, didn't you?" Mr. Billingham asked.

The marquis hesitated. "I was on the point of doing well," he confided. "I had reëstablished myself. A little more capital—Besides playing my numbers, I have perfected a system which will infallibly bring me in a profit as soon as I get it started."

"You need the money. We don't. Sell it to one of my fellow countrymen," Mr. Billingham advised. "There are three or four hundred of them landing to-morrow morning. Three or four hundred Americans plumb full of the stuff, with fat pocketbooks and large letters of credit!"

The marquis' eyes glistened wistfully as he toyed with his eyeglass. Suddenly he arrived at a heroic decision. "I shall go down to the quay," he announced. "I shall offer my services as guide. I will compete with that brawny ruffian from Cook's."

Mr. Billingham smiled incredulously. He said nothing, but the effect of the smile was potent.

"You think that I would not do that?" his vis-à-vis demanded.

"I'll match you a mille you don't," was the prompt challenge.

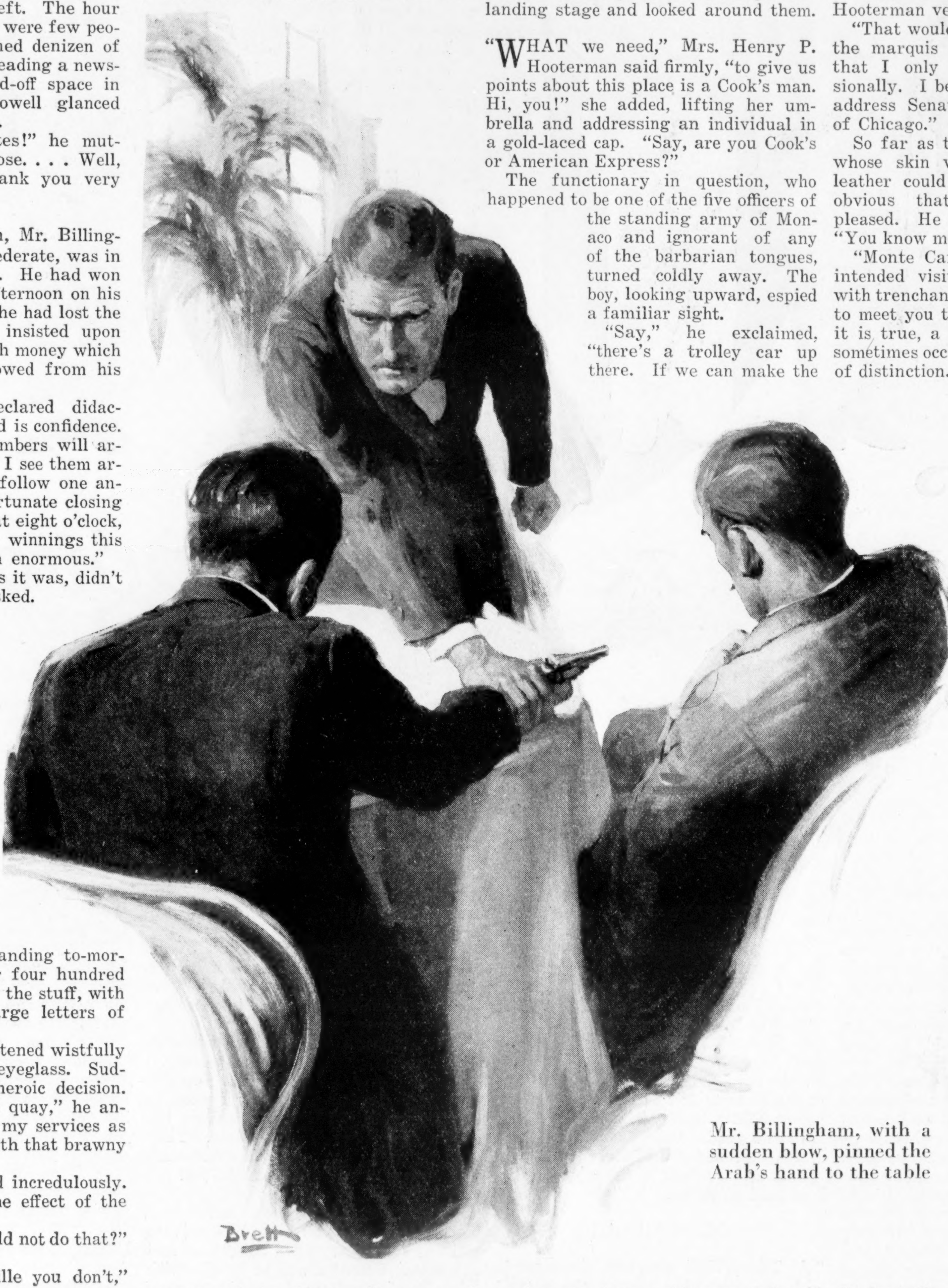
The marquis hesitated for a moment, gulped and made up his mind. "Your wager is accepted," he declared. "The money will be mine."

Almost as he spoke the siren of the great incoming steamer rang out its blatant announcement, dwarfing all other noises, audible from Mentone to Beaulieu. Mr. Billingham smiled once more.

"You don't need to worry, Marquis," he observed. "No one will be allowed to land until to-morrow morning. The first tenderful of Americans will arrive in the harbor at about nine o'clock, with money oozing out of their finger nails."

"I shall be there," was the other's valiant pronouncement. . . .

Among several hundred hundreds of other intrepid transatlantic sightseers, there stepped from the tender to the dock at Monaco the following morning the illustrious family of the Henry P. Hootermans of Chicago. The family consisted of Mrs. Henry P. Hooterman, a short, squat lady with an immense capacity for speech, pushing in a crowd, and managing her own and everyone else's affairs. She was of dark complexion, sallow, and she wore huge tortoise-shell spectacles. She carried a jewel case, which was somewhat ostentatiously chained to her wrist, and in the other hand an umbrella. She had flat feet which seemed always to take up a little more than their share of room upon the earth, and a voice and mien of authority which had won for her the position of president of one of the leading women's societies in Chicago. She was accompanied by her daughter Mamie, who had some claim to good looks and whose eyes were certainly dark and almost beautiful, but whose chances of success in life were considerably handicapped by the maternal environment. There were also a younger daughter, Sadie, still in her early teens, freckled, loquacious, and gawky; a lad, who bitterly resented the whole undertaking, and finally Mr. Henry P. Hooterman himself, a tall, thin man, somberly dressed, of pallid complexion, who had more the appearance of a Methodist minister than the multimillionaire he was reputed to be. This estimable quintette stood upon the landing stage and looked around them.



Mr. Billingham, with a sudden blow, pinned the Arab's hand to the table

"WHAT we need," Mrs. Henry P. Hooterman said firmly, "to give us points about this place is a Cook's man. Hi, you!" she added, lifting her umbrella and addressing an individual in a gold-laced cap. "Say, are you Cook's or American Express?"

The functionary in question, who happened to be one of the five officers of the standing army of Monaco and ignorant of any of the barbarian tongues, turned coldly away. The boy, looking upward, espied a familiar sight.

"Say," he exclaimed, "there's a trolley car up there. If we can make the road, we can have a ride around the old dump."

"Anyway," his father decided, "we'll be moving along."

It was at this precise moment that the marquis, who had been talking for a moment to the ship's doctor, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, approached. He raised his hat and addressed Mrs. Henry P. Hooterman in his own language. "Madame is perhaps in need of some information?"

They all looked at him blankly; Mamie in frank admiration.

"Say, ain't they some dressers, Momma!" she exclaimed.

"Isn't he cute!" Sadie echoed.

"Sorry we don't get you," Mr. Hooterman apologized. "We're Americans."

The marquis removed his hat once more. "It is for that reason," he explained in English, "that I have ventured to address you. It appeared to me that you might be in need of some information or advice. I am a resident here. My services are at your disposal."

The little party were at once interested.

"Want to show us around, eh?" Mr. Hooterman ventured doubtfully.

"That would give me great pleasure," the marquis assented. "I might add that I only offer my services occasionally. I believe I have the honor to address Senator Henry P. Hooterman of Chicago."

So far as the countenance of a man whose skin was rather like dried-up leather could express emotion, it was obvious that Mr. Hooterman was pleased. He smiled in wintry fashion. "You know me," he observed.

"Monte Carlo was apprised of your intended visit," the marquis rejoined with trenchant grandiloquence. "It was to meet you that I am here. I am not, it is true, a professional guide, but I sometimes occupy that position to people of distinction. My services are at your disposal for the day for the sum of five hundred francs."

"Steep!" Mr. Hooterman commented.

"He talks some!" Mrs. Hooterman agreed.

"I think it would be lovely to be taken round by someone who really knows the place," Miss Mamie cooed.

"That will include your meals and all gratuities?" Mrs. Hooterman inquired.

"It will be inclusive," the marquis promised. "If you decide to engage me, I am at your disposal. Otherwise—" he added, glancing across the quay toward another little group.

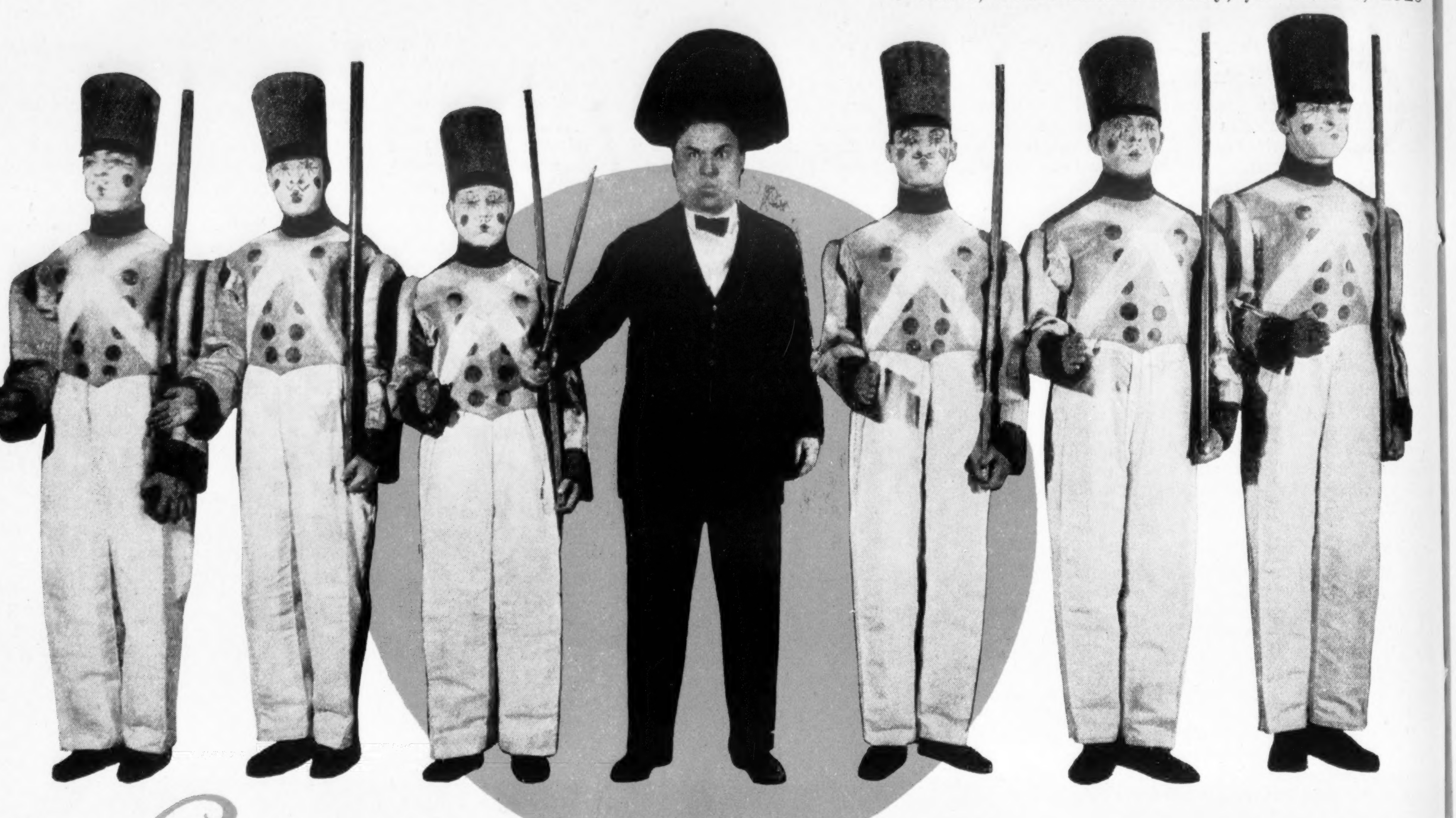
"Those horrid Smithsons!" Mamie interrupted. "Dad, fix this up, please."

"You are engaged," Mr. Hooterman declared. "Lead on. What shall we do first? . . ."

MANY a time in later days the marquis' tone shook with emotion when he spoke of that morning. It is certain that he carried out his task manfully. He deposited the little company in an automobile and took them to the Casino. He obtained their *cartes d' entrée* in advance of a long line of their fellow passengers—a fact which immensely impressed the elder members of the family. He explained the game—to the details of which they listened with great earnestness—and at his suggestion Mr. Hooterman changed a note for a hundred dollars into counters, which, with the exception of a small handful which he retained for purposes of instruction, the marquis distributed among his companions.

"Now," he said, "I will show you how the betting is done."

He placed one (*Continued on page 30*)



"Nex' on ze Pr-r-rogram!"

How one fat little Slav who resolutely declined to be gloomy rode to fame and fortune on a wave of laughter

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

"ART—why should we have to make him with the sour face? I am not ashamed to be happy. For, you see, I am one of those gloomy Russians."

The round little, red little man who says this is Balieff. He is an artist and a cheerful Slav. He is the Ziegfeld of Moscow, yet he makes musical shows without chorus girls. His "Chauve-Souris" draws $20,000 a week of good American money, yet he never spent more than $10,000 on a production. And he is a great comedian.

Balieff is so great a comedian that even his life has been one extraordinary joke. He has lived by paradox, and passed from one tragi-comedy to another.

"I was doomed from birth," he says. "My poor parents, they tried to save me, but what can love of the parent do against—this?" He turned where we stood by the switchboard, and cocked a beetling little black eye over his shoulder. There, between velvet curtains, a strip of stage shone in a golden spot light, and a couple of Russians in red and white blouses danced on their heels. The curtains swept down suddenly across this vivid, comic beauty and Balieff was out in front convulsing the audience with his solemn attempts to tell them in execrable English what the next number would be. In a moment or two he was back in the wings explaining his doom.

"I took what your playwrights call the first false step when I was quite a little boy. I acted at school in a forbidden comedy by Tolstoy. All you Americans, you should love it. He called it 'The First Distiller.' My parents were furious. So were the Czar's police. They put me in jail to think what a bad actor I am. And when I come out of jail my parents they put me in their factory to work.

"But I am like the Bourbon—I mean the brand of kings. I learn nothing and I forget even less. I organize a company of actors in the factory."

And so it went. The devoted Balieffs took as much trouble to keep their son from becoming disreputably famous as did the parents of Stanislavsky, director of the Moscow Art Theatre. They sent young Nikita to Munich to study. But it did no good. Balieff studied—at the Hoftheater and the Münchener Schauspielhaus. So back to the looms again. And still no peace.

Off to Siberia!

"A THEATRE company, she come to our Armenian town," the rotund Balieff reports after an expedition in front of the curtain to explain that the gypsies are about to "sink sat sonks." "I meet the leading lady. I make love. She give me a part. I defy my parents. But, also, I forget my lines. And for that the leading lady she give me something else. You call it"—Balieff twists his face into a mournful imitation of a wrinkled pumpkin, elaborately closes his eyes, and breathes the words —"the atmosphere."

Balieff slowly lifts his eyelids, and resumes with studied calm: "Again I get the jail. I am sent to Siberia. Russia decides to save her Balieff from the stage. Japan agrees to help her. They have a war. A general, he give me a uniform and send me to the other end of Asia to wear it.

"But it is all for nothing, this war. In Harbin there is a musical show. I join the company. I do what you call 'double in brass.' Daytimes I work in the army. Night times I work on the stage. They see it is hopeless. They stop the war. They have a court martial instead, and I sleep at the jail for thirty days."

When the thirty days were over Balieff awoke to find himself a private citizen of a country filled with chaos and rebellion. Soon he was in Berlin with other Russian exiles. Among them were a rich patron of the arts and the company of the Moscow Art Theatre making its first European tour. Balieff promptly applied for a part. The management frowned. It was true their finances were low; they might have to close their tour and disband. But, no matter how small a salary Balieff was willing to come for, they would not take him.

"They also wanted to save me from Art. But I had a great idea, a wicked idea. I would buy my way in. I went to my rich friend. I told him the tragedy that faced the Russian theatre. He gave me money. I gave it all to the manager. He was grateful. Without a moment's hesitation, he paid the price. He took me into the company. He made me his under-secretary."

But Balieff wouldn't be balked. He hung on the heels of Stanislavsky till the great director gave him a part. He played the part for three or four months —at rehearsals. And then, when Stanislavsky thought the piece was about ready to be shown to the public, he took the part away from Balieff.

This was more or less the history of Balieff's career in the Moscow Art Theatre. But he wouldn't give up. He stuck with the company for almost ten years. He even appeared on the stage. But he got hardly anything except "thinking parts." When he played The Bull and later Bread in "The Blue Bird" he had three or four lines to say. But his reputation as a silent actor had grown too great. It stood in his way.

The Writing on the Wall

THE climax of his career in the Moscow Art Theatre came with Knut Hamsun's drama, "In the Claws of Life." According to Balieff, his part was the axis upon which the whole drama revolved. He played Cousin Theodore, a man with a tremendous reputation for gossip. Everybody on the stage talked about how voluble Cousin Theodore was. But every time Cousin Theodore started to open his mouth, someone else began to talk and drowned him out. Balieff admits that he never played a part with half so much conviction.

Balieff saw the writing on the wall. He was becoming a "type." If he was ever to be an actor, a real actor with real lines and the center of the stage to himself once in a while, he must be his own manager. (*Cont'd on page 39*)

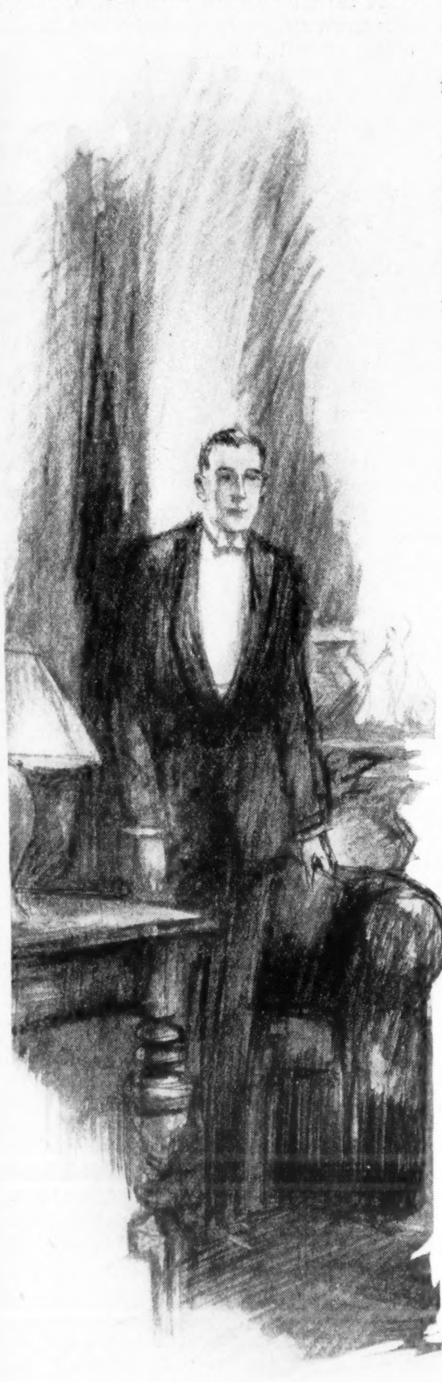
The education of SALLIE MAY

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

Conclusion

VAN SANT, walking into Sallie May's living-room the next afternoon, found himself suddenly in a strange place. The interior decorator had been at work, and all the fat, dumpy ugliness had vanished. Cool gray-green walls, the graceful lines of Duncan Phyfe and Chippendale, a tapestrylike silk mural replacing the "The Horse Fair" that had hung above the fireplace. There were the lamps of Sallie May's desires, Van Sant noticed gratefully. Without actual count one would never have believed they were so many, so cunningly had they been chosen; light that would be comfortably shoulder high for a reader in the easy chair, light that would fall flatteringly over slender hands at the tiny grand piano, splashes of gold light to warm the cool walls on a chilly evening. Blue and cerise gladoli in a Birdcliff pottery jug.



Next evening Van Sant met Phil—big, blond, good-looking. He would take good care of Sallie May

Into all this charm Sallie May suddenly came in her green linen, just as she had come into the room's ugliness that first day, startling Van Sant with her beauty. It was as though, in the less than two days—and that time spent thinking of her—he had forgotten some shade of her loveliness. Or perhaps it was the contrast after Marjorie's busy, poised coolness that made Sallie May seem so adorably, so poignantly young.

"Mr. Van Sant, what do you think! Phil is here."

Van Sant was surprised. Truly the fiancés had been rounding up.

"Walked in on me as a total surprise at noon day before yesterday! That is why I just had to drop the lessons for a couple of days. We've been simply doing the town."

"I saw you doing one corner of it night before last, at Manney's," said Van Sant. He had intended never to mention this.

"Did you really? How do you like Phil?"

"I didn't see him. You were dancing with Ted Wayne."

Sallie May laughed. "Oh, dear! He came breezing up to our table, insisted that I dance with him, acted as though he and I'd been the dearest friends for years. Phil didn't like it at all."

"I can readily imagine Phil's not liking it," Van Sant agreed, smiling.

"He was so upset about it that I changed my plans and told him all about our stunt—yours and mine, you know. I had meant to keep it a dead secret, at least until after I had astounded his mother and sisters with my wit and learning. But he's going to stay in New York till they come. I wouldn't drop my course now for anything, and he may be dropping in any time. If he always kept finding you here, and I hadn't told him anything, you know—"

"Naturally he'd be likely to misunderstand, of course," Van Sant agreed, thinking of Marjorie. "A man in love is likely to be jealous of anybody—it doesn't take a dangerous heart-smasher like Ted."

Sallie May looked at Van Sant searchingly a moment, then smiled. "Are you fishing?" she demanded. "Or is it really possible you don't realize that you're ten times as dangerous as Ted Wayne?"

Van Sant laughed. That was like Sallie May. She could no more resist saying the kindly thing than a man could resist liking to pretend to himself that he thought she meant it.

"And what does your Phil think of your course?"

"He thinks I'm a goose to be bothering with it. He likes a girl to be beautiful but dumb. Really, you know, since I've seen what hard things they teach in college, I can't see how Phil ever got through four years of it and came out knowing so little. But he's clever as can be," Sallie May said hastily, "in any line he's really interested in. His father thinks he's a perfect wiz in business. His father is a big publisher, and the first thing Phil did when he got into the business was to look over all the stuff they were getting out that wasn't making them any money. Most of them he got his father to drop, but there was one, a book on beauty culture, that he felt ought to have an awful pull.

"He took that beauty book that they'd been selling for a dollar seventy-five, raised the price to five dollars and hired the cleverest woman copy writer in Chicago to write advertising for it. I've forgotten how many thousands or hundreds of thousands or millions, or whatever it is, the firm has made out of that book."

THE next evening Van Sant met Phil Lawrence. When he found that Lawrence was to come for dinner he announced his firm intention of not remaining himself. But Sallie May was so insistent, so hurt by his unwillingness, that he was left no choice.

Lawrence was very much the kind of man Van Sant had pictured him. Three or four years older than Van Sant, big, blond, good-looking. Van Sant was as sure that he would be a Republican as that he would like musical shows. Although young, he wore the self-confidence of success, as unmistakable as the cut of a coat.

If he thought Sallie May a goose to be studying, he was too courteous to show this fact to Van Sant. Instead he drew the younger man out as to the course he was giving her, seemed honestly interested. Even walked home with Van Sant, talking to him still more about it along the leisurely summer evening street.

A pleasant fellow. Undoubtedly shrewd along a business line, a good mixer. Perhaps a little hard, but the average successful man is likely to be that. And he would take good care of Sallie May.

During the next two weeks Van Sant found himself returning more and more often to that thought. His finding out of his own feelings for Sallie May had, he knew, no bearing whatsoever upon the future of either. At the end of his six weeks he would cease seeing Sallie May except upon rare occasions.

If he had had a chance in the world with her himself, of course his feelings would have been flaming hope, jealousy—all of the tenser emotions. But since he had no hope for himself, he had a great tenderness for her. It would be something to go on alone knowing that she was happy and safe.

A few days before his mother and sisters were due to arrive, Lawrence joined Sallie May and Van Sant at dinner again and, instead of demanding to carry Sallie May off for the evening as he had done before, sat looking over the new advertising magazine he had brought with him, through the evening, while Sallie May and Van Sant wrestled with modern art on the other side of the living-room. And when Van Sant rose to go at, promptly, ten, Lawrence rose too. Said that he would walk down home with Van Sant; that he wanted to talk with him.

Amazed to find himself rather than Sallie May the attraction which had held Lawrence through the dull evening, Van Sant fell into step beside him along Riverside Drive. There was evidently something of some importance on Lawrence's mind.

"Do you think you've really taught Sallie May anything?" Lawrence demanded.

"Yes," said Van Sant, "don't you think I have?"

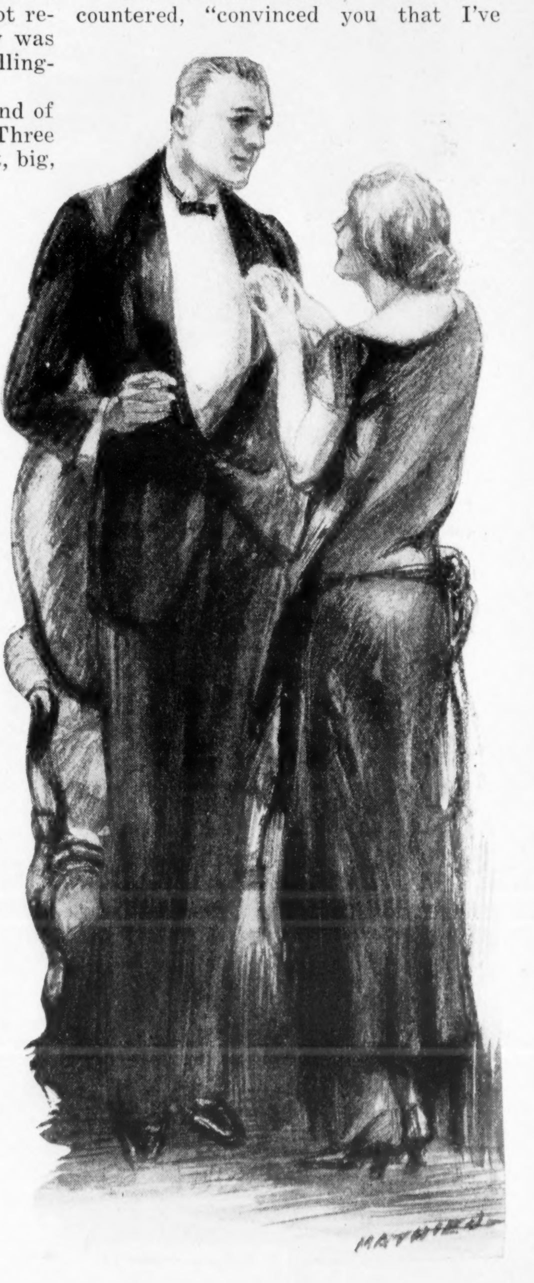
"I dunno." Lawrence's tone dismissed the whole phase of learning anything as a matter away outside his ken. "What I want to know is, do you think it's worth while? For any man or woman to learn the stuff you've been teaching her."

"I don't think it would necessarily enable a person to make any more money, if that's what you mean by worth while," said Van Sant.

Lawrence laughed good-naturedly.

"That's what I'd mean for myself all right," he admitted. "But what I meant was, do you think you can really teach anything in a short time like that to anybody who wants to learn it?"

"Has Cousin Lottie," Van Sant countered, "convinced you that I've



been selling Sallie May a gold brick?"

"Cousin Lottie!" Lawrence groaned. "Isn't she Gloomy Gus, though! We'll get rid of her quick enough once we're married."

There was a hard, easy coldness in Lawrence's assurance that made Van Sant vaguely uneasy.

"What I want to know"—Lawrence was harking back to their original discussion—"what I want to know is what you can teach the average person in six weeks—or say three months—that's going to do 'em any good. Granted that they want to learn it."

"Granted that he wants to learn it," said Van Sant, suddenly putting into words the theory that making Sallie May's course had given him, "you can give the average man a good idea of what it's all about. This may possibly rouse in him a genuine interest in some phase of the intellectual life of the world. May possibly start him to wanting to know something besides how to make money and play a good game of golf. And if it does, you're providing a pleasure and a lasting resource for a person who, the chances are, wouldn't be much good at making money or playing golf, anyway. If it doesn't go any farther than a brief course itself, a little knowledge of the political and economic history of the world ought to tend to make him use his bean when it comes to taking any part in running anything to-day. And even a very sketchy knowledge of cultural things ought to keep him from appearing an ass if circumstances drop him into a circle that knows that Aucassin and Nicolette aren't a team on the Keith circuit."

Lawrence nodded.

"I've been looking you up," he volunteered. "Back to the time you were in college. When Sallie May first told me about you I was afraid maybe you'd been just a greasy grind, though I'll admit you didn't look it. I found you'd made a good frat and played on the team."

"And may I ask," Van Sant asked dryly, "what's back of this flattering interest in my past?"

"And I'd got to find out if you really believed in this idea. I think it's the bunk myself, and if you'd thought so too there'd have been no use in taking a step at all. It's an excellent thing for the fellow who's putting anything over to know it's bunk, but the fellow who's going to deliver the goods ought to believe in 'em."

Van Sant glanced sharply sidewise. He walked along a few minutes in silence.

"I see," he said quietly, "you think a course of this sort has commercial possibilities."

"I know damn well it has. The fellow who goes to college usually finds out quick enough that education is the bunk and spends his time dodging it as well as he can for four years. It's the fellow who's never been able to go who hasn't got wise to the fact that he hasn't missed much. There are an awful lot of those suckers. And all we've got to do is to convince enough of them there is something just as good that they can get at home evenings in—say, three months."

"And you want to sell them such a course, thinking yourself that it's bunk?"

"Sure. I think college is bunk too, but I suppose I'll send my children just the same."

VAN SANT laughed. "Well, I really believe that out of your suckers that would take such a course there'd be a higher proportion who would really get something out of it than there would be in the same number of college students who'd spend four years and a pile of more money trying to keep from learning anything."

"You bet you!" Lawrence agreed. "And you're the fellow to write this course. You've got the right touch all right. Anyone who could get Sallie May interested in trigonometry! You've got just the combination—you've got both the dope and the popular touch. And you're keen on the idea. All right, let's get down to wagon wheels. What'll you take to write such a course?"

"A flat sum, you mean?"

"Sure."

"Wouldn't consider it at all," said Van Sant promptly.

"You mean you don't want to do it?"

"No. I'd enjoy doing it immensely. But not on any flat sum basis."

"For the Lord's sake, why not?"

Van Sant smiled. "I'm not insulting your business acumen," he said, "by thinking for an instant that you'd pay out in any flat sum what the thing would be worth to you. I'm sure I shouldn't in your place."

"How would you want to do it, then?"

"I've confidence enough in your judgment," said Van Sant, "so that I should like to gamble on it with you."

"Well, we might consider a royalty arrangement, I suppose."

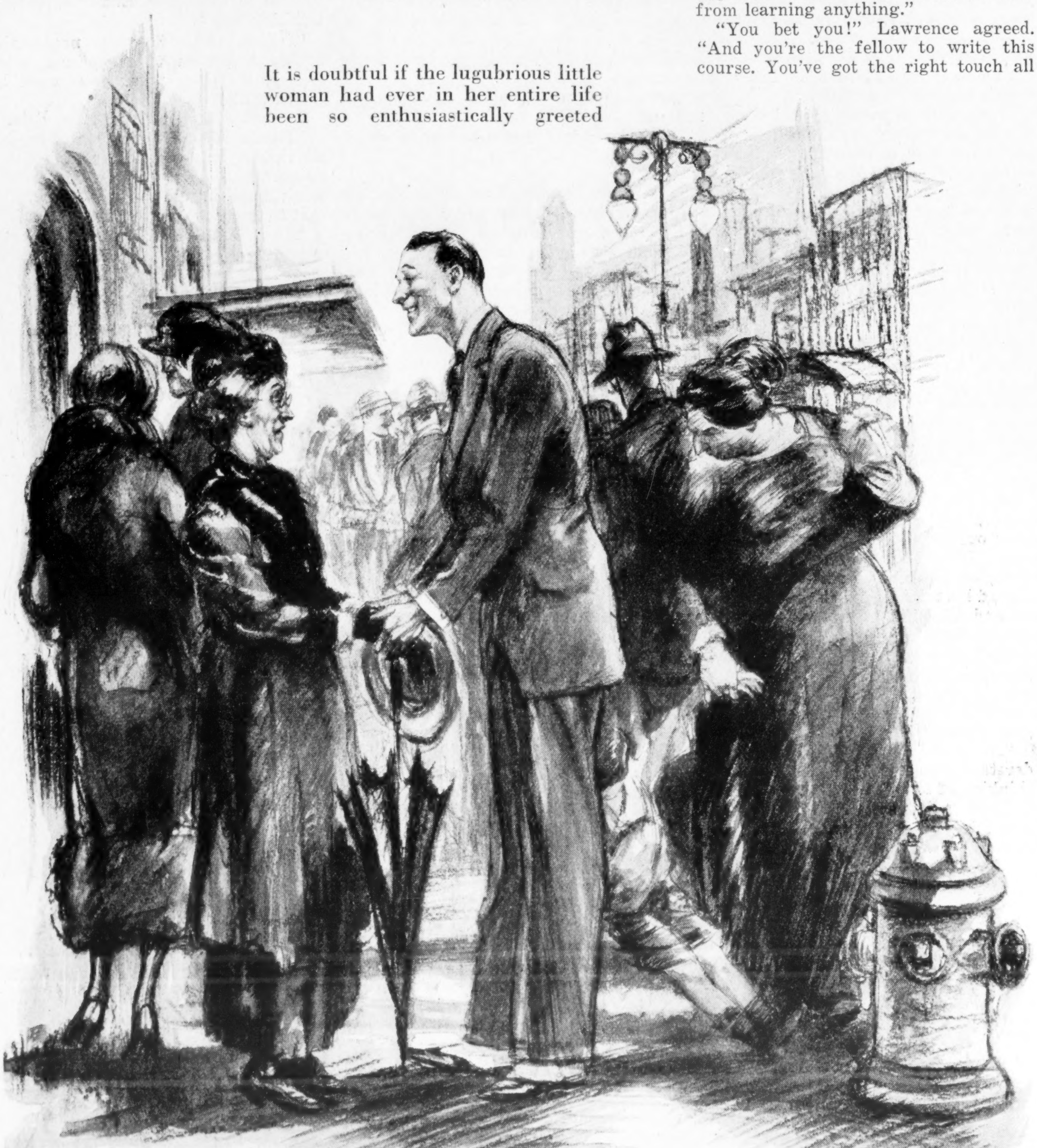
Van Sant shook his head. "Not good enough. I'd want a real share in the project."

"How big a share? You know the idea is mine and the money."

"Considering that, I should say that a third interest would be fair."

"A third!" Lawrence's suave, genial tone grew suddenly explosive. "A third! Well, of all the brass-bound nerve! You'd expect a third interest in a deal of this kind for work you could do in a month! A third! For the love of Heaven!"

It is doubtful if the lugubrious little woman had ever in her entire life been so enthusiastically greeted



Van Sant said nothing.

"Look here," Lawrence demanded, "do you realize that I can get dozens of young college gradutes who'll be tickled to death to do a job like this for three or four hundred dollars? Do you figure that what you'd do would be worth more to me than anything I could get somewhere else?"

"Not at all," said Van Sant quietly. "I'm not thinking of your interests at all. I feel sure you're quite capable of taking care of them yourself. I'm considering my own. I'm not a young college graduate out to pick up odd jobs at three or four hundred a throw. I have my own profession, my own career to make. I should not consider wasting my time on any side line except as I expected to make real money out of it. You needn't feel under any obligations to me in getting someone else to do this work. It goes without saying, though, that you'd get much more intelligent coöperation from a man who was as eager as yourself for the thing to be a success."

"But a third share!"

And yet, after that, just a week later, Lawrence offered Van Sant a third interest in the enterprise, and the contract was duly signed.

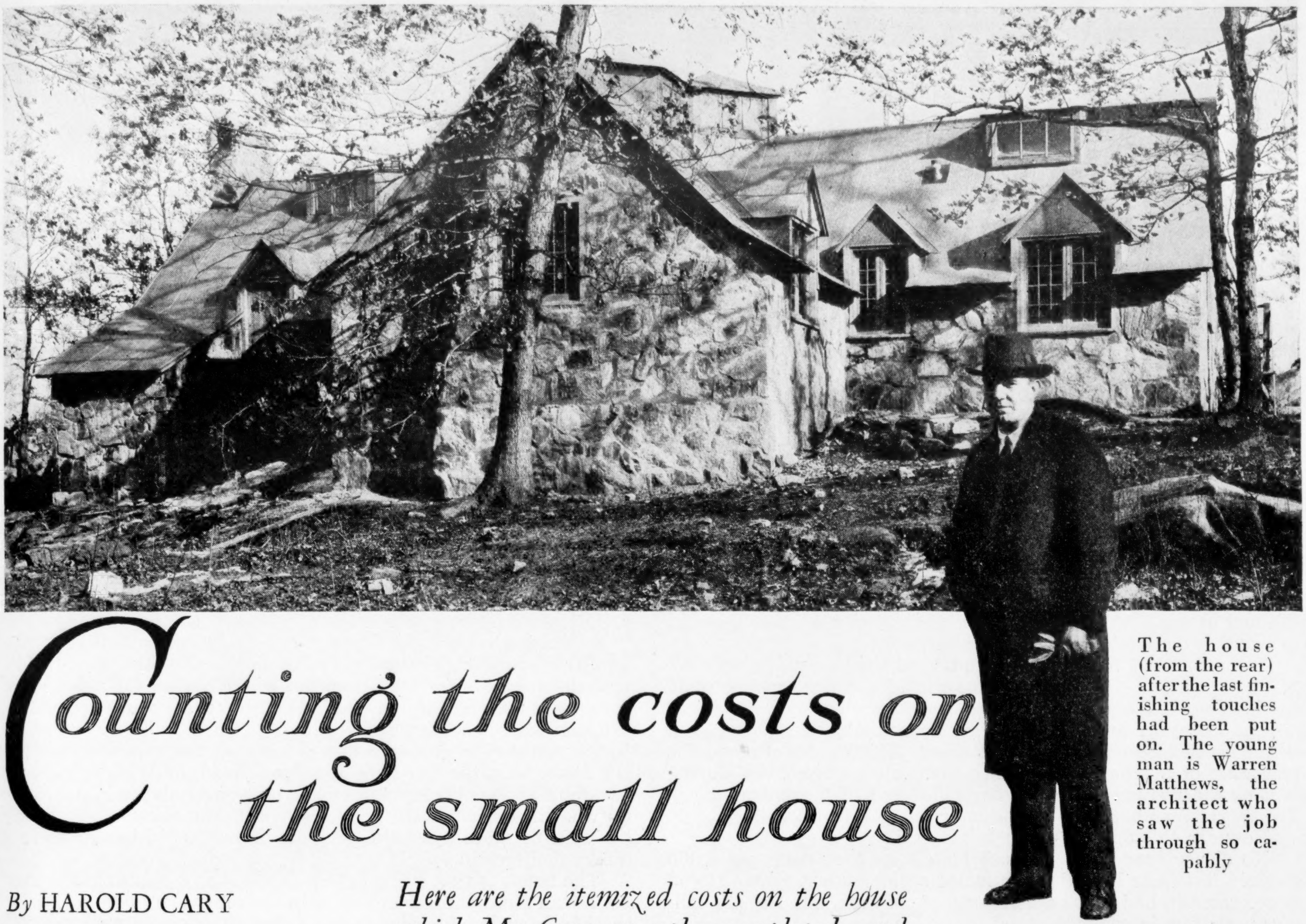
VAN SANT was profoundly grateful for this new interest to plunge into. Courts would not open for another month, the Collins law office was vastly dull. And his time with Sallie May was over. He was glad for something which would fill his time, which he could crowd into every corner of his brain. Not that anything could keep away the ache of missing Sallie May, the dull depression that came with awaking every morning and realizing that he was not to see her to-day. Still, work was a sedative.

His last evening with Sallie May, she had told him that Phil expected to make a great deal of money out of the course.

"That means you'll make a great deal too, doesn't it?"

"I shall make half as much as he does."

"He thinks," (*Continued on page 26*)



The house (from the rear) after the last finishing touches had been put on. The young man is Warren Matthews, the architect who saw the job through so capably

Counting the costs on the small house

By HAROLD CARY

Here are the itemized costs on the house which Mr. Cary recently completed, and about which he has been writing in Collier's:

Stonework, forms, excavation	$1,775.74
Carpentry and roofing	1,940.45
Lumber, cement, millwork and supplies	1,773.15
Wiring and fixtures	165.00
Plumbing	738.00
Heating (hot-water system)	550.00
Septic tank	200.00
Fireplace hood (bronze)	135.00
Plastering	585.00
Tile	67.48
Hardware	58.00
Paint, wax, plaster finishing	85.93
Compensation insurance	89.00
Miscellaneous labor and superintendence	151.70
Architect	600.00
	$8,914.45

WE HAVE saved 32 per cent on the demonstration house about which I have been writing.

Built of stone, it cost less than a house of the cheapest wood or stucco construction but contains fittings of a high standard.

A house of similar size, following these specifications but not of such a revolutionary, money-saving design would cost about $13,200 in the same locality.

The demonstration house cost $8,914.45.

If you have been following these articles you know that I hoped that this house could be built for less than $8,000; and you know now that we couldn't quite make it. Did something go wrong?

No, indeed! The house has turned out beautifully. The plans worked out as economically as we hoped they would; and the savings piled up. But—

We might have succeeded in building this house even more economically, nearer down to the standards of ordinary construction for bathrooms, heaters and other expensive features. Sticking to cost-cutting specifications on the accessories we could have saved $6,000, instead of only $4,200. And that is a disappointment to me, because I did have the desire to make an unbeatable record on stone-house construction.

On the other hand, I am very proud of this house—almost as proud as though I had really had a hand in the design, or in the actual building of it. And of course I am also a little envious because it is a better job than I did myself as an amateur when I built the first and larger of these two houses—the house in which I now live. The extra costs in the second house, which has just been finished, amount to over fifteen hundred dollars. This is due to improvements on the specifications for the first one, not to changes in the fundamentals of the revolutionary design. The great savings shown by both houses match almost dollar for dollar. The newer one has a much more expensive bathroom outfit, a heavier roof, higher side walls, leaded glass windows, an additional rough wooden floor, stud partitions and other improvements.

Without these extras the house would have cost $6,900. That would have been a saving over ordinary design and construction costs of a stone house of similar size of over 47 per cent, since, as I said, the figure for such a building, put up in the conventional way, would have been $13,200.

These amazing savings are made possible by simplification of design and construction. They are due to the fact that the cellar, the attic, much of the trim and other hand work are eliminated. They are also due to the fact that both of the houses were designed to be lived in and to have a rugged simplicity and beauty due, in large part, to the materials of which they are built. These houses have no ornamentation, no unnecessary parts. The stone walls were built up in forms instead of being laid up by the hand work of masons. The fireplace is a bronze hood against a stone wall in which there is a flue to carry off the smoke while almost all the heat is radiated into the room. It is beautiful; it doesn't let smoke into the room; and it costs about five hundred dollars less than the ordinary fireplace of brick or stone and cement.

The house has three bedrooms and bath; kitchen with dining-room nook, laundry-room, furnace-room, entrance hall and the very large living-room. (The latter is twenty-five feet long with a double alcove effect of peculiar charm which makes part of the room twenty feet wide and the rest fifteen feet wide.) It is all on one floor, a fact which, even with this method of design, probably renders it more expensive than a house built on the two-floor plan. It was designed not for general use (although most of those who have seen it like it) but for the particular use of the owner, Leon Soderston, who is an artist and who wanted a house in which mechanical labor would be cut to the minimum.

All the rooms run to the peak of the roof—there are no flat ceilings. Two things make the house easy to heat in winter: the roof is insulated in accordance with the most approved methods, and there is no cellar or attic to heat. It will keep cool in summer for two reasons: because of the insulated roof and because of the ridge dormer windows in the peak of the roofs, which are rainproof and screened so that they may remain open day and night all summer and act as flues to carry out the warm air. I know, by experience with the same devices in my own house, that so equipped its interior will always be cooler on the warm days than it is out-of-doors.

The fact that there is no cellar makes the house drier

(*Continued on page 39*)

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JUNE 6, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

CAN'T WE STOP THE SLAUGHTER?

A MOTOR truck ran down and killed a little boy six years old. For two days the father of the child sat at a window in his home watching the passing cars. Across his knees he held a gun, ready to shoot the first driver who passed the house at a reckless rate of speed. Overwhelmed by grief he was willing to kill and to pay with his own life the penalty of his crime in order to arouse attention to the peril all children face.

The counsel of friends and time turned the bereaved man from his mad sacrifice. His life and the life of a chance victim could not have accomplished the purpose.

Yet last year automobiles killed approximately 19,000 people in the United States and injured about 450,000 according to the reckoning of a group of insurance companies. Every day during 1924 on the average 52 people were killed and 1,232 were wounded. The World War hardly took a greater toll of American lives.

How can this appalling loss be stopped?

No driver ever intends to use his car as a weapon; yet 6,000 children lost their lives through motor accidents last year. Herod is execrated in history as a murderer of children, but Herod's killings were few in comparison with modern losses.

Of course, no blame attaches to many of those who have the misfortune to kill others with automobiles. Certainly malice is lacking even when cars are driven at dangerous speeds, and recent reports have brought out the fact that many accidents occur when cars are driven slowly.

The way out is not simple. Little is accomplished by the passing of more and more drastic laws. What we all need is more knowledge.

The remedy will doubtless be found in two directions: the driver's responsibility to avoid accidents will be increased and roads and streets will be made more nearly fool-proof.

Industrial accidents began to decrease with the passage of workmen's compensation laws. When the principle that industry must pay for the waste of human limb and life was established, engineers were hired to invent ways of making machinery safe.

Most modern factories now employ safety engineers. They are constantly designing machines so that workers will be protected against their own carelessness or recklessness. The biggest gains have been made in this fashion. At the same time safety has been incessantly preached to individuals. The result is that great railroads go year after year without killing any passengers and progressive factories are able to report steadily diminishing numbers of accidents.

The deaths and injuries due to automobiles may be lessened and stopped by the application of similar principles. Automobiles are now nearly fool-proof. Streets are not, and some drivers are fools.

Streets and roads must be built and regulated with a view to making automobile traffic safe and expeditious. The use of cars is extending at a tremendous rate; in fact, our present civilization is possible only because of the gasoline engine. That is fundamental.

Roads and streets must be so reconstructed and policed that it will be possible to get the full mechanical utility out of the automobile. It is useless to pass laws and ordinances which are impossible of enforcement. Yet most states and cities have regulations which are not obeyed, and which ought not to be enforced.

The laws of the road ought to be rewritten by safety engineers and the rules covering the driver's responsibility ought to be more clearly defined.

This is not an easy program. The saving of 19,000 lives and the prevention of 450,000 injuries is, however, a goal worthy of a supreme national effort. We must stop this killing.

The Hot Dog's Revenge

IT COMES as something in the nature of a shock to the average tennis player when he goes to buy a racket to be asked anywhere from $13 to $20 for an article which, a few years ago, could be purchased for half that amount. Two explanations are offered by the dealers, the first of which is a commonplace—the tariff of 40 per cent on gut. The other reason given has greater novelty, for it shows how a great popular demand for a plebeian article such as sausage has made tennis one of the more expensive sports. The packers who produce domestic gut find that their income is fattened more quickly by the manufacturers who want skins to put their sausage in than by the tennis-racket makers who want strings.

And so the succulent "dog," as he curls upon the hot griddle and prepares himself for a dab of mustard, may have a final grin of satisfaction to know that his revenge is being taken out on someone who is, in this case, not the "ultimate consumer" but the "innocent bystander." We can envisage an embattled tennis-playing public rallying to the slogan of "no more hot dogs."

When the Red Gods Do Their Stuff

SOME Americans, at this stage of the year, go on worrying about the Labor Problem, the World Peace Problem, the Tobacco Problem, the Younger Generation Problem, and the other great Moot Questions that do for human nature what fleas do for a dog. But for most of us this is the open season of the Vacation Problem. We have heard the Red Gods calling, just as Kipling says they do in his poem. The only question is whether they are calling us to the Mountains, the Seashore, the Open Road, or Where. So long as a family has only one member it is often possible for him to make up what he optimistically calls his mind. But the average family has four or more members, each one of whom wishes to go in a different direction.

The result is that every family vacation is a compromise. And yet a man from Mars might come to the conclusion, if he inspected this continent in midsummer, that a good time was being had by all.

This regular summer circus is impressive to watch. It is also a brand-new thing. No nation ever went vacationing the way ours does. With us the very word, until a few decades ago, referred only to schoolboys' holidays. A few swells went to Saratoga Springs or Newport and young brides and grooms went to Niagara Falls, but the vast, sweaty bulk of the population stayed at home and took its exercise with palm-leaf fans.

Then the Summer Boarder Eon came on. During this period of our history the rocking chair became a national institution, strong, bearded men played croquet, and the summer picnic ruined the dispositions and digestions of countless thousands. But these things are mainly of the past. We are now in the Automobile Touring Era. In midsummer this country is like a gigantic ant heap into which some giant has just poked a stick. We don't know where we are going but we're having a grand time getting there.

One or two sad philosophers have remarked that if we liked our work the way our ancestors used to like theirs vacations would not be so popular. In fact, they regard them as a kind of modern disease, like bobbed hair or hip flasks. In the almost perfect world everyone will love his work so much that it will take a squad of policemen to drag him away from it. But you will have to excuse us—we've got to sort out our maps and take a look at the fishing tackle before we go to bed.

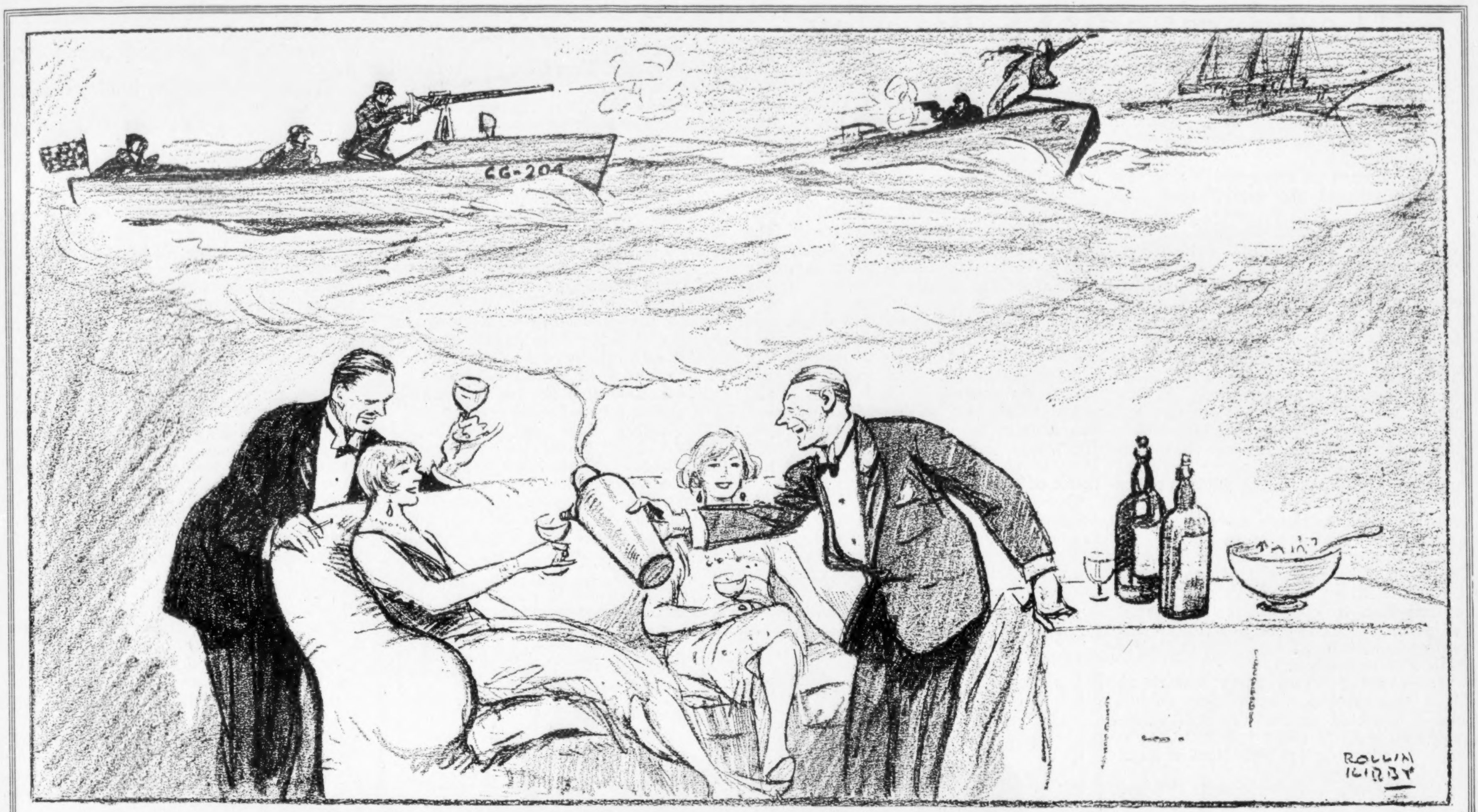
Flivvers and Florida—Good Medicine

"AGITATORS fail in their political reform movements in this country because too many workmen go to work in flivvers and too many farmers spend their winters in Florida and California."

The words of a Western college professor are based on the sound doctrine that America means an equal chance for all.

It is just because workers and farmers know that flivvers and Florida are waiting for those who go after them with industry and intelligence that "agitation," open or secret, pale pink or flaming red, will get nowhere in the United States.

"Flivvers and Florida" are reminders, too, that the best way to nullify the work of agitators is not with raids and jails but by making it certain that the equal chance is always kept open to all.



If they knew what their liquor cost would the evening be so gay?

THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM, LET'S SPREAD OUT

By Thomas Adams

Well-known authority who assisted in the modern planning of Cincinnati, Ohio, Kansas City, Kan., Fresno, Cal., and other cities

ARE there too many people in the United States? If you are trying to force yourself into a crowded street car at the rush hour you will probably say yes. If, on the other hand, you are standing on the plains of Wyoming or even on one of those abandoned farms which can be found within an hour's ride of most great cities you will say no. You will be right in both cases. There are too many people in some spots; too few in others.

I belong to a profession which is spoken of, for want of a better name, as city planning. My experience as a city planner began, however, on a farm, and I am sure I learned as much about city planning there as I would have learned in Chicago or Greater New York. For country planning and city planning are both parts of the same problem. They both have to do with putting the population where each individual will have the best time and do the most good.

The trouble with the great American cities is that they are suffering from indigestion of population. The trouble with great stretches of country in the rural districts is that they haven't population enough—they are starving for people. The same remedy will cure both conditions. More of the country must be brought into the city and more of the city taken into the country. "Spread the population" should be the doctrine of the economists, the real estate owners, the city planners, and, above all, the general body of the people.

Congestion probably seems the greater evil because it makes more people uncomfortable. Yet it is hard to make the man in the street see what the cause of his discomfort really is.

If he is injured trying to board a street car he merely blames the wickedness of the transportation company or of the city council in not providing more facilities. If he travels two hours daily to and from his work, at greater loss of nervous energy than if occupied in a productive undertaking, he assumes he is a victim of necessity—perhaps even of "progress." If his pleasure car or commercial truck is held for a large part of each day in crowded streams of traffic he thinks the street needs widening or traffic regulation.

Yet if he secures wider streets or better transit lines he finds that he has merely made it easier for more people to crowd toward the center, and congestion increases instead of diminishing. As President Coolidge has said: "Instead of using the new transit facilities to end overcrowding, people have seemed determined to crowd themselves more than ever."

If we are to reach a solution we must consider the whole problem of the proper use of land, whether in the city or in the country. It is evident to everyone that crowding has produced enormous land values in the heart of cities like New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles and other populous communities. It is not so easy to see that an inflated value in one spot is likely to mean a depressed value in another. Yet this is exactly what happens. The narrow street and the crowded tenement on one hand and the abandoned farm on the other can be traced to the same cause—bad planning, or no planning at all. The idle waste land in Long Island and New Jersey within thirty miles of New York is greater in area because too many people and too many buildings have been crammed into a small district in the center. A few real estate owners may profit by this situation, but if all should pool their interests it would be found that there had been a general loss. Overcrowding in one place and underpopulation in another means a loss in productive efficiency the cost of which falls in the end on the whole community.

City planning—and its other side, country planning—is not an impracticable dream of artists and visionaries. We want to make people realize that there is plenty of land in the country for healthy living and efficient working, and that by spreading out we can produce more goods and carry on more normal lives. We want to get at the root causes of the growing losses and discomforts from which the masses of people in the big cities are suffering. We hope to substitute for the present policy of drift a plan which will help each individual to find the spot of ground where he can be of most use to himself and to the community. To quote President Coolidge again: "There is need for concerted fundamental and courageous consideration of all the questions involved. They reach a hundred times deeper than the mere superficial problem of getting streams of motor cars moved through city streets."

At the bottom the problem is a national one. The citizen of Iowa and the resident of Manhattan are alike concerned in putting the country's population where it will do the most good. More spacious cities and more fully populated rural and suburban districts will mean a happier and more prosperous United States.

The Education of Sallie May

Continued from page 22

said Sallie May, "that that will be a great deal. I do hope it will. Enough to make Marjorie's brother very respectful."

"I don't have to command Marjorie's brother's respect any more," said Van Sant.

Sallie May looked startled. "Why not? Is your engagement broken?"

"To splinters."

"Oh, dear!" And then, gently, doubtfully, as though unwilling to touch a bruised place, "Are you very unhappy about it?"

"No," said Van Sant honestly. "Only vastly relieved. And I'm sure Marjorie's a great deal more so. It was just a mistake that, fortunately, we both found out in plenty of time."

"But it's such a shame that you should have been working so hard all through this hot weather, just to make money for her, and now that you're going to make so much more than you dreamed of—really enough—"

"I've had a good time doing it," said Van Sant. The pathos, the inadequacy of the familiar phrase! A good time!

"I've had a good time too," said Sallie May. "And—the Lawrences are coming to-morrow. Do you think they'll think I'm improved?"

"Improved?" Van Sant looked at Sallie May at the window, her golden head silhouetted against the iron grillwork balcony. "I can't tell you, Sallie May. It seems to me you must always have been perfect."

Sallie May's eyes widened. "Why, it was you who told me I said 'lotta' and talked through my nose!"

"So it was, Lord forgive me! Well, your speech is lovely now, so I suppose you must have improved. If the Lawrences don't like you, my dear, it will be sadly a reflection on their taste."

Sallie May leaned back, her hands behind her on the broad windowsill.

"You've liked our course too, haven't you?" she asked.

"Liked it!" Sallie May in white, smiling there in the sunshine! "Liked it!" Van Sant repeated, "I would rather have these six weeks with you to remember the rest of my life than anything else that can ever happen to me."

THIS was quite true. Van Sant knew it even during the loneliness of the next month.

One afternoon he was guilty of the most callow of lovesick gestures. He felt sure that Sallie May must be working again, and at five o'clock he rode out to the studio, stationed himself obscurely across the street, and waited till seven, just to see her come out. Perhaps, he thought afterward, the company was out somewhere on location. At all events, Sallie May did not come out. After seven, feeling decidedly shamefaced, he gave up and went home.

And the next afternoon, hurrying through the shopping district on an errand, he met Cousin Lottie face to face. It is doubtful if the lugubrious little woman had ever in her entire life been so enthusiastically, so cordially greeted.

Sallie May, he learned from Cousin Lottie, had not begun to work yet. The Lawrences had not come to New York, as they had expected; Sallie May was visiting them in Detroit. And he had stood for two hours and a half, like a fool, waiting to see her cross a New York street! Truly, being in love does not add to one's dignity.

"When does she get back?" he asked.

"To-morrow at five," said Cousin Lottie, "if she gets here at all. She's taking one of those fast trains and that strikes me like tempting Providence. There are likely enough to be wrecks on a train that goes at a sensible rate of speed."

"I suppose Mr. Lawrence is meeting her," Van Sant suggested. He had had no occasion to see Lawrence for the last few days.

"Oh, no, he went out to Detroit Friday. Anyone would think Michigan was walking distance the fool way he runs back and forth. I suppose I'll have to meet Sallie. He's got to stay out there the rest of the week, and she had to get back; they're starting the new picture."

"Suppose I take you to meet her," Van Sant suggested, capitulating completely. Better the family friend, the faithful old Dog Tray to fetch and carry, better anything than never to see Sallie May again.

THE gods are sometimes kind. It rained the next day, a chill, pouring autumn rain. At three o'clock Cousin Lottie telephoned. She was very subject to dampness; she wondered if she ought to go out. Van Sant was most heartfelt in his concern for her health. He would be very glad to meet Sallie May himself; Cousin Lottie must not think of exposing herself.

Queer, the element of excitement, suspense, there can be in the simple task of meeting a train!

Van Sant peered down upon the crowd, watched it as it came puffing up the steps, looking only for one familiar figure. And not finding it. Sallie May was not there.

"Why, Mr. Van Sant!" A familiar voice, a sharp turn and Sallie May herself beside him. "You—you weren't waiting for me, were you?"

Van Sant assured her that he was, explaining Cousin Lottie's fears, and urged stopping for tea.

"I couldn't eat or drink a thing," said Sallie May, "but couldn't—couldn't we sit down here a few minutes and talk? I haven't seen you for such ages."

"How is your course shaping up?" she asked politely.

"Practically done."

"It's the one thing Phil thinks of," said Sallie May. "He's made some sort of test advertising, using your first two lessons, and they go like hot cakes. He says you have just the touch. He thinks he's going to make big money out of it." Sallie May sighed plaintively.

"And how about the rest of the Lawrences?" Van Sant asked. "The ones to whom money is nothing and culture all. Did you impress them?"

"I'm like you—I don't have to impress my fiancé's family any more, either."

"Why not?"

"Because I haven't any fiancé any more."

"You're not going to marry Phil Lawrence?"

Sallie May shook her head. Then she smiled, the smile that earned a hundred dollars a foot and was so well worth it.

"You overdid it, you see," she explained.

"Overdid it?"

"Yes. I wanted you to educate me up to Phil. You went and educated me 'way beyond him. Why, the man's a dumb-bell!"

Van Sant laughed suddenly, uproariously. As uproariously, that is, as one can laugh in a railway station. The joy, the freedom, the relief of it!

"Oh, come, Sallie May. Don't tell me that's why you've broken off with him!"

"Oh, no, of course not," said Sallie May honestly. "You don't stop loving a person, really, for a reason like that. It did occur to me more than once, though, that it would get to be an awful bore, living all your life with somebody who likes horseplay instead of real jokes and who thinks that everything that doesn't get you ahead in the world is the bunk. Of course, though, if I'd kept on loving him I'd never have stopped to think about that. I just didn't keep on. That's all."

For some little time Van Sant sat silent, letting the sense of reprieve steal over him like sunshine on a chilly park bench.

At last he looked down at Sallie May. He could see only her soft, firm little chin, the curve of her cheek under her smartly tight hat. He watched her silently till she raised her eyes and looked for a moment, gravely, straight into his.

It was a magic look, banishing the prosy, crowded waiting-room, casting glamour about the two of them like a fragrant golden cloud. Feminine! The invitation in that look was as old as Eve. Van Sant felt suddenly impelled to speech, rash, impulsive speech. The impulse, he thought, Adamlike, had come spontaneously, tugging against wisdom, prudence, common sense. But he held fast against it, strengthened by the sheer sense of his own presumptuousness. Neither spoke. Sallie May looked up and smiled. Prudence weakened farther, but Van Sant kept still. More silence. Sallie May stirred restlessly. As one feeling the ground slip under him in a tug of war, Van Sant hung grimly on to silence.

"It is pretty crowded here, isn't it?" Sallie May said apologetically. "But if we'd gone home, Cousin Lottie would have been there, and a hotel tea-room—I don't know—"

THE ground slipped under him. The strength of prudence, common sense, and honest humility left him in one glorious, incredulous second.

"Sallie May," he demanded, "are you suggesting that I find a suitable place to propose to you?"

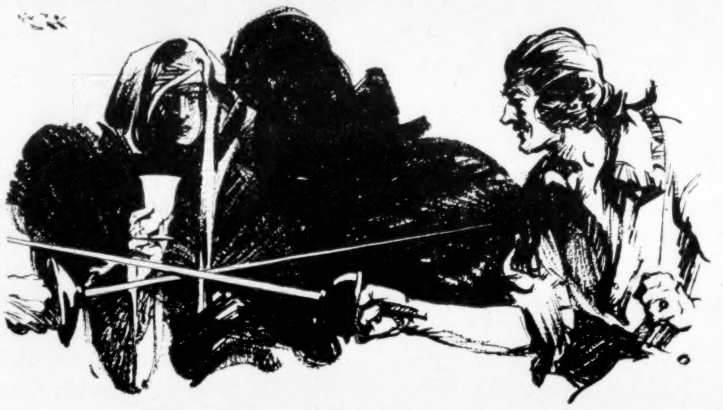
Sallie May sighed contentedly. "I'm not the only one," she said, "who's dumb in spots."

It was not a very good place, he found. Only a deserted corridor, the protecting corner made by a jutting telephone booth. But it served quite as well as a sun-dappled nook in the forest of Arden. Sallie May was not a girl to have any academic objections to being kissed in a railway station.

And Van Sant was capable of no reactions at all, save dazed and glorious incredulity. He knew so well that this was the sort of thing that did not happen. With all the fragrance and loveliness that was Sallie May in his arms, he was afraid to believe it. For this to have come with no warning after the grim, unhoping loneliness of the last month! He was so afraid his hopeless hunger might make him the glutton now that he held Sallie May with a strained, forced gentleness.

But Sallie May nestled closer, smiled up at him with tender, teasing eyes. He might be walking fearfully on strange roads, but Sallie May did not need him to guide her footsteps here. A million feet of film had blazed the trail for her. When it came to love scenes, Sallie May was on home ground.

THE END



BOTTOMS UP!

By BERTON BRALEY

[*"Every now and then I like to drink the wine of life—with brandy in it."—Letter of Theodore Roosevelt to Senator Lodge.*]

THE Wine of Life!—Most men prefer
  A vintage bland and smooth and mild,
  Something to make their pulses purr
  With soft enchantment undefiled;
But now and then one stalks along
  Whose thirst grows mightier by the minute,
Who takes his tipple hot and strong:
  The Wine of Life—with Brandy in it!

Where ordinary folk desire
  Life to be like a watered claret,
These topers call for liquid fire
  And with their lusty fellows share it.
In every row with Destiny
  They are the fellows who begin it,
Guzzling like vikings bold and free
  The Wine of Life—with Brandy in it!

They swagger to the Bar of Fate
  And slap their roll upon the bar,
Demanding singeing distillate
  Fit for the hardy souls they are;
They take their potent portion neat
  And scorn with ice or fizz to thin it.
Only one mixture they find sweet—
  The Wine of Life—with Brandy in it!

Fighters and gamesters, pioneers,
  Whose taste is spoiled for milder things;
Who rollick down the roaring years,
  Swigging of life that sears and stings!
And we—we watch them, and we think:
  "They drink too deep, we're all agin' it!"—
Yet wish WE had the verve to drink
  The Wine of Life—with Brandy in it!

Alive with power

How AD-SORPTION cuts your cost per mile

ALMOST any oil will coat your cylinder walls, pistons, and piston rings with apparent thoroughness.

But this is not enough. There come times of extra stress—in starting, in a quick burst of speed, in a hard pull on a hill. There come times when the actual oil film is impaired.

Then comes the test of the real character of your oil. Then your engine requires an oil that actually penetrates the pores of the metal and clings tenaciously to the metal surfaces.

Certain highly complex compounds present in some crude oils which are selected for their lubricating value, instead of their gasoline yield, have this property of entering into enduring association with the molecules of the metal to be lubricated.

Scientists term this process "AD-sorption."

"Adsorption" develops a tough, semi-permanent lubrication surface independent of the liquid film—almost an amalgam of oil and metal. The adsorbed film cannot drain off—it resists heat—pressure will not displace it.

This definite characteristic of Mobiloil is your real protection against wear, loss of power, and annoying noise.

The "adsorptive" character of Mobiloil gives you an extra margin of protection against actual damage to your engine in case of unusual stress.

The Mobiloil dealer's position

A rapidly growing circle of motorists expect quiet power for more than the first few thousand miles.

The dealer who offers you Mobiloil has, with the aid of the complete Chart, equipped himself to supply you with efficient lubrication.

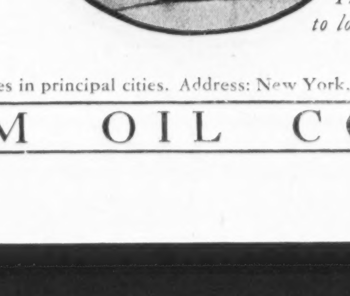
This type of dealer should clearly stand out in your mind from the class of dealer who merely supplies you oil at a profit.

The Mobiloil sign will guide you to the Mobiloil dealer.

How to Buy

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump. *For Touring Convenience*—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry two or three under the seat of your car. *For Your Home Garage*—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

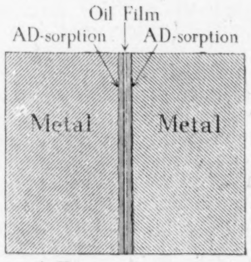
All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain, and Pacific Coast States.


GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

This sign points the way to lower cost per mile

Branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City

VACUUM OIL COMPANY



AD-sorption

The red line indicates the Adsorptive character of Mobiloil. See text for details.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32°F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Durant 4	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....

Two Little Barons of the Valley

Continued from page 9

Cleveland reveal a similar situation. St. Louis is notorious for it's 'Eagan's Rats,' 'Hogan's Jelly Rolls' and like organizations. With variations due to local circumstances, these conditions are repeated in New Orleans, Denver and other American cities."

Everywhere in gangland, according to Thrasher's discoveries, there is a definiteness of organization and a clean division of territory, of which the average man never dreams. There are "kid gangs" and older ones—the age ranging as high as thirty—but all are guided by old heads. And they stand compactly, back to back, when assailed.

At the bottom of it all lies the love of sport; the yearning for relief from the hideous monotony of life in a slum street.

"To steal an automobile and leave it on the roadside after they have had a Sunday's jaunt out of it is one of their pleasures," says Thrasher. "To climb up on the upper beams of an old warehouse and see who can break the most street lamps; to beg money on the street for their pals in jail; to 'hook' fruit and other goodies to send to their friends in the reformatory—these are but a few of the means by which these youngsters seek to gratify their insane craving for a new thrill or a new experience."

Then, almost with certainty, the light-fingered, light-hearted urchins acquire new ambitions, new depravities. They learn not only to steal, but to gamble, and to frequent even more vicious resorts than gambling dens. They come under the suzerainty of some political leader, and soon are his tools.

Many politicians go to extraordinary lengths to gain the services of the gangsters, pointing out easy ways to official jobs with no work attached; even, in at least one instance, maintaining a "civil service school" in which Tomahawks and Black Hands can train for examinations. Thus there pours into political and officeholding realms a continual stream of gangsters, present and former, which scarcely improves the social organism. It is these recruits, hardened and educated in breaking the law in a dozen ways, who promote the well-known alliances between politics and crime.

If you can picture 50,000 boys and young men, enough to populate a city, devoted to anarchy, savagely hostile to "good people," and often protected by the police, blackening the map of a city like Chicago or New York, then you can see what Thrasher has seen. Picture them not only in the rags of the gangs of "Little Hell" and "Bughouse Square," but in the nattier clothes of groups who "work" hotels or promote vice, and in the Valentino trousers with broad sashes—in which knives are kept—assumed by some of the Negro gangsters. Their lives are spent in vendettas among themselves, or in raids upon innocent people. Think about the mixture of races, from which any time may spring a white-black massacre—to be followed, perhaps, by a boast like that of one gang which, in 1919, placarded part of Chicago with the words: "The Murderers, 10,000 strong." Then wonder that a sociologist can restrain himself to the conclusion that this "is a proper subject for consideration by all those who have a practical interest in the problems of the city."

But the picture has a reverse side, and of this as well my friend Thrasher is aware. There are groups which work hard to reclaim other groups; and there are boys' organizations—gangs of another sort—which are a basis of community spirit and of progress.

There are Boy Scouts and Y.M.C.A.'s; there are settlements or clubs, often under the wings of churches; there are unique societies like the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, which build citizenship. And, fortunately, there is an institution like the Union League Foundation for Boys' Clubs.

The Union League Club of Chicago is a large organization whose members count up considerable wealth, and whose long tradition includes much civic service. In 1920 it invaded benevolently a dark and disorganized region of the city, establishing there the center which, according to its just claim, "converts boys from lawless mischief makers and gangs to law-abiding young men."

The clubhouse has a library where an average of 100 boys go every day; it has athletic facilities; it has classes in public speaking, printing, singing and other things. Every summer hundreds of youngsters whose lungs are black with city smoke are sent to a rest camp. The club has found work for more than 900 of its members. Juvenile court cases in the district have dropped from more than 1,400 to less than 50.

Robert D. Klees, the managing director of the club, is a man who understands the boy animal. He marks the fact that future husbands and fathers in his district are a good deal like wild-cats; and he is aware that wild-cats are very wild.

Small Hope for Joe's Tribe

"BUST the gang," is one of Mr. Klees' texts. He seeks the leaders, and finds ways to unseat them. The gangs disintegrate, the personality in each boy leaps up, and then it is only a problem of guiding individuals. Through its director the club wins respect. It is not sentimental but strong.

The gang, in Mr. Klees' philosophy—which agrees very well with that of Thrasher the sociologist—is an expression of a normal tendency in both boys and men to flock together; note the business association, the civic and the social groups everywhere.

"And," says Director Klees, "the gang is an eloquent social gesture if it can be directed toward human welfare and good citizenship."

To complete the tale of Frank and Joe.

The former, having been reclaimed from his wild-cat mannerisms and his ambition to lead a pirate crew, went through high school with good marks. He is now earning his way at the University of Chicago in the pre-medical courses, which means that some day he will be a doctor. And when thus equipped it is said that he intends to return to the region where he once made bruises instead of bandages; for there, he says, "they need doctors if anyone does."

But Joe?

Search for him in the foul dens of the West Side Wilderness, or in the motley, shifting crowds of Halsted Street, where his dark face means danger. Perhaps you will find him at last behind bars and identified only by a number.

For there isn't much help for such as Joe. Not until more Thrashers fill more notebooks, and Society thinks about all this more intensely, and cities change.

Who Gets the Next Million?

Continued from page 10

be a dangerous man for any challenger to meet, but, as a sparring partner, he has taken too much punishment from Dempsey to have any great chance here. It would be hard for Godfrey to keep from recalling a certain training episode at Shelby, for example, when one of Dempsey's short hooks to the body knocked him down and broke two ribs. Yet Godfrey has gained greater confidence in the last year and is still a dark, hovering cloud above certain dreams.

One of the most interesting of the future possibilities is the light heavyweight set that has definite hopes of increasing bulk. When the new campaign opened the four leaders in this department were Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo, Jack Delaney of Bridgeport, Young Stribling of Georgia and Paul Berlenbach of New York.

Slattery of Buffalo won't be twenty-one until late summer. He now weighs 165 pounds, with unusual boxing skill and the punch linked together. He is one of the best of all the boxers and a clean, hard puncher who is always dangerous. Slattery has outpointed Jack Delaney twice over the six-round march, and Delaney is no one to trifle with. The tall and wiry French Canadian from Bridgeport has speed, skill and a great right hand. He has already stopped Paul Berlenbach within four rounds and knocked out the aggressive Tiger Flowers twice early in action with a sniping right that caught the target with full force. Slattery and Delaney are now in the lead in this field.

Slattery and Delaney, with fifteen or twenty extra pounds in a year or two, will have everything that a champion needs. It is an unusual fact that if any two from this quartet—Slattery, Delaney, Berlenbach and Stribling—were matched now for twelve or fifteen rounds, they would pack almost any stadium in the country. Last summer, when Stribling and Berlenbach met for only a short six-round affair, Tex Rickard's Velodrome was packed to the last square inch, with many thousands turned away.

Berlenbach, a heavy puncher and a game, aggressive fighter who loses no time moving to attack, suffered nothing in his six-round comparison with Stribling.

There has been much discussion back and forth as to the type of challenger needed to beat Dempsey. Certainly no big, slow man is going to arrive in this port of dreams. The Willards and the Firpos are the type upon which Dempsey feeds. His greater speed carries him into range and his slugging power knocks them cold before they have a chance.

Dempsey is no star defensive fighter. He has always crowded in quickly and left himself open to assault. Brennan, Carpentier and Gibbons all hit him, but not with sufficient power. He isn't easy to hurt, but he is human and several years of soft living won't add to his durability. A good boxer who can't punch hasn't any great chance, for sooner or later Dempsey will break through and bring him down.

A Jimmy Slattery or a Jack Delaney weighing 185 pounds would have the greater chance—hard, fast punchers who can snipe and hit the button. A bigger Slattery or a bigger Delaney could meet Dempsey coming in with a punch that would either stop him or slow him down.

So the caravan of challengers or possible challengers is an interesting line to watch. Wills, Gibbons, Tunney, Maloney, Huffman, Slattery, Delaney, Berlenbach, McTigue, Godfrey—many of them sixty pounds apart in weight or as far apart in age as sixteen years. Possibly none of these is the Crown Prince of Slug, the successor to the throne. Nearly each one in this group has his weakness now: lack of youth, lack of weight, lack of hitting power, lack of aggressiveness. But the material is there out of which to build at least one or two worthy challengers who within another year will be ready to make their bid. Out of the entire lot Jimmy Maloney, at this writing, seems to have most of the qualities needed among the younger fighters coming on, almost ready for the championship salvo.

Our Most EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY

By BENJAMIN OGDEN WILKINS

MEET some of the members of the most exclusive society in the nation. They are of the U. S. World War Amps, Inc., to membership in which but one person in every fifteen thousand is eligible. There are not three hundred possibilities in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut; and less than seven thousand in the entire United States with its territories and dependencies.

To join the "Amps" it is necessary to have seen service in the World War with the United States military or naval forces, to hold an honorable discharge, and to have undergone a major amputation as the result of wounds or injuries received in line of duty. Fingers, toes, ears, and such little things don't count. The loss of a hand or arm or foot or leg is the least that is considered!

This organization recently held its first annual meeting in New York City. Its objects are: to promote fellowship among the members; to assist each other; to aid all veterans; and to foster patriotism among our citizens.

The membership list already carries more than a hundred names. Interested? Secretary Howard Kelly may be reached at 311 West 111th Street, New York City. If you've got a chance of getting in, now's the time to hook up with the World War Amps. The First Families of the Mayflower have nothing on them as an exclusive aristocracy of Americans.

Adventures in Health

These letters are typical of thousands which tell of the amazing power of one simple fresh food

"I WAS PASSING through that transitory stage known to all young fellows, with its attendant eruptions on the face and neck known as pimples and boils. My face was ghastly and my Mother counted twenty-seven boils on my neck at one time. Of a retiring disposition, this made me more so and I became so sensitive that I often crossed to the other side of the street to avoid meeting the female of the species.

"There was nothing I refused to try. An old-fashioned friend suggested Yeast. With the devotion of a martyr I religiously ate my two yeast cakes a day. In four months every boil had disappeared, my face was clearing, and, most important, I regained my lost confidence."

HAROLD V. DEMOND, New York City

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

"MY WORK TAKES me to construction camps where we get 'grub' instead of food. I suffered incessantly from diarrhoea; I could neither digest nor assimilate my 'grub' and became so weak I could hardly get about. I had taken green pills, blue pills, yellow pills, red pills. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. That was five months ago. I am now a devotee of Fleischmann's Yeast—I have thrown away my rainbow of pills and now enjoy camp 'grub' with the appetite of any husky on the job."

BERT T. MASON, Burney, Calif.

"I AM A HOSTESS at a hotel and not a day passes that someone doesn't ask me how I manage to be up late at night and out in the sun every day and still keep my skin so clear and fair and my eyes so bright. My answer is Fleischmann's Yeast. When I first heard of the curative properties of Yeast I 'tried' it—with no very startling results. Two years more of intestinal indigestion brought me to the point where I determined I'd stick at it. Three cakes of yeast dissolved in water became a daily rite. It was three months before I had the results I wanted—relief from indigestion, gas and chronic constipation. To this day I take one cake as regularly as I rise in the morning."

MRS. GERTRUDE W. HOOD, Mount Lowe, Calif.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals; on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. E-17, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"IN MARCH, 1923, I had what I supposed was a nervous breakdown. I was restless, irritable, tired and depressed; my sleep was broken. I had headaches and dizzy spells.

"I thought it quite safe to experiment with a food-medicine, so I began to use Fleischmann's Yeast. Gradually my ills disappeared—I became regular, and discontinued the use of cathartics. My energy returned—and in four or five months I was my former self. Not only have I regained my health, but my color and my general appearance have been improved since I have been using Fleischmann's Yeast. And I still use Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. MARGARET ADE SWEENEY, Roxbury, Mass.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

THERE *are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain.*

"SINCE CHILDHOOD I suffered from chronic constipation. I lived by the 'physic bottle' as religiously as Robert Louis Stevenson ever did. I was nervous and irritable; my appetite was poor, and the food I did eat was not properly digested.

"Three years ago I began the use of Fleischmann's Yeast—a cake before each meal. Results were not instantaneous, but I held tenaciously to the hope that it might help me. It did. At the end of six weeks I felt much better; the daily laxative had become a thing of the past; I had a ravenous appetite. I continued. Fleischmann's Yeast has put me in a state of excellent health."

GLEN C. ANDERSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Hidden Symbol

Continued from page 19

of the counters on fourteen and one on twenty-nine. One which Mamie thrust upon him he placed on red. They all watched breathlessly.

"Quatorze, pair, rouge et manque."

The marquis leaned gallantly across, picked up two louis from the rouge and handed them to Miss Mamie.

"You have won, mademoiselle," he announced. "So, it appears, have I."

He accepted thirty-five louis and swept them into his pocket.

Now they quitted the Rooms and embarked upon a personally conducted drive to La Turbie and Mentone, winding up outside the arcade leading to Ciro's. The marquis, who had been sitting in front, gallantly helped Mrs. Hooterman and Mamie to alight.

"It is, perhaps, the luncheon hour," he ventured.

"Yes, sirree," Mamie assented enthusiastically and with great emphasis.

"You said a mouthful, Mr. Guide," Henry junior declared.

The marquis was puzzled, but gathered that his suggestion was favorably received. They made their way along the arcade until they were met by a maître d'hôtel from the restaurant. The season was waning, and they were welcome guests. The manager himself ushered them to a table upon the balcony.

"With what can I have the pleasure of serving Monsieur le Marquis?" he inquired, presenting the bill of fare.

One and all, the little party looked up in amazement.

"I knew he wasn't an ordinary guide," Mrs. Hooterman confided under her breath to her husband.

"Here, by the bye," the marquis continued, in high good humor, "comes a friend of mine and compatriot of yours and my niece. Permit me," he added, as Mr. Billingham and Madelon paused on their way to a table, "to present my niece and Mr. Billingham—Mr. Henry P. Hooterman and family."

Mr. Hooterman held out his hand and gazed earnestly at his compatriot.

"Linoleum?" he asked.

"You've said it," was the prompt assent.

"Shoes," Mr. Hooterman confided.

"I know the plant," Mr. Billingham declared. "The Hooterman-Steadman plant, Chicago."

"Sit right down, you and the young lady," Mr. Hooterman invited. "Join us in a bite of luncheon, sir."

PLACES were laid and a curious but interesting meal was started. Madelon sat between Mamie and her younger sister and enjoyed herself immensely. Mrs. Hooterman told the marquis all about the women's society and how she became president, and Mr. Billingham discoursed eloquently on financial subjects. They were perhaps halfway through a very excellent repast when Ben Hassim, with half a dozen carpets hung from his shoulders in picturesque fashion, made his smiling and dignified appearance.

"The gentleman would like to take home to New York something wonderful—a carpet fit for a palace?" he inquired, displaying one of his rugs.

"Say, did you ever!" Mrs. Hooterman exclaimed, gazing hard through her tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles. "What sort of a foreigner might he be, Marquis?"

"Either an Arab or an Egyptian," the marquis replied. "He probably comes from somewhere beyond Jaffa."

"He looks quite romantic!" Mamie sighed. "Momma, that's a beautiful blue rug."

"A thousand francs," Ben Hassim declared, smoothing it down—"in your country a thousand dollars. I take it to the steamer for you."

Mrs. Hooterman fell to examining the texture of the carpet, and Mr. Hooterman began to make facetious suggestions as to possible reductions in the price. Suddenly Mamie gave a little exclamation.

"The prince!" she exclaimed. "Isn't he handsome?"

They all glanced along the terrace. A man, tall, olive-skinned, with the thin, aquiline nose and brilliant eyes of an Arab, dressed in robes of flowing white, with a white turban and gold bracelets upon his arm, advanced in leisurely fashion toward one of the empty tables, followed by a servant. The vender of carpets dropped his wares and performed a strange, genuflectory reverence, to which the other replied only by a slight upraising of his hand. He passed on to a table and seated himself with the servant behind his chair.

"Say, do you folks know who that is?" Mr. Billingham inquired with interest.

"He's a sheik or prince from somewhere in Mesopotamia," Mamie declared. "He got on the steamer at Jaffa. They said that he had flown from Bagdad in an airplane which belonged to the British Government. Isn't he just the most picturesque dear that ever lived?"

MR. BILLINGHAM nodded a little absently. There were other things interesting him just at that moment. In the first place, Leonard Powell, the Englishman who had been occupying a table in a distant corner, had risen to his feet and was gazing across with eager interest at the object of Mamie's admiration. Furthermore, the young foreigner who had been seated outside the Robespierre Hotel earlier in the morning had also made his appearance in the arcade accompanied by a smaller, coarser, and more vicious edition of himself. The two had paused, halfway between the bar and the terrace restaurant, and were talking together eagerly. Their whole attention also seemed concentrated upon the Arab sheik, who never once glanced in their direction. . . . Then, too, a change had come over Ben Hassim. His eyes were fixed in almost terrified fashion on the two newcomers. His rugs lay in a little neglected heap upon the floor. He mumbled to himself in some strange dialect.

"Say, ain't that a dandy dagger!" Henry junior exclaimed.

Mr. Billingham's eyes followed the direction of the boy's eagerly pointing finger. Ben Hassim had retained one of the rugs upon his arm, and beneath its folds, partly concealed, his right hand was gripping a long curved knife of wicked-looking blue steel, the hilt of which was of beaten silver, set with precious stones. With the rug still hanging over his arm, he moved stealthily out until he stood almost as though it were his purpose to intercept the two Europeanized Arabians. Suddenly he began to talk rapidly in French to the manager. The latter led the reluctant young Arabians to a table. Ben Hassim turned and, with head respectfully bowed, commenced to talk to the prince—to talk in a strange language with many gestures and brandishing of the arms, almost with tears in his eyes. The prince listened without movement, without any sign of hearing. In the end, however, he rose to his feet, and screened still by the carpet vender, turned and entered the indoors portion of the restaurant. Hassim stood in the entrace, breathing heavily, drops of perspiration upon his dusky forehead, agitated yet triumphant. The manager came across to him, frowning.

"There are things here," Hassim said, "which you may not understand—nor even I, wholly. You wish to avoid trouble in this restaurant. Go, then, and bring the Englishman to me who sits at the corner table."

The manager, with a shrug of his shoulders, turned away and approached the young Englishman, who had risen from his place but had seemed for the last few seconds uncertain how to act. Mr. Billingham, who had been watching his two nearer neighbors, turned to his companions.

"Will you folks just excuse me one moment?" he begged. "I want to say a word to our dusky friend there."

He made his way to the adjoining table, and uninvited, took the third chair. Neither the young man whom he had seen earlier in the morning, nor his more villainous-looking companion, indulged in any immediate comment upon this very singular behavior. The former simply looked at the newcomer with expressionless face and eyes from which even inquiry was absent, but the latter's right hand stole promptly underneath the tablecloth and remained out of sight.

"Say, you understand plain English, don't you?" Mr. Billingham asked.

"Naturally," was the calm reply.

"If you don't put your right hand upon the table this second," Mr. Billingham declared, "I'll take you by the scruff of the neck and throw you out, and your gun after you!"

Mr. Billingham's arm was outstretched, a strong, muscular arm. The little Arab with the squinting eyes looked into this intruder's face and decided that it was without doubt the face of a man who meant what he said. He was prompt to obey.

"Who are you and why do you interfere?" the taller of the two young Arabs demanded. "What is your interest in this matter?'

"You'd better not be too inquisitive," was the curt reply.

The young man watched with sullen eyes the Englishman, who, with the manager by his side, was now making his way toward the restaurant. He looked back at Mr. Billingham.

"If you knew what was going on there—" he said, pointing significantly toward the entrance to the restaurant.

Mr. Billingham partly fell for this. Ever so slightly he turned his head in the direction indicated. Instantly the younger of the two Arabs, with a movement of incredible swiftness, stooped and half rose again. The sun, which was streaming in through the glass windows, flashed upon his silver-plated pistol. Quick though he was, however, he was not quick enough. With a sudden terrible blow, Mr. Billingham struck and pinned his hand to the table. The pistol clattered harmlessly to the floor. The young man's eyes glared. There was murder in his face. He dived, sprang to his feet, swayed one way and another. In Mr. Billingham's herculean grip, however, he was helpless. A couple of waiters hurried forward, followed by the manager. One of them picked up the pistol.

"What is the matter?" the manager demanded.

"Nothing, so long as we don't let him move," Mr. Billingham replied. "There's some trouble going on. I can't get the hang of it, but this little one is the guy who meant mischief."

The Englishman emerged from the restaurant, a smile of triumph upon his face. He waved his hand to Mr. Billingham. Then, recognizing that something unusual had happened, he came over to the table.

"Are you through with your little job?" Mr. Billingham inquired.

"I am," was the prompt reply, "and jolly glad of it too! . . . Is there anything wrong here?" he added, with a curious glance at Mr. Billingham's companions.

"There might have been if I hadn't taken a chance."

"You had better let him go," the taller of the two young Arabs advised, breaking at last his long and impassive silence. "Our task is over. We have failed. The evil has come. The message has been delivered. All that we desire is to depart. I pledge you my word that my brother is now safe. He carries the symbol. He may not be touched!"

Mr. Billingham released his grip, and, in obedience to a sign from the manager, an attendant brought the two young men their hats and sticks. Very slowly they made their way back down the arcade and disappeared. Ben Hassim stepped forward from the threshold of the restaurant. Once more he took up his place by the side of his little pile of carpets. Once more that broad and delightful smile illuminated his face.

"It was the great chief of my tribe," he explained. "I had to pay my respects. It is a happy day, this. I will say eight hundred francs. The carpet to you shall be as a thank offering."

"Delivered down to the steamer?" Mr. Hooterman stipulated.

"You pay me when I bring it," was the dignified response.

"Say, what about that knife?" Henry junior demanded. "Buy that for me, Dad."

"Knife?" Hassim repeated, shaking his head slowly and extending his arms. "I carry no knife. One lives in peace on this side of the blue sea."

LESS than a mile from the land the great steamer lay at anchor, blazing with lights. Twice her siren had made the night hideous. Now, with puffing and snorting, the last tender, filled with passengers, had left the harbor. The marquis, well content, replaced his hat

(*Continued on page 32*)

He Didn't KID *Himself*

By W. O. SAUNDERS

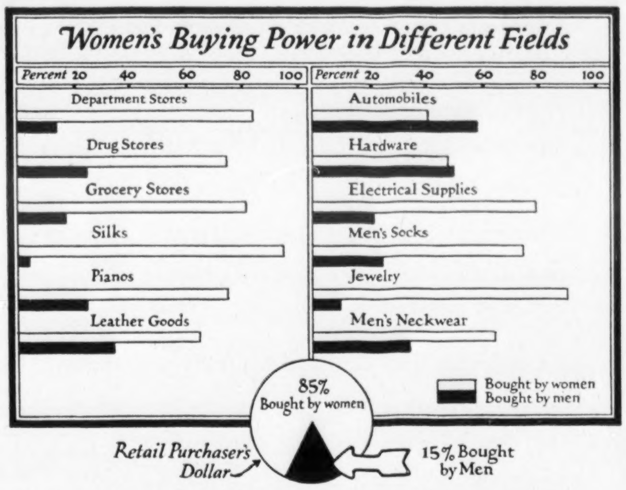
HE WAS pointed out as a philanthropist. They said he loved his fellow man and wanted to make the world a better place to live in; he had been fortunate in his own life and accumulated much wealth and his heart went out to all who were less fortunate than he. That's what folk said about him.

I sought an interview with this fine, big, philanthropic, altruistic man. I found him playing a game of golf and enjoying it immensely. I framed my questions carefully, that I might reveal the generous heart of the man and write him up as an inspiration and example for other rich men.

"Why do you give so lavishly to this and that?" I asked him, naming some of his philanthropies.

"Happiness money," he replied brusquely. And then he said: "I've had a helluva good time in my day; I'm just making a few little payments on account of all the fun I've got out of life—that's all." And thus ended that interview.

I looked long and wonderingly after the man as he followed the little white ball over the fairway. He certainly doesn't value an opportunity to eulogize himself, I thought; but wouldn't it be a splendid thing, at that, if a lot of rich birds like him had such a debunked and practical idea of their obligation to the world that has been so kind to them?



Study this chart. Note how vitally women figure as buyers of ALL *kinds of merchandise. Manufacturers who advertise in the Woman's Home Companion are building business for you—no matter what lines of merchandise you carry. They are reaching those who, in the great majority of cases, really decide how the money shall be spent—* THE WOMEN *in 2,000,000 of America's best homes*

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

RETAIL MERCHANTS:

Are you getting your share of THIS *woman's trade?*

Every retailer knows that women are the most important buyers in all communities. That their trade is the backbone of practically every retail business.

The figures above show how true this is. They are based on reports from hundreds of retailers in 29 states.

How do *your* sales figures check with these?

Are you getting your full share of the women's trade in your neighborhood? Are you using your opportunity to get *more* of it?

Manufacturers are helping you

Manufacturers know how important this women's trade is to you. They are working hard *to bring it into your store.*

Run through the pages of the Woman's Home Companion and you will see how.

Manufacturers advertise in the Woman's Home Companion to help you get the trade of the women in the better families of your community.

They know that the Companion, reaching 2,000,000 of the better families throughout the nation, goes into scores of homes in your neighborhood.

They know that their advertising in the Woman's Home Companion is the best kind of *local* advertising for *you.*

How women respond to national advertising

This is shown, for example, by the tremendous number of requests for samples, recipes and booklets that manufacturers receive from readers of their national advertising.

For example:

> A tooth paste manufacturer, during the past year, has received 305,916 requests for samples of his product.
>
> More than 80,000 women have written to a kitchen cabinet concern for a beautiful booklet describing its cabinets.
>
> Requests for samples have been received by a yarn manufacturer from 260,000 women in the past two years.
>
> A baking powder company has, in 14 months, received requests for 316,518 samples and booklets.

Manufacturers are constantly mailing out thousands of such samples, recipes and booklets to women in your city—*in your neighborhood.*

All this is done to create a desire for products you handle—*to build sales that you can get.*

Are you cashing in on this sales-creating work?

But after women have read the advertisements in the Woman's Home Companion, and in many cases have written for samples and booklets, do they buy from *you?*

Do they know that *your store* is the place to get these products?

Are you, in other words, getting your share of trade from the most valuable type of customer you can have—the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION READER?

How other merchants are getting it

On this page is a list of products which manufacturers advertise in the Woman's Home Companion—in order, as we have said, to reach 2,000,000 of the best American families.

Successful merchants in every line of business have found that a sure way to build greater volume and more profit is to feature the fact that you handle these products—*to let women know that your store is the place to get them.* They are doing this by means of the window trims, counter displays and attractive packages that manufacturers are supplying them.

Because they realize that, by tying up with the goods advertised in the Woman's Home Companion, they are making their store headquarters for the best trade in their neighborhoods—the people who own their homes, whose incomes are above the average, who have families to clothe and feed, who buy the best and buy it steadily and in large volume.

The simple, sure steps to better business

Last month we described the way in which a leading Chicago retailer has built a $250,000 a year business—*by taking advantage of the work manufacturers are doing to help retailers.*

No matter what line of business you are in, the same method is open to you. The steps are simple:

FIRST: Carry the merchandise advertised in the Woman's Home Companion.

SECOND: *Feature* this merchandise—let people know that you carry these Companion-advertised products.

Why not start *now* to make your store known as the place where these products can be bought? Begin this week to use more and more of the display material manufacturers have sent you, and to build up a clientele of steady-buying, profitable Woman's Home Companion customers.

In the list of Companion-advertised products at the right check those in your line and start featuring them now. Also ask the representatives of these lines for advertising and display suggestions. They will be glad to give them to you.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

2,000,000 circulation

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Tie to these products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion

AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

Dodge Automobile
Franklin Automobile

BUILDING MATERIALS

American Face Brick
American Walnut
Church Sani-White Toilet Seats
Niagara Blue Ribbon Wall Paper
Standard Plumbing Fixtures
Truscon Home Building Products
Upson Processed Board
Wall Paper Manufacturers' Association

CAMERAS & SUPPLIES

Eastman Films
Kodaks

CLOTHING & DRY GOODS

B. V. D. Underwear
Bon Ton Mysteria Rubber Reducing Corsets
Bucilla Embroidery Cottons
Carter's Knit Underwear
Clark's O-N-T Spool Cotton
Deltor Patterns
Denton's Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments
Forest Mills Underwear
Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear
Gordon Hosiery
Gossard Corsets
Holeproof Hosiery
Kotex
Meadow Lane Cloth
Modart Corsets
Munsingwear Hosiery and Underwear
Pamico Cloth
Pepperell Sheeting and Pillow Tubing
Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases
Pictorial Review Patterns
P. N. Practical Front Corsets
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits
Rubens Infant Shirts
Scranton Laces
Treo Elastic Girdle
Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases
Warner's Corsets
Yeoman Cloth

CONFECTIONERY & SOFT DRINKS

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
Coca Cola
Wrigley's Chewing Gum

DRUGS & TOILET GOODS

Absorbine Jr.
Ajax Combs
Albright Tooth Brush
Allen's Foot=Ease
Arden Venetian Toilet Preparations
Armand Cold Cream Powder
Blue-Jay Corn Plaster
Boncilla Preparations
Brownatone
Cheramy's Cappi and April Showers Perfumes
Chesebrough Vaseline Products
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
Cutex Manicure Preparations
Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream
Del-A-Tone
Deodo
Eno's Fruit Salts
Fairy Soap
Forhan's For the Gums
Frostilla Fragrant Lotion
Glostora
Glyco-Thymoline
Goldman's, Mary T., Hair Color Restorer
Hopper, Edna Wallace, Beauty Preparations
Hygeia Nursing Bottle
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
Ipana Tooth Paste
Ivory Soap
Jergen's Lotion
Johnson's Baby Powder
Kleenex, The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover
Kolynos Dental Cream
Lablache Face Powder
Lifebuoy
Liquid Arvon
Listerine
Lysol Disinfectant
May Breath Tablets
Mennen Borated Talcum Powder
Mum Preparations
Neet
Nonspi Deodorant
Norida Vanitie Case
Nujol
Odorono Preparations
Packer's Liquid Tar Soap Shampoo
Palmolive Soap
Pepsodent Dentifrice
Pinaud's, Ed., Hair Tonic
Pompeian Creams
Ponds Creams
Primrose House Preparations
Princess Pat Preparations
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Resinol Soap
Roger & Gallet Products
Squibb's Products
Vantine's Temple Incense
Vauv
Watkins' Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Hair Tonic
Woodbury's Facial Preparations
Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap
Zip
Zonite

FOODS AND FOOD BEVERAGES

Armour's Star Products
Beech-Nut Products
Blue Label Tomato Ketchup
B. & M. Fish Flakes
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
Br'er Rabbit Molasses
Campbell's Soups
Certo
Cream of Wheat
Crisco
Del Monte Products
Diamond Crystal Salt
Dromedary Dates
Ferry's Purebred Seeds
Fleischmann's Yeast
French's Cream Salad Mustard
Gold Medal Flour
Grape Nuts
Hawaiian Pineapple
Heinz 57 Varieties
Igleheart's Swans Down Cake Flour
Jell-O
Klim
Knox Sparkling Gelatine
Libby's Products
Maxwell House Coffee
Mazola Salad and Cooking Oil
Mellin's Food
Minute Tapioca
Morton's Salt
None Such Mince Meat
Nucoa
Pillsbury Pancake Flour
Post Toasties
Postum
Premier Salad Dressing
Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extract
Quaker Oats
Quaker Puffed Rice
Quaker Puffed Wheat
Royal Baking Powder
Snowdrift
Sun-Maid Raisins
Sunkist Oranges and Lemons
Sunshine Biscuits
Swift's Premium Brand Products
Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
Washington, G., Prepared Coffee
Wesson Oil
Wheatena—The Whole Wheat Cereal

FURNITURE & FURNISHINGS

Armstrong's Linoleum
Bee-Vac Standard Electric Cleaner
Berkey & Gay Furniture
Bird's Neponset Rugs
Bissell Carpet Sweeper
Blabon Art Linoleum
Chambers Fireless Gas Range
Davenport Bed
Dupont Tontine
Everhot Electric Cooker
G. E. Electrical Supplies
Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle
Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs
Griswold Kitchen Ware
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper, The
Hotpoint Electric Irons
Imperial Tables
Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods
Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting
Kroehler Living Room Furniture
Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
Lloyd Loom Woven Baby Carriage and Furniture
Lorain Oven Heat Regulator
Marsden Kold-or-Hot Utility Glass
Masland Argonne Rugs
Mirro Aluminum Ware
Mohawk Rugs
Nairn Inlaid Linoleum
Niagara Refrigerator
Orinoka Draperies and Upholsteries
Ozite Rug Cushion
Premier Duplex Electric Vacuum Cleaner
Standard Hood Seal
Stevens Bed Spreads
Universal Cutlery
Whittall Rugs

JEWELRY & SILVERWARE

Community Plate
Heirloom Plate Silverware
Holmes & Edwards Silver
Sessions Clocks
Seth Thomas Clocks
Tudor Plate
Wallace Silver

MUSICAL

Brunswick Phonographs—Records—Radiolas
Victrola—Victor Records

PAINTS & HARDWARE

Acme Quality Paints
Alabastine
Kyanize Varnish Enamels
Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes
Valentine's Valspar Varnish and Enamel

SHOES & SHOE FURNISHINGS

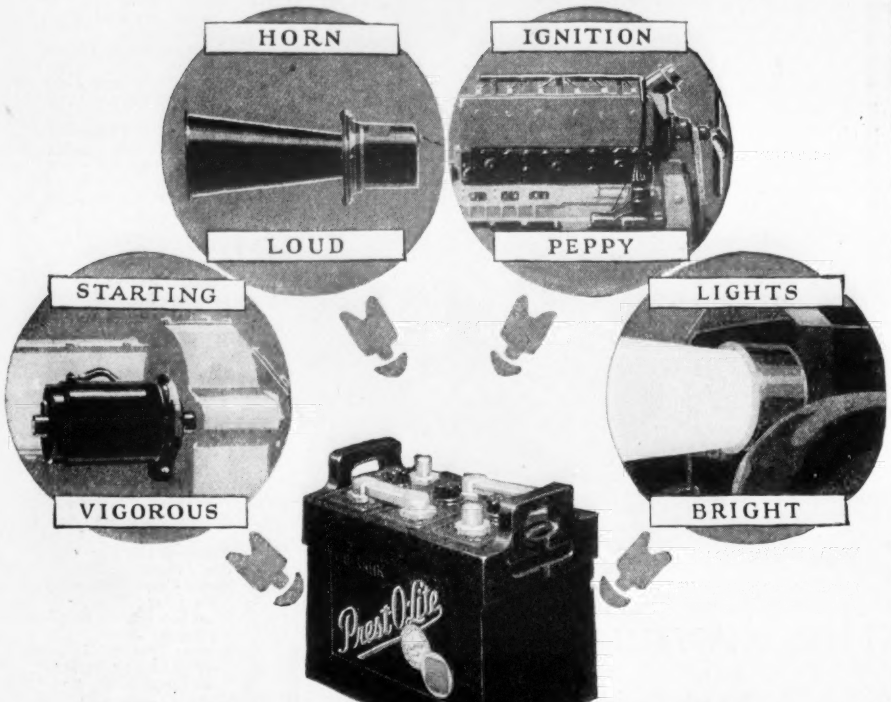
2-in-1 Shoe Polish
Arch Preserver Shoe, The
Bixby's Liquid Polish
Cantilever Shoe
Jung's, The Original Arch Braces
Queen Quality Shoes

SOAPS & HOUSEKEEPERS' SUPPLIES

A. P. W. Toilet Papers
Bon Ami
Chipso
Colgate's Fab
Fairbank's Gold Dust Washing Powder
Fels-Naptha Soap
Ivory Soap Flakes
Johnson's Liquid Wax
LaFrance for Washing
Lux
O-Cedar Polish
Old Dutch Cleanser
Old English Wax
P & G, The White Naphtha Soap
Rinso
Rit Fast Dyes and Tints
Sani Flush
Sapolio

STATIONERY & BOOKS

American Boy, The
Dennison Paper Novelties
Eaton's Highland Linen Stationery
Le Page's Glue
Wahl Co. Products—Eversharp and Wahl Pen
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



Quick, lively action—at battery prices that save you money

EAGER, active, alert—a Prest-O-Lite powered electric system warms the heart of every motorist! No finer battery performance is possible. Quick starting—sure firing—bright lighting! Dependable service for an unusually long, repair-free life!

At prices as remarkable as the service itself! Think of it—standard Prest-O-Lite Batteries for only $15.50 and up! Surely, these are the most attractive values offered to motorists today!

Here is a reasonably priced battery that you can buy with confidence. A battery that has proved its worth as initial equipment on an ever-growing list of America's most famous cars. A battery that is serviced by the oldest, and one of the largest, organizations known to motorists—and that is endorsed by the world's largest electro-chemical battery research laboratories!

Get this live, powerful battery when you need a replacement for your car. Take advantage of Prest-O-Lite "Friendly Service" now—no matter what make of battery you have. Just drive into the nearest Prest-O-Lite Station for courteous, economical service at any time.

You'll be especially interested in seeing the latest achievement in storage batteries—the new Prest-O-Lite Super-Service Battery.

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
New York San Francisco
In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

FOR RADIO—Prest-O-Lite Radio Batteries are standardized. The Prest-O-Lite Radio Chart, featured by dealers everywhere, will show you the battery that fits your set exactly.

Prest-O-Lite

A Prest-O-Lite PRODUCT

WORLDS LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ACETYLENE "THE GAS OF A THOUSAND USES"
BATTERIES FOR AUTOMOBILES, FARM LIGHTING, RAILWAY SIGNALS AND RADIO

The Hidden Symbol

Continued from page 30

upon his head, lit a cigarette, and stuffed, with amusement, his five hundred francs into his pocket. Hassim gathered up his rugs one by one, after a final glance into the brown leather pocketbook where eight hundred francs were safely bestowed. It had been a great day for him. Suddenly he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked round quickly, and perhaps it was some revival of an ancient instinct which sent his right hand down to the folds of his robe. When he recognized Mr. Billingham, however, he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Hassim, my friend," said Mr. Billingham, "what's afoot? You know I too had a hand in the game. It was I who found the Englishman recovering from the drug outside the Café de Paris this morning. Even as I led him away the other came down the hill."

HASSIM nodded gravely. "They come from the land which was once mine," he explained—"he the prince, who tonight is in the air—for he flies back from Nice to Jaffa and thence to the valleys where his kingdom lies—and the others, one of whom was his brother."

Mr. Billingham was patient. "The Englishman brought a letter or something of the sort," he suggested.

Ben Hassim looked around him. They were walking slowly along the quay.

"Listen," he said. "Years ago, before the great war, there came to the country where I was born—a great kingdom it was, and is, and ever will be—one of those strange Englishmen who seek for wealth. He stayed nearly a year with the king, the father of the prince and that other. He paid money which made the kingdom of my country richer in camels and horses and women and jewelry than any other, and he took in exchange the land where the oil was. But before he left, so that the king might not go back on his bargain, he took with him the secret token, without which no man can be crowned king."

"The secret token?" Mr. Billingham queried.

"It is an image of the first king of my country—two thousand years old—beaten in gold," the vender of carpets continued solemnly. "In it there are emeralds for eyes, rubies for lips, and pearls for teeth, yet so thin it is that a man might carry it in his pocketbook. They took it to England, but when they came to sink the wells and the pledge should have been redeemed, the war came. That other—the youngest son of the king—he chose what they call civilization. He went to England, to school and to college. The prince remained. Last year the king died."

"Tell me the name of this country," Mr. Billingham begged.

Hassim shook his head.

"Since I left it, I speak of it no longer," he declared. "The king, as I told you, died. That other had become what you see him—a western creature. He made favor with the ministers in England. He sought for the throne of his father—the throne which belonged to the prince—but the prince, though this is the first time he has ever left his country, was the chosen of the people. He sent to those who owned the token. The land was theirs. The war was over. These English were honest men. The other, he too tried for the token. By arrangement—I know not whose—they sent it here. The other followed him. Because he might not raise his hand against his brother, he brought with him a friend of evil repute. If he could take back the token, the kingship was his. He failed. . . ."

The marquis caught them up. He was in high spirits.

"Madelon waits for us at the Café de Paris," he told Mr. Billingham. "We have supper together, and you will pay me a thousand francs. The family of Hooterman were well pleased with me. La belle Mamie has presented me with her photograph, madame has invited me to Chicago, and monsieur added a gratuity to my fee. If you will give me what you owe me, my friend, I may consider paying for our supper."

A new story by E. Phillips Oppenheim about Mr. Billingham, the marquis and Madelon will appear in next week's Collier's.

A Big Catch on Rum Row

Continued from page 14

the oilskins to Reeder and someone handed him a pocket flashlight.

"Jacobsen, you go with Captain Reeder," ordered Captain O'Brien.

Big Jacobsen, a seaman, in a short blue overcoat and a tightly knitted cap of the sailor type, jumped down into the dory. He didn't stop to get his revolver or ammunition.

"Please watch for my light signals," said Reeder. "See you at the Barge Office, Mr. Shepherd," he added. "Cast off."

The little boat fell behind us in the darkness. Ten minutes later, far behind, we saw a little white light flashing in code. Reeder was telling us that everything was O. K.

But consider what had happened. We had had two captains on 115; now we had only one. Out there, on the black sea, Reeder, at the end of the day, had a boat of his own, even if it was operated by a rubber-hooded prisoner. A crew's a crew, so long as it obeys. And Reeder had his revolver and the unarmed but huge Jacobsen.

The place to put the prisoner was down in the kitchen. He climbed down the seven-stepped steel ladder into the glare of the kitchen lights. He wore corduroy trousers, stuck into hip-length rubber boots, and a brown shirt. He was a clean man, with the cleanliness that costs money; probably a little vain of his "working clothes"—not a man who would wear them after they were much soiled.

It was inordinately hot down there in the kitchen, with the coal stove and the boat's heating plant going full blast, but, after he had turned down the uppers of his boots, he backed up against the stove and shivered.

The cook was sympathetic. There is something maternal about a good cook.

"He's shivering," said the cook. "I know where I can get you a nip," he said to the man. He had in mind my little flask of seasickness medicine, I suppose. Now, in a fiction story, this rum runner would have refused a drink; he would have said, quietly, "Thanks, I don't drink."

The fact is that that's just about what he did say. Only he put it this way, to the amazement of myself, the cook and the seaman who had brought him down:

"No, thanks. I don't touch the stuff."

"All right. Better take a cup of Java, then," said the cook, raising the coffeepot from the stove.

"Yes, sir, I'll have coffee," said the man, his face lighting for the first time. He drank three cups of hot coffee, sitting on a bench beside the white oilcloth-covered table.

I went up on deck. The lights were out on our halyards: we were running dark. O'Brien wanted to make another catch, if he could, on the way in. Those schooners on Rum Row must get food and water from shore or the crews will suffer, and Rum Row be routed. This was the hour when the fast boats that run out to the Row with victuals and supplies might be expected to be abroad. O'Brien had stationed a man on the rear deck to watch for Reeder's signals, which came in tiny, pure-white flashes from time to time.

"Meet you at the Barge Office," he

flashed one time. But always he flashed the code message "O. K."

When I went down below to the kitchen half an hour later the rum runner was another man; he was talking to one of the two engineers. Gasoline engines was their theme. They were both experts. The rum runner made no bones about it; he had run many a high-powered boat that had outsped the Coast Patrol. The conversation became three-sided, what with the questions that a curious correspondent had to ask; and, finally, when a ringing of bells took the engineer up the ladder and back to his engine, I found myself alone, except for the cook, with the man in the rubber boots.

"I'm not a Coast Patrol man," I explained to him. "I'm a Collier's correspondent."

"Yes, I know," he answered. "The cook told me who you were."

So we buckled down to an hour's talk.

"Say," he said, "have you ever been on one of these patrol boats when they're shooting?" he asked.

I told him I had been in at least ten chases.

"Why don't you fellows stop?" I asked. He didn't answer my question.

"Does it look to you as if they were shooting to hit us?"

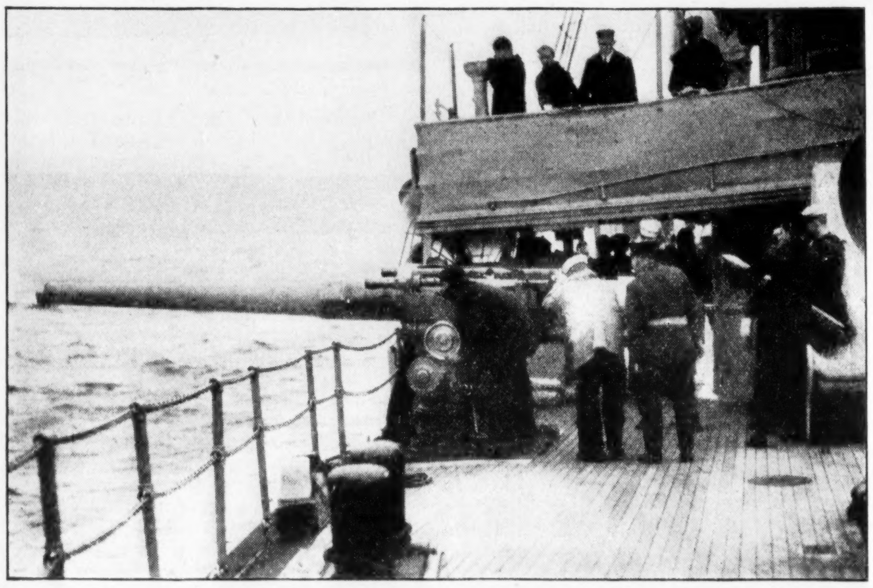
"I never saw more careful aiming in the whole war," I answered.

"That's it," he said earnestly. "I've been telling the boys back at Atlantic Highlands and Keansburg that these men are really trying to kill us. They wouldn't believe it. But I know! You'd think we were a lot of birds, a bunch of wild ducks, the way these fellows shoot.

"What do they fire at us?" he asked later. "Ain't they using some kind of a shell that explodes after it hits?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "It's a one-pounder shell that bursts."

"That's what we've heard," he answered. "They could bust your boat to pieces. More than one of the Jersey runners has never come to shore again. And the boats come in with bullet holes in them pretty often these days."



This three-inch gun on the Coast Guard cutter Seneca could sink an ocean liner with one shot

"Have you ever had any tracer bullets fired at you?" I asked.

"What kind are they?" he asked.

I explained the trail of smoke by day and the two-mile-long string of fire by night.

"No," he answered. "I've never seen any of them, and I don't want to."

And then I did the fair thing. I told him what was on my mind about the daring of his kind. I had to tell him that I had never seen greater daring even among the fatalistic Mexicans.

"I don't see how a man can sit in one of those little boats out on the high seas and let these fellows pop away at him."

He didn't take my remarks as a compliment to bravery. Instead he earnestly tried to explain it to me.

"You see," he said, "a runner has got a faster boat than theirs; he knows that. He knows that he'll be in range only a minute or two and then he'll outspeed 'em. All that shooting on the deck makes a lot of noise when you're near the cannon and the guns, but you must remember that we don't hear the shooting. Our engines are making so much noise at high speed that we can't hear ourselves think. All we can see is little splashes in the water around us. Pretty soon the splashes are behind us, and then we know we're all right. But lately I've been hearing kind of an explosion when the shells hit the water, and I suspected they were explosive."

"Isn't it a kind of tough game?" I asked.

"Well, you see for yourself," he answered. "It's the toughest game I was ever in. It was pretty soft two years ago, when the Row was only three miles from shore and the only place they chased you was on land. But now we have to go out on the high seas in all kinds of weather, with these fellows shooting at you as if you were a flock of wild ducks!"

The cook got up from the bench and brought back three cups of coffee. It isn't often you can hold a kaffee-klatsch with a rum runner.

"It doesn't even pay the way it used to," he went on.

At this point I must stop a moment to comment in advance on what this man, straight off Rum Row, had to volunteer about the direction that drinking is taking to-day in America. I have said, in previous articles, that white-collar drinking, the drinking of pure, unadulterated stuff, is dying out because the pure stuff is disappearing; I have said that most of what we are drinking in America to-day is raw industrial alcohol, jiggered around in different disguises. A tour of the country, as shown in a recent article in Collier's, proved this point, but I had not expected to find any connection between raw industrial alcohol and this open-sea, widely scattered Rum Row.

"It doesn't even pay the way it used to," he continued. "People don't seem to be willing to pay the prices for real stuff any more. You can buy that stuff they call 'Scotch mash' out there on the boats. It's real name is 'iolene.' It comes in barrels, and I think it costs about $10 a gallon, but I've never bought any of it. You take that to shore and mix it with industrial alcohol and water and you can make any kind of Scotch you want. Just label your bottles as you please. One fellow I know, who didn't know much about whisky, got a lot of queer-shaped bottles called 'pinch bottles' that only a certain brand of whisky comes in and he filled 'em with 'iolene' whisky. The only labels he could get were 'Old Smuggler' labels, so he glued these on to the bottles. It was a great joke—'Old Smuggler' whisky in pinch bottles. But he sold 'em all right.

"People think prices of whisky are going down. Good whisky isn't going

(*Continued on page 34*)

GENERAL CORD

6-Ply Balloon

General's 4-ply Balloon is the practical equipment for the smaller cars. For the heavier cars the 6-ply Balloon has greater thickness to carry the load and still allows the full flexing action over obstructions. At the same time, it reduces balloon puncture risk to a minimum.

General's 6-ply Balloon consumes no more power than the average 4-ply balloon, because General's greater freedom from internal friction always means power and gasoline saving.

Back of the 6-ply General Balloon is the long-standing experience that has been responsible for General's singular success with low pressure—in all Regular Sizes as well as Balloon Cords, both 4-ply and 6-ply.

Talk with the General dealer in your city. He will be glad to explain fully the advantages of the 6-ply General Balloon and discuss with you the proper equipment for your car.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

Better mix a
few street cars
in the mortar

WHEN you plan the building of a new home, you should look on the electric railway as part of the very foundation. Dependable transportation has a lot to do with your satisfaction with your home.

That's only another way of saying that it will pay you to see to it that your electric railway company is kept on a basis where it can extend and improve service.

The fare you pay does more than buy you a ride. It buys you insurance on the resale value of your house—to the extent that reliable transportation is worth money.

Let the fare be fair, and electric transportation will help to make your community prosperous.

This set-up for better transit must frequently go beyond street cars to include buses. Bus lines, experience shows, function most successfully when they operate as feeders to existing arteries of transportation.

Buses and electric railways in many cities go hand in hand, but conditions can be satisfactory only where the hands are clasped and not clenched.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment

Number 62 of a series

A Big Catch on Rum Row

Continued from page 33

down. But there's so much fake whisky, even out on Rum Row, that it doesn't pay to try to handle real good whisky unless you have special customers."

"I like real liquor," he continued, "but I take home beer and wine. I won't touch the other stuff any more. It's green. You see, in England they must age whisky for three years before they can sell it. But lately they've been exporting green Scotch to France or Belgium or Germany and then reshipping it to the Row. That's what we're getting mostly now. They're cheating over at the other end of the line."

I asked him about how fast the rum runners' boats really were and how they were engined.

"I know some boats that have three Liberty engines in them," he said. "The engines cost $5,000 apiece, installed. That's $15,000 for the three. They are 450 horsepower each. That makes 1,350 horsepower in one small boat." We figured out, on the table, that, if it were possible, the Mauretania, powered at the same rate, would have nearly fourteen million horsepower in her engines instead of 70,000.

"Some of the boats are good for forty-five land miles an hour, empty. Put a hundred cases on them and the engines are so powerful that you don't cut down the speed more than five miles an hour. That leaves you forty miles an hour to get away with."

"How did you get caught to-night?" I asked.

"Only one of our engines was working right. We saw you two miles away and tried to quiet our engines, but we couldn't. We'd have been all right, at that, if we hadn't left our papers home. That means a $350 fine, I hear."

Up on deck they had been receiving Reeder's flashing O. K.'s from time to time, but when I went up on deck, after the talk, I found Captain O'Brien and the crew worried. We were nearing New York. The lights of Coney Island and Staten Island were visible, and here and there around us were the lights and the dark hulls of ships that had passed through the Narrows and were heading out to sea, or were finding their ways toward the Narrows and New York Harbor. The flashing buoy lights of Ambrose Channel added to the liveliness. But among all these lights no tiny white flashes appeared. Reeder had stopped signaling.

O'Brien became worried after a quarter of an hour. He decided to light up his boat so that Reeder could see it. Still no white flashes came. He turned the boat around, facing the sea. He began to signal with his red and green lights, high up on the halyards. No one on the sea could miss those signals. But there was no answer.

A Grim Boy With a Gun

THERE was only one gun in Reeder's boat that we knew of; he carried it in its holster. Jacobsen was unarmed. What kind of gun did the tall man in the black clothes carry?

I went down into the kitchen again.

"They're worried because they can't signal your boat," I said to the prisoner. "Did your partner have a gun?"

"Lord, no!" he said. "We never carry guns out here. You can't fight back with these fellows. You can shoot back at the hijackers on shore, but you'd better not be caught with a gun out here. But I wish I'd stayed on the boat," he said. "It's pretty hard for one man to handle it alone, and the sea's pretty rough. You could get three drowned men out of this mix-up, if that boat swamped."

There was only one thing for O'Brien to do after vainly trying to get news of Reeder, and that was to hurry into base headquarters at Staten Island and report that Reeder was lost.

He put on full speed, and within half an hour we were at the pier—with the prisoner guarded by an armed seaman, down in the kitchen—and O'Brien was telling his story to the base commander.

But Reeder's little boat wasn't swamped.

I saw him twelve hours later on the deck of the big ex-cable ship Robert C. Clowry, named for the late president of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The newspaper reporters and photographers had just finished besieging him; overnight he had become a Coast Guard hero. The big ship was moored at the Barge Office pier—his prisoner.

"I stopped signaling you fellows," he said, "because I was busy."

"What happened?" I asked. Reeder doesn't tell a story very well; his kind never does.

"Well, we were running along in the little boat, and I was keeping my eye on 115 for signals when I suddenly smelt booze. We were near a big boat, and I headed over toward her. Of course they never suspected me, because I was in a rum runner's boat." He laughed. "As soon as I got near I could hear singing and talking—drunken men. I ran up alongside, and I could see cases of whisky and champagne. Well, all I did was to flash my light to the captain to stop. He was way up in the pilot house, but he saw my uniform and he stopped. I tied up to the boat and told Jacobsen to take our prisoner aboard. Then I went to the upper decks, climbed up into the pilot house, and told the captain to steer for the Barge Office. Then I signaled shore to be ready to receive prisoners at the pier.

"Most of the crew were drunk, and I told the captain he'd be responsible for any disorder among the men."

" 'We'd better let them keep on drinking, then,' said the captain. I told him that would be the best thing to do."

So the Robert C. Clowry headed into the harbor, while the crew of twenty-three men, most of them drunk after a sea voyage, with home in sight, sang their way toward the patrol wagons that were waiting, surrounded by Saturday night crowds, at the Battery pier.

That's all there was to the big capture. Just a grim young fellow, single-handed, with a gun in a pilot-house.

There were 4,000 cases of genuine stuff from Europe on that 8,000-ton ship. The government seized it all and the ship as well. This is written so shortly after the seizure that no trial, as yet, has been held. Someone is "out" over $400,000, but the owner of the stuff has not, up to this writing, yet appeared. It was a record single-handed seizure. Reeder, between leaving shore and setting foot on it again, had been in three boats.

Catching a big ship by using a rum runner's boat was a new stunt in the Coast Guard.

Within a few days orders were issued in Washington that Coast Guard men would be permitted to use captured rum runners' boats in the Rum Row war.

There are other Reeders in the Coast Guard. I didn't pick him out to heroize him; it just happened that I saw him at work. The Coast Guard—older than our navy, devoted to saving lives and property at sea, ready to answer

S O S calls anywhere in the wildest storms, guardian against icebergs in the steamer lanes, protector of our coasts against smugglers of all kinds, part of the navy itself during war—is no part of the Prohibition Unit at Washington.

The Anti-Saloon League has nothing to do with its doings. Those who hate the league and prohibition make a mistake when they blame and criticize the Coast Guard for its activities along Rum Row.

"We have been ordered to stop the smuggling of liquor," says Admiral Billard, commander of the Coast Guard, "and we're going to do it."

Of course the drys will cheer the Coast Guard. But I cannot see that the Coast Guard wants any dry cheers. The wets are criticizing the Coast Guard, especially the wet newspapers. Do they expect a man, serving under the American flag, with the ancient tradition of the Coast Guard behind him, to disobey orders? That's too much to ask, with the old flag right over your head, all the time. You can't ask our school children to salute the flag every day and expect a Coast Guard man to turn against it for a few cases of booze.

The Coast Guard is neither wet nor dry; it's just Coast Guard.

The Professor's House

Continued from page 7

consumed gas imperfectly, and contaminated the air. To remedy this, the window must be left open—otherwise, with the ceiling so low, the air would speedily become unfit to breathe. If the stove were turned down, and the window left open a little way, a sudden gust of wind would blow the wretched thing out altogether, and a deeply absorbed man might be asphyxiated before he knew it. The professor had found that the best method, in winter, was to turn the gas on full and keep the window wide on the hook, even if he had to put on a leather jacket over his working coat.

Are they getting
YOUR MONEY?
is the title of the first of three articles by John T. Flynn, in which you can look at the horse-racing business inside, outside, underneath and on top—
in next week's
COLLIER'S

He wondered now why he had never looked about for a better stove, a newer model, or why he had not at least painted this one, flaky with rust. But he had been able to get on only by neglecting negative comforts. He was by no means an ascetic. He knew that he was terribly selfish about personal pleasures, fought for them. If a thing gave him delight, he got it if he sold his shirt for it. By doing without many so-called necessities he had managed to have his luxuries. He might, for instance, have had a convenient electric drop light attached to the socket above his writing table. Preferably he wrote by a faithful kerosene lamp which he filled and tended himself. But sometimes he found that the oil can in the closet was empty; then, to get more, he would have had to go down through the house to the cellar, and on his way he would almost invariably become interested in what the children were doing, or in what his wife was doing—or he would notice that the kitchen linoleum was breaking under the sink where the maid kicked it up, and he would stop to tack it down. On that perilous journey down through the human house he might lose his mood, his enthusiasm, even his temper. So when the lamp was empty—and that usually occurred when he was in the middle of a most important passage—he jammed an eye shade on his forehead and worked by the glare of that tormenting pear-shaped bulb, sticking out of the wall on a short curved neck just about four feet above his table.

If one of the family happened to be sick, he didn't go to his study at all. Two evenings in the week he spent with his wife and daughters, and one evening he and his wife went out to dinner, or to the theatre, or a concert. That left him only four. He had Saturdays and Sundays, of course, and on those two days he worked like a miner under a landslide. Augusta was not allowed to come on Saturday, though she was paid for that day. All the while that he was working so fiercely by night, he was earning his living during the day, carrying full university work and feeding himself out to hundreds of students in lectures and consultations. But that was another life.

St. Peter had managed for years to live two lives, both of them very intense. He would willingly have cut down on his university work, would willingly have given his students chaff and sawdust—many instructors had nothing else to give them and got on very well—but his misfortune was that he loved youth: he was weak to it; it kindled him. If there was one eager eye, one doubting, critical mind, one lively curiosity in a whole lecture-room full of commonplace boys and girls, he was its servant. That ardor could command him. It hadn't worn out with years, this responsiveness, any more than the magnetic currents wear out; it had nothing to do with time.

But at least he had burned his candle at both ends to some purpose—he had got what he wanted. By many petty economies of purse he had managed to be extravagant with not a cent in the world but his professor's salary—he didn't, of course, touch his wife's small income from her father. By eliminations and combinations so many and so subtle that it now made his head ache to think of them, he had done full justice to his university lectures and at the same time carried on an engrossing piece of creative work. A man can do anything if he wishes to enough, St. Peter believed. Desire is creation, is the magical element in that process. If there were an instrument by which to measure desire, one could foretell achievement. He had been able to measure it roughly just once, in his student Tom Outland, and he had foretold.

THERE was one fine thing about this room that had been the scene of so many defeats and triumphs. From the window, open on the hook, he could see, far away, just on the horizon, a long blue, hazy smear—Lake Michigan, the inland sea of his childhood. Whenever he was tired and dull, when the white pages before him remained blank or were full of scratched-out sentences, then he left his desk, took the train to a little station twelve miles away, and spent a day on the Lake with a sailboat; jumping out to swim, floating on his back alongside, then climbing back into his boat.

When he remembered his childhood he remembered blue water. There were certain human figures against it, of course: his practical, strong-willed Methodist mother; his gentle, weaned-away Catholic father; the old Canuck grandfather; various brothers and sisters. But the great fact in life, the always possible escape from dullness, was the Lake. The sun rose out of it, the day began there; it was like an open door that nobody could shut; the land and all its dreariness could never close in on you. You had only to look at the Lake and you knew you would soon be free. It was the first thing one saw in

(*Continued on page 36*)

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The Professor's House

Continued from page 35

the morning, across the rugged cow pasture studded with shaggy pines, and it ran through the days like the weather, not a thing thought about, but a part of consciousness itself. When the ice chunks came in of a winter morning, crumbly and white, throwing off gold and rose-colored reflections from a copper-colored sun behind the gray clouds, he didn't observe the detail or know what it was that made him happy; but now, forty years later, he could recall all its aspects perfectly. They had made pictures in him when he was unwilling and unconscious, when his eyes were merely open wide.

When he was eight years old his parents sold the lakeside farm and dragged him and his brothers and sisters out to the wheat lands of central Kansas. St. Peter nearly died of it. Never could he forget the few moments on the train when that sudden, innocent blue across the sand dunes was dying forever from his sight. It was like sinking for the third time. No later anguish, and he had had his share, went so deep or seemed so final. Even in his long, happy student years with the Thierault family in France, that stretch of blue water was the one thing he was homesick for. In the summer he used to go with the Thierault boys to Brittany or to the Languedoc coast, but his Lake was itself, as the Channel and the Mediterranean were themselves. "No," he used to tell the boys, who were always asking him about *le Michigan*, "it is altogether different. It is a sea, and yet it is not salt. It is blue, but quite another blue. Yes, there are clouds and mists and sea gulls, but—I don't know, *il est toujours plus naif*."

Afterward, when St. Peter was looking for a professorship, because he was very much in love and must marry at once, out of the several positions offered him he took the one at Hamilton, not because it was the best, but because it seemed to him that any place near the Lake was a place where one could live.

JUST in that corner, under Augusta's archaic "forms," he had always meant to put the filing cabinets he had never spared the time or money to buy. They would have held all his notes and pamphlets and the spasmodic rough drafts of passages far ahead. But he had never got them, and now he really didn't need them; it would be like locking the stable after the horse is stolen. For the horse was gone—that was the thing he was feeling most just now. In spite of all he'd neglected, he had completed his "Spanish Adventurers" in eight volumes—without filing cabinets or money or a decent study or a decent stove—and without encouragement, Heaven knew! For all the interest the first three volumes awoke in the world, he might as well have dropped them into Lake Michigan. They had been timidly reviewed by other professors of history, in technical and educational journals. None saw that he was trying to do something quite different—they merely thought he was trying to do the usual thing and had not succeeded very well. They recommended to him the more even and genial style of John Fiske.

St. Peter hadn't, he could honestly say, cared a whoop—not in those golden days. When the whole plan of his narrative was coming clearer and clearer all the time, when he could feel his hand growing easier with his material, when all the foolish conventions about that kind of writing were falling away and his relation with his work was becoming every day more simple, natural, and happy—he cared as little as the Spanish Adventurers themselves what Professor So-and-so thought about them. With the fourth volume he began to be aware that a few young men, scattered about the United States and England, were intensely interested in his experiment. With the fifth and sixth, they began to express their interest in lectures and in print. The two last volumes brought him a certain international reputation and what were called rewards, among them the Oxford prize for history, with its five thousand pounds, which had built him the new house into which he did not want to move.

"Godfrey," his wife had gravely said one day, when she detected an ironical turn in some remark he made about the new house, "is there something you would rather have done with that money than to have built a house with it?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing. If with that check I could have bought back the fun I had writing my history, you'd never have had your house. But one couldn't get that for twenty thousand dollars. The great pleasures don't come so cheap. There is nothing else, thank you."

THAT evening St. Peter was in the new house, dressing for dinner. His two daughters and their husbands were dining with them, also an English visitor. Mrs. St. Peter heard the shower going as she passed his door. She entered his room and waited until he came out in his bath robe, rubbing his wet, ink-black hair with a towel.

"Surely you'll admit that you like having your own bath," she said, looking past him into the glittering white cubicle, flooded with electric light, which he had just quitted.

"Whoever said I didn't? But more than anything else I like my closets. I like having room for all my clothes, without hanging one coat on top of another, and not having to get down on my marrow-bones and fumble in dark corners to get my shoes."

"Of course you do. And it's much more dignified, at your age, to have a room of your own."

"It's convenient, certainly, though I hope I'm not so old as to be personally repulsive." He glanced into the mirror and straightened his shoulders as if he were trying on a coat.

Mrs. St. Peter laughed—a pleasant, easy laugh with genuine amusement in it. "No, you are very handsome, my dear, especially in your bath robe. You grow better looking and more intolerant all the time."

"Intolerant?" He put down his shoe and looked up at her. The thing that stuck in his mind constantly was that she was growing more and more intolerant, about everything except her sons-in-law; that she would probably continue to do so, and that he must school himself to bear it.

"I suppose it's a natural process," she went on, "but you ought to try—try seriously, I mean—to curb it where it affects the happiness of your daughters. You are too severe with Scott and Louie. All young men have foolish vanities—you had plenty."

St. Peter sat with his elbows on his knees, leaning forward and playing absently with the tassels of his bath robe. "Why, Lillian, I have exercised the virtue of patience with those two young men more than with all the thousands of young ruffians who have gone through my classrooms. My forbearance is overstrained; it's gone flat. That's what's the matter with me."

"Oh, Godfrey, how can you be such a poor judge of your own behavior? But we won't argue about it now. You'll put on your dinner coat? It pleases the girls. And do try to be sympathetic and agreeable to-night."

Half an hour later Mr. and Mrs. Scott McGregor and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marsellus arrived, and soon after them the English scholar Sir Edgar Spilling, so very anxious to do the usual thing in America that he wore a morning street suit. He was a gaunt, rugged, large-boned man of fifty, with long legs and arms, a pear-shaped face, and a drooping, pre-war mustache. His specialty was Spanish history, and he had come all the way to Hamilton, from his cousin's place in Saskatchewan, to inquire about some of Dr. St. Peter's "sources."

Introductions over, it was the professor's son-in-law, Louie Marsellus, who took Sir Edgar in hand. He remembered having met in China a Walter Spilling, who was, it turned out, a brother of Sir Edgar. Marsellus had

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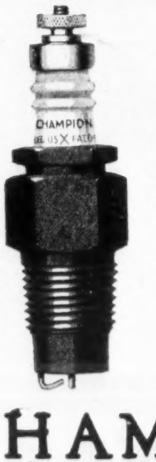

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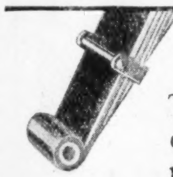

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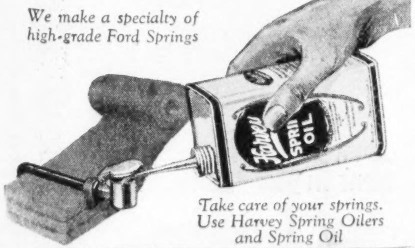

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also a brother there, engaged in the silk trade. They exchanged opinions on conditions in the Orient while young McGregor put on his horn-rimmed spectacles and roamed about the library. The two daughters sat near their mother, listening to the talk about China.

Mrs. St. Peter was very fair, pink and gold—a pale gold, now that she was becoming a little gray. The tints of her face and hair and lashes were so soft that one did not realize, on first meeting her, how very definitely and decidedly her features were cut, under the smiling infusion of color. When she was annoyed or tired the lines became severe. Rosamond, the elder daughter, resembled her mother in feature, though her face was heavier. Her coloring was altogether different: dusky black hair, deep dark eyes, a soft white skin with a rich brunette red in her cheeks and lips. Nearly everyone considered Rosamond brilliantly beautiful. Her father, though he was very proud of her, demurred from the general opinion. He thought her too tall, with a rather awkward carriage. She stooped a trifle, and was wide in the hips and shoulders. She had, he sometimes remarked to her mother, exactly the wide femur and flat shoulder blade of his old slab-sided Canuck grandfather. For a tree hewer they were an asset. But St. Peter was very critical. Most people saw only Rosamond's smooth black head and white throat, and the red of her curved lips that was like the duskiness of dark, heavy-scented roses.

KATHLEEN, the younger daughter, looked even younger than she was—had the slender, undeveloped figure then very much in vogue. She was pale, with light hazel eyes, and her hair was hazel-colored with distinctly green lights in it, soft, curly, not abundant. To her father there was something very charming in the curious shadows her wide cheek bones cast over her cheeks, and the spirited tilt of her head. Her figure in profile, he used to tell her, looked just like an interrogation point.

Mrs. St. Peter frankly liked having a son-in-law who could tot up acquaintances with Sir Edgar from the Sudan to Alaska. Scott, she saw, was going to be sulky because Sir Edgar and Marsellus were talking about things beyond his little circle of interests. She made no effort to draw him into the conversation, but let him prowl like a restless leopard among the books. The professor was amiable but quiet. When the second maid came to the door and signaled that dinner was ready—dinner was signaled, not announced—Mrs. St. Peter took Sir Edgar and guided him to his seat at her right, while the others found their usual places. After they had finished the soup she had some difficulty in summoning the little maid to take away the plates, and explained to her guest that the electric bell, under the table, wasn't connected as yet—they had been in the new house less than a week, and the trials of building were not over.

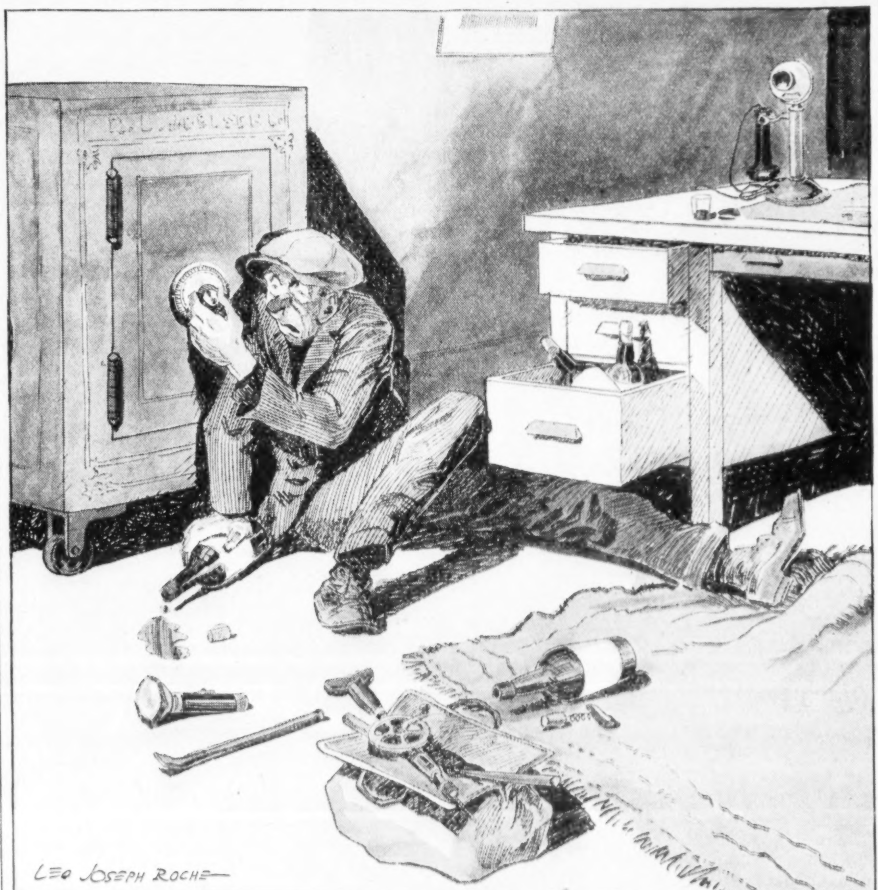
"Oh? Then if I had happened along a fortnight ago I shouldn't have found you here? But it must be very interesting, building your own place and arranging it as you like," he responded.

Marsellus, silenced during the soup, came in with a warm smile and a slight shrug of the shoulders. "Building is the word with us, Sir Edgar, my—oh, isn't it! My wife and I are in the throes of it. We are building a country house, rather an ambitious affair, out on the wooded shores of Lake Michigan. Perhaps you would like to run out in my car and see it? What are your engagements for to-morrow? I can take you out in less than half an hour, and we can have lunch at the Country Club. We have a magnificent site, primeval forest behind us and the Lake in front, with our own beach—my father-in-law, you must know, is a formidable swimmer. We've been singularly fortunate in our architect: a young Norwegian, trained in Paris. He's doing us a Norwegian manor house, very harmonious with its setting, just the right thing for rugged pine woods and high headlands."

Sir Edgar seemed most willing to make this excursion, and allowed Marsellus to fix an hour, greatly to the surprise of McGregor, whose look at his wife implied that he entertained serious doubts whether this baronet amounted to much after all.

The engagement made, Louis turned to Mrs. St. Peter. "And won't you come too, dearest? You haven't been out since we got our wonderful wrought-iron door fittings from Chicago. We found just the right sort of hinge and

(*Continued on page 38*)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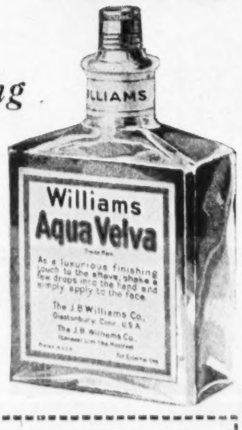

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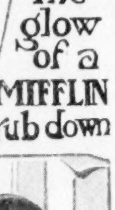

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The Professor's House

Continued from page 37

latch, Sir Edgar, and had all the others copied from it. None of your Colonial glass knobs for us!"

Mrs. St. Peter sighed. Scott and Kathleen had just glass-knobbed their new bungalow throughout, yet she knew Louie didn't mean to hurt their feelings—it was his heedless enthusiasm that made him say untactful things.

"We've been extremely fortunate in getting all the little things right," Louie was gladly confiding to Sir Edgar. "There's really not a flaw in the conception. I can say that, because I'm a mere onlooker; the whole thing's been done by the Norwegian and my wife and Mrs. St. Peter. And"—he put his hand down affectionately upon Mrs. St. Peter's bare arm—"*and* we've named our place! I've already ordered the house stationery. No, Rosamond, I won't keep our little secret any longer. It will please your father, as well as your mother. We call our place Outland, Sir Edgar."

He dropped the announcement and drew back. His mother-in-law rose to it—Spilling could scarcely be expected to understand.

"How splendid, Louis! A real inspiration."

"Yes, isn't it? I knew that would go to your hearts." The professor had expressed his emotion only by lifting his grizzled, sharply uptwisted eyebrows. "Let me explain, Sir Edgar," Marsellus went on eagerly. "We have named our place for Tom Outland, a brilliant young American scientist and inventor who was killed in Flanders, fighting with the Foreign Legion, the second year of the war, when he was barely thirty years of age. Before he dashed off to the front this youngster had discovered the principle of the Outland vacuum, worked out the construction of the bulkheaded vacuum that is revolutionizing aviation. He had not only invented it, but, curiously enough for such a hot-headed fellow, had taken pains to protect it. But he had no time to communicate his discovery or to commercialize it—simply bolted to the front and left the most important discovery of his time to take care of itself."

SIR EDGAR, fork arrested, looked a trifle dazed. "Am I to understand that it is the inventor of the Outland vacuum you are referring to?"

Louie was delighted. "Exactly that. Of course you would know all about it. My wife was young Outland's fiancée—is virtually his widow. Before he went to France he made a will in her favor; he had no living relatives indeed. Toward the close of the war we began to sense the importance of what Outland had been doing in his laboratory. I am an electrical engineer by profession—we called in the assistance of experts and got the idea over from the laboratory to the trade. The monetary returns have been and are, of course, large."

While Louie paused long enough to have some intercourse with the roast before it was taken away, Sir Edgar remarked that he himself had been in the air branch of the service during the war, in the construction department, and that it was most extraordinary to come thus by chance upon the genesis of the Outland vacuum.

"You see," Louie told him, "Outland got nothing out of it but death and glory. Naturally, we feel terribly indebted. We feel it's our first duty in life to use that money as he would have wished—we've endowed scholarships in his own university here, and that sort of thing. But our house we want to have as a sort of memorial to him. We are going to transfer his laboratory there, if the university will permit—all the apparatus he worked with. We have a room for his library and pictures. When his brother scientists come to Hamilton to look him up, to get information about him, as they are doing now already, at Outland they will find his books and instruments, all the sources of his inspiration."

"Even Rosamond," murmured McGregor, his eyes upon his cool green salad. He was struggling with a desire to shout to the Britisher that Marsellus had never so much as seen Tom Outland, while he, McGregor, had been his classmate and friend.

Sir Edgar was as much interested as he was mystified. He had come here to talk about manuscripts shut up in certain moldering monasteries in Spain, but he had almost forgotten them in the turn the conversation had taken. He was genuinely interested in aviation and all its problems. He asked few questions, and his comments were almost entirely limited to the single exclamation, "Oh!" But this, from his lips, could mean a great many things: indifference, sharp interrogation, sympathetic interest, the nervousness of a modest man on hearing disclosures of a delicately personal nature. McGregor, before the others had finished dessert, drew a big cigar from his pocket and lit it at one of the table candles, as the horridest thing he could think of to do.

WHEN they left the dining-room, St. Peter, who had scarcely spoken during dinner, took Sir Edgar's arm and said to his wife, "If you will excuse us, my dear, Sir Edgar and I have some technical matters to discuss." Leading his guest into the library, he shut the door.

Marsellus looked distinctly disappointed. He stood gazing wistfully after them, like a little boy told to go to bed. Louie's eyes were vividly blue, like hot sapphires, but the rest of his face had little color—he was a rather mackerel-tinted man. Only his eyes, and his quick, impetuous movements, gave out the zest for life with which he was always bubbling. There was nothing Semitic about his countenance except his nose—that took the lead. It was not at all an unpleasing feature, but it grew out of his face with masterful strength, well-rooted, like a vigorous oak tree growing out of a hillside.

Mrs. St. Peter, always concerned for Louie, asked him to come and look at the new rug in her bedroom.

McGregor was left with the two sisters. "Outland, outlandish," he muttered, while he fumbled about for an ash tray. Rosamond pretended not to hear, but the dusky red on her cheeks crept a little farther toward her ears.

"Remember, we are leaving early, Scott," said Kathleen. "You have to finish your editorial to-night."

"Surely you don't make him work at night too?" Rosamond asked. "Doesn't he have to rest his brain sometimes? Humor is always better if it's spontaneous."

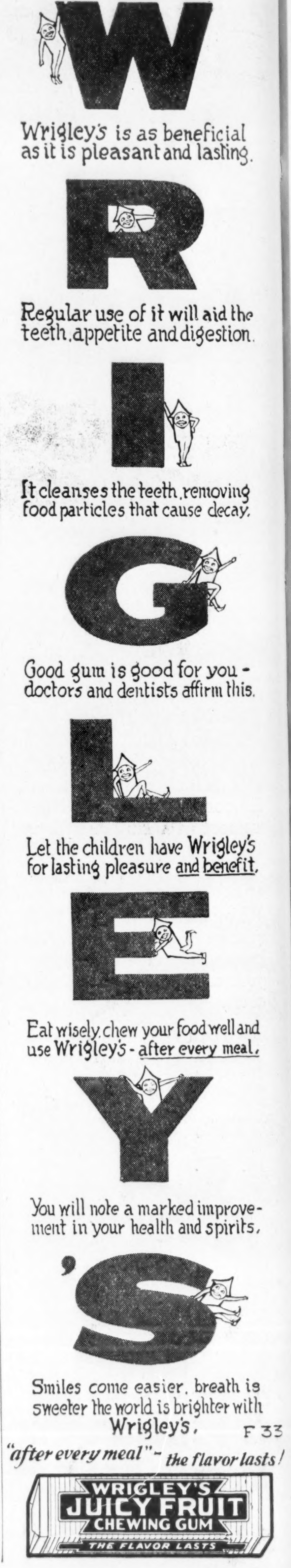
"Oh, that's the trouble with me," Scott assured her. "Unless I keep my nose to the grindstone, I'm too damned spontaneous and tell the truth, and the public won't stand for it. It's not an editorial I have to finish, it's the daily prose poem I do for the syndicate, for which I get twenty-five beans. This is the motif:

> *When your pocket is under-moneyed and your fancy is over-girled, you'll have to admit while you're cursing it, it's a mighty darned good old world. Bang, bang!*

He threw his cigar-end savagely into the fireplace. He knew that Rosamond detested his editorials and his jingles. She had fastidious taste in literature, like her mother—though he didn't think she had half the general intelligence of his wife. She also, now that she was Tom Outland's heir, detested to hear sums of money mentioned, especially small sums.

After the good nights were said, and they were outside the front door, McGregor seized his wife's elbow and rushed her down the walk to the gate where his little car was parked, breaking out in her ear as they ran, "What in hell is a virtual widow? Does he mean a virtuous widow, or the reverseous? Bang, bang!"

(*To be continued next week.*)


W
Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.
R
Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.
I
It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.
G
Good gum is good for you - doctors and dentists affirm this.
L
Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.
E
Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.
Y
You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.
'S
Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter the world is brighter with Wrigley's.
F 33
"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!
WRIGLEY'S
JUICY FRUIT
CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

Maybe smoke, too, is "thicker than water"

From England, stronghold of the pipe, comes a call for an American pipe-tobacco

The average Briton considers the pipe to be an English institution. We must concede that there is a higher proportion of pipe-smokers among Englishmen than among the male members of any other nation.

So when a Londoner insists that his pipe shall be filled with an American tobacco, the makers of said tobacco confess to taking his insistence as complimentary.

Mr. Hengle reaches across three thousand miles of sea to get what he wants, and incidentally to hand us this bouquet:

London, England

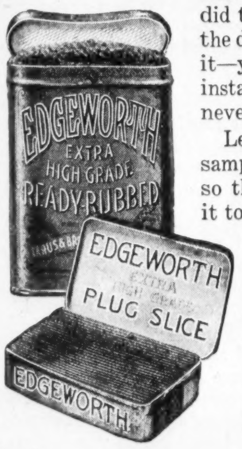
Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Dear Sirs:

Many thanks for your reply of February 20. I hardly expected that I could deal with you direct, but I thought I would have a try, at any rate. I am going to find out just what the duty is on your splendid tobacco. I am a heavy smoker, have been all my life; in using your tobacco I find no ill effects from it in any way whatever. I can't say that for any other brands that I have tried, and I tried them *all* before I settled the question that Edgeworth was *the best of the whole assortment.* No matter where I go, I always take an extra supply to last me until I return.

I am
Respectfully
Ed. S. Hengle

While the taste for Edgeworth is not universal, Mr. Hengle's letter is evidence that it *is* international. The fact is, Edgeworth appeals to a certain class of pipe-smokers. These smokers are spread pretty much over the world.

And one thing these smokers are sure of: The Edgeworth they smoke today tastes exactly the same as did the Edgeworth on the day they first tried it—years ago in many instances. Edgeworth never changes.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5F South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

"Nex' on ze Pr-r-rogram!"

Continued from page 20

So he got some of the other players together and began to give travesties in a near-by café after each important production at the Moscow Art Theatre. The thing went so well that he hired a cellar and forty chairs, and started a cabaret: Songs, dances, burlesques, all done with fresh and consummate artistry by the best players of Moscow, Balieff himself introducing each turn and sparring with the wits in the audience. And nobody but artists, actors, and their guests admitted. By 1910 Balieff had to hire a larger cellar, forty more chairs and some tables. And three years later he left the Art Theatre altogether, fitted up a cozy little playhouse under one of the largest apartment houses in town, and charged the public $6 a ticket!

Again the war god tried to halt Balieff. But the conflict was too unequal. Balieff and his cabaret won hands down. It took revolution, invasion, civil war and economic collapse to stop him. Even then, while Balieff wandered off to Constantinople to find food for his rotund person, "The Bat"—as he called his cellar show—went on in Moscow.

From Turkey the star of Balieff led him westward to success. He found some of his old players and drilled new ones. There came seasons in Paris, a visit to London, imitators all over the Continent, and then a year and a half of prosperity in New York. Now the "Chauve-Souris"—the French name given this super-cabaret in Paris—is completing its second American tour.

How does Balieff make it—this bright and sparkling little vaudeville show in which highbrows like Tolstoy, Turgenev, Tchekhov, Pushkin, De Musset, Tchaikovsky, Mozart, Moussorgsky and Chopin provide book, lyrics and music? Let the artist himself explain—for he *is* an artist, a born producer with a fine eye for the theatrical as well as a good ear for Chopin.

"It is very simple, this Art. I am a stage autocrat. If you do not believe me, read it on the programs. There is no soviet back of the curtain. My actors, they are all wooden soldiers. But not too wooden. We rehearse and rehearse and rehearse. We have a very good time, but we work. I get the best Russian artists to make costumes, for the costume is everything. And I let them paint some gay little thrones or pasteboard trees and houses. But mostly I use black velvet for the scenery, and I put my money and my brains into my company and my rehearsals.

"Your shows, now, your American shows—I do not understand about the girls. I have some young ladies, some very pretty young ladies, in my company. But they are actresses. They are not dummies to wear clothes. They are not the spectacle for you to look at. I am all wrong—old-fashioned?—Yet you Americans, you seem to like my 'Chauve-Souris.'

"And I do not understand all this about the gloomy Russians and how sad Art is. The Russian soul, it is strong; I think it is almost like the American, for it has what you call the punch. And Art—I do not see why you think Art, he cannot be funny. You have your Mark Twain."

Counting Costs on the Small House

Continued from page 23

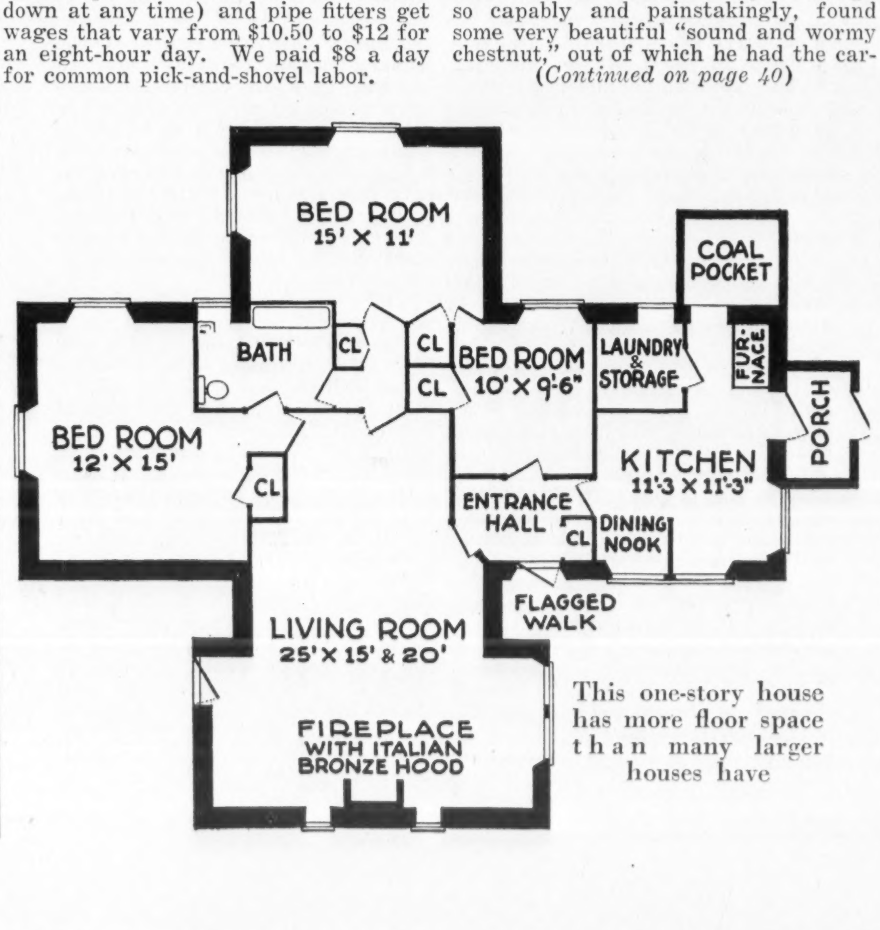
than it would be with a cellar. Remember that the house is built on a waterproofed concrete platform six inches above ground. There is an inch of air space, above which is a rough wooden subfloor laid on sleepers. On top of that comes a heavy oak floor. No dampness can get into the house except through opened doors or windows.

The costs of labor and materials in this section—Bryn Mawr Park, Yonkers, N. Y., which is but twelve miles from New York City, in Westchester County—are higher, I believe, than anywhere else in the world. Mechanics, carpenters, masons, plasterers (the house is plastered with rough Italian cement plaster which can be washed down at any time) and pipe fitters get wages that vary from $10.50 to $12 for an eight-hour day. We paid $8 a day for common pick-and-shovel labor.

Moreover, we were working right through the winter; and that, experience has taught me, is often more expensive than building in summer, because masonry is difficult to handle out in the country on a small job when the thermometer is down to fifteen or twenty above zero. The workmen are slow in the winter time. Often they try to work with gloves. We were able to get no reductions in prices of labor or materials because we were building in what is commonly thought to be the off season.

We got one bargain, although it did not mean much of a saving as the item was small. Warren Matthews, the architect who followed the job through so capably and painstakingly, found some very beautiful "sound and wormy chestnut," out of which he had the car-

(*Continued on page 40*)



This one-story house has more floor space than many larger houses have

Milano No. 1761 is curved, comfortable and companionable. It's a perfect example of skilled pipe-craftsmanship.

The Sweetest Pipe In The World

The unseen quality produced by extra effort in the making of a Milano imparts that "something" which is the difference between "just a pipe" and "the sweetest pipe in the world." Because the Milano is skillfully fashioned of the finest briar, a century old, you cannot buy a *better* pipe.

Milano Pipes come in 26 smart styles, smooth finish $3.50 up; the beautiful Rustic models, $4.00 up. All are *Insured* for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

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COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. ***Four out of five*** people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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BROOKLYN N.Y.

Counting Costs on the Small House

Continued from page 39

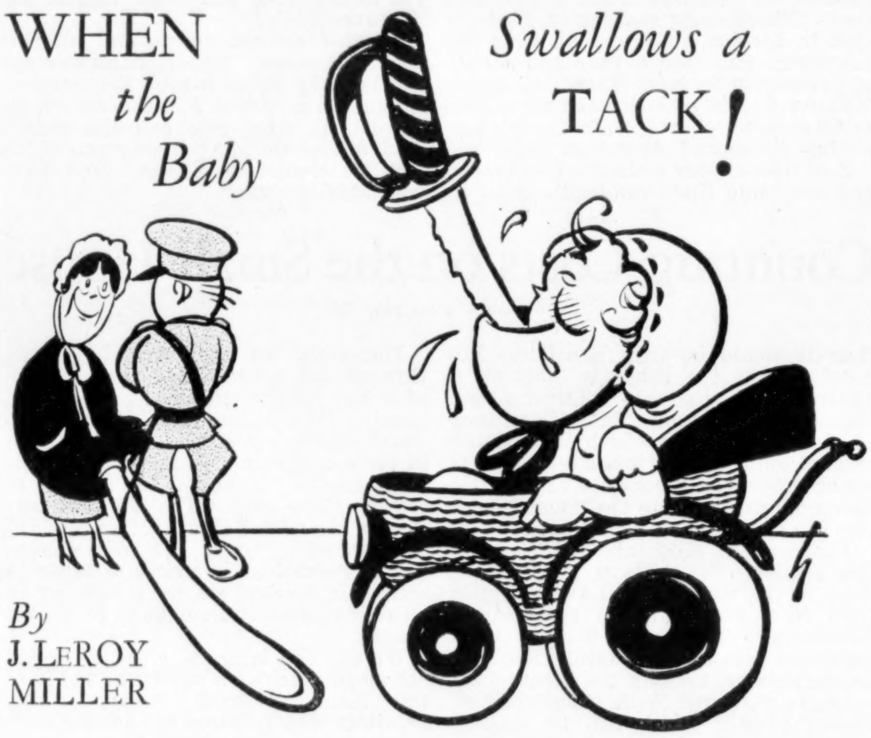
penters fabricate two-inch-thick doors which would fairly make a collector's eyes bulge. Soderston himself put the necessary thin plaster coat on the insulating material on the under side of the roof—the sloping ceilings. This he did with a brush just as though he were painting. He also laid the tile (imported Dutch faïence with inlaid design) in the window sills. He also leaded the glass of the windows, using green English bubble glass. He did some of the waxing of the interior woodwork. He and Matthews together spent an afternoon setting the expensive, specially designed bronze fireplace hood.

The cost figures which are given on page 23 are, therefore, representative of the actual cash spent. They do not include the fees of the mortgage company or the land purchase survey which real estate companies frequently furnish. They include the overhead costs, superintendence, the laying out of the house by an engineer and materials at retail prices. Nothing was done which may not be done by anyone anywhere. For instance, the steel forms used for the stone work were rented at a high price and their cost is, of course, charged in. The architectural fee is higher than on the first house because it includes supervision and contracting with the sub-contractors, whereas on the first house the fee included only the price of the design.

I was astonished when I checked the figures against those of the first house. The costs follow each other like trained soldiers. The second is built more expensively, but it had the advantage of Matthews' skill and practice. If you analyze the percentages, bearing in mind the more expensive work on the second house, you will find he was able to beat me by about 20 per cent.

To me that proves beyond any doubt that the fundamentals are right; that this house represents a monumental advance in the art of small house building. And when I say art I mean to include beauty, utility and engineering. Moreover, these methods are so simple that by using them anyone can make similar savings, build better and more permanently, and banish the bugbear of too rapid depreciation.

WHEN the Baby Swallows a TACK!



By
J. LeROY MILLER

IN THE Bronchoscopic Department of the Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia may be seen one of the most unusual collections of curios to be found anywhere in the world. It contains nearly 2,000 objects, the great majority of which have been taken from the lungs and the air and food passages of children.

It is a remarkably diversified assortment! There are nails and screws and tacks, hardware of many kinds, jackstones, whistles, lead animals, toy opera glasses, the vitreous eye of a teddy bear, grains of corn, beans, peas, canna seeds, coffee beans, buttons, beads, jewelry, a hundred and fifty coins and a similar number of bones.

Safety pins seem to lead the list. This is due to the fact that mothers oftentimes take these objects into their mouths, and babies, being imitative, do the same. One need not deduce the moral! Tacks, particularly bright and shiny-headed ones, are often swallowed by young children.

The Bronchoscopic Department of the Jefferson Hospital is known throughout the entire country. To it children from all over the eastern half of the United States and Canada have been hurried. Once a St. Louis child was rushed to the Quaker City on a special train. In another case an entire Southern town pooled finances to defray the expenses of sending a little boy to Philadelphia. Not a week, scarcely a day, goes by without the removal of a foreign object from the lungs or breathing passages of a patient. And the great majority are youngsters; adults seldom present themselves there.

The great success of the Jefferson Hospital in this kind of work is due to the development of a new kind of instrument—the bronchoscope, a little tool fitted out with a miniature electric light and used to locate extraneous objects lodged in the lungs. A child is brought into the clinic, feverish and sick. Within a few minutes the operation has been performed and in several days the little patient is fully restored to health.

Mothers are oftentimes unaware that their children have swallowed foreign objects. They only know that the hitherto healthy baby is ill, struck down with a mysterious malady. The doctor arrives and shakes his head, unable to diagnose the cause of sickness. The X-ray is utilized and the truth learned. Then—enter the bronchoscope!

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SOMETIMES, when the children are very wide-awake, it may be a complete story: "The Man Without a Country," "Aladdin," or "Robin Hood."

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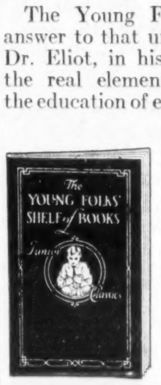

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The Milky Way

Continued from page 12

water. His remarks could not be distinguished at the distance, but from his posture, gestures, and the sound of his voice it was evident that he was addressing the spotty cow.

"Undoubtedly the secret words, though a trifle belated," observed Jimmy. "The creature should now be quite tamed."

"I never see her act up so before," said the cow's owner. "She's the gentlest critter—"

"Well," urged Walker genially, "any more volunteers? Any more buckaroos in this outfit?"

HE RAN his eye over the crew, grinning cheerfully at them. They grinned back, glanced at each other, shook their heads.

"No? Well, come on, boys, let's see what we can do."

He was warming up to the situation. He had been sitting on a rock, like Aline and his brother-in-law, as a spectator. Now he arose and became the central figure—with due deference to the cow.

"Johnston has the right idea—in a way," said he. "The first thing is to get a rope on her. Got to get hold of her. I don't know much about cows, but I do know that with a rope around the base of the horns you can do most anything with them, and around the neck is no good. That right?" he asked the cow's owner. "By the way, what's your name?"

"My name's Teller. Yes, that's right."

"Any of you men throw a lariat? No? How about you? You're a ranchman."

"I ain't never tried."

"Well, I can't either—to amount to much. But I've had to catch my horse a few times down in the cow country. Get me a stout line. I think I can make a running noose."

Armed with this impromptu lasso, he started toward the rock.

"You aren't going up there?" cried Aline, alarmed.

"Don't worry; I have the greatest respect for the old girl."

He made his way to a point just below the little plateau, assured himself of a good foothold, whirled the loop around his head, cowboy fashion, and began to cast. The cow backed away to the far edge, planted her feet and snorted. The position was awkward, Walker's skill negligible, and the cow proved to be unexpectedly clever in ducking. Again and again he hurled the rope, dragged it back empty, and reformed the loop. Sometimes the loop would not spread, sometimes the rope fell short, at encouraging moments it fell across the cow, twice it actually settled over the horns and the attentive bystanders uttered a yell, but before Walker in his unfavorable position could take in the slack the cow lowered her head and flipped her horns and the wide loop slipped off. By now the sun was shining brightly. Walker took off his coat and wiped his brow.

"Gosh, this is hot work!" he remarked.

After the hundredth cast or so, he paused for a rest.

"I'm afraid I'm no Buffalo Bill," he confessed after another series of failures. "One of you row off and tell that ineffable ass, Johnston, to come back —to come ashore and have a try at this. He ought to know how to throw a lasso if he was with the Argentine Gauchos for two years."

While one of the men was gone in the dinghy Walker leaned against the rock resting. Presently the emissary returned.

"Johnston says they didn't lasso them down where he was," reported the man, grinning. "He says they used bolos."

"Humph!" grunted Walker. "He's better read than I imagined."

He took up the rope again and hurled the loop carelessly and disgustedly in the general direction of the cow. It settled about the animal's horns.

"Stand by!" "Haul her!" "Take in your slack!" broke out a chorus of yells.

The loop tightened. Walker descended from his elevated perch, bringing with him the end of the long line.

"Now you've got her, what are you going to do with her?" murmured Forbes.

But Walker, now wholly in the spirit of solving a difficult problem, had his ideas.

"Get the calf down, and she'll follow of her own accord," he replied promptly. "Here, some of you fellows take the end of the rope and keep her from charging at me, and I'll see what can be done."

The cow securely tethered to one end of the plateau, Walker ventured to mount to the other. Then ensued a game first of blandishment—futile—then of dodge. The calf had been instructed by Mother to view all proceedings with suspicion; on no account to do anything he was expected to do; and to distrust all creatures that did not progress on four legs. Infantile as he was, the calf had understood and obeyed perfectly, a wonderful example to the young independents of other species.

"That won't work," confessed Walker at length, descending the cliff.

"If you did get the calf, probably the cow wouldn't be calm enough to pick her way down so difficult a path," consoled Aline. "Your flannels are a sight!"

"There's something in that," assented Walker. "Darn my flannels."

"She's always been the gentlest critter I ever—"

"Well, she's reformed now," Walker cut him short. "Any suggestions, anybody?"

The two groups had gradually drawn together until now master and crew were gathered close. Nobody said anything for a moment.

"How about shoving her off the side where Johnston took the high dive?" at length ventured one of the men.

"She'd bust herself wide open falling from that high up!" hastily interposed Teller in alarm.

"How about shoving her off and then lowering her down with the rope around her horns, then?" amended the author of the suggestion.

"We could all tail onto the rope on this side, run it over the top, and then slack away," interposed another.

THEY gathered in a close group and discussed ways and means. It was agreed that a roller of some kind would be needed to pass the rope over so it would not chafe through. Also some sort of padded poles for the shoving. Nobody seemed to fancy doing any shoving with the naked hands. Also a selected squad to shove, and another to pull. The plan gathered complications, fantastic nautical complications of men accustomed to the sea but not to cows. Teller, who had been listening with more and more bewilderment, finally dashed the whole scheme.

"With her scraping and bumping down that clift," said he, "she'd break a leg sure."

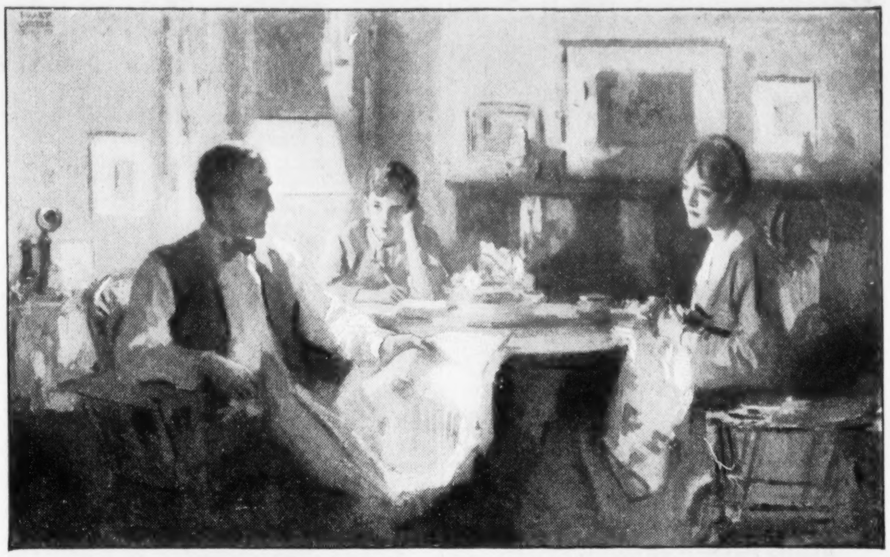
"We'll have to rig some sort of crane to sling her from," put in the mate, who had heretofore remained silent. "Then we can run her over and let her down easy."

"That's the idea!" cried Walker.

A new committee of the whole was formed. Three men held the cow back by the rope while all the rest swarmed up the cliff to examine the engineering possibilities. Cranes were more in line with a sailorman's experience. The matter of a suitable foundation and pivot was soon determined. There would need to be two stout timbers; one upright and firmly guyed; the other attached loosely to its foot like a boom. A block on the end of each through which ropes could be rove would permit manipulation either up or down or sidewise. Then reeve the cow's rope through the end of the boom, hoist her off her feet, sling her sidewise into space, and lower away!

This masterpiece of planning by a

(*Continued on page 42*)



Who owns the telephone?

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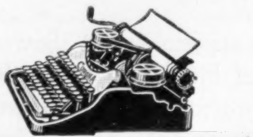

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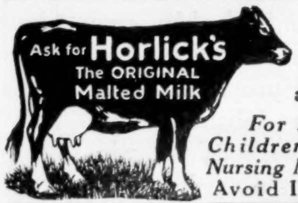

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HOHNER HARMONICAS

The Milky Way

Continued from page 41

dozen eagerly interested small boys—for this is what they had all become—was no sooner rounded out in all details than an obvious and damning fact ruined it. On the little island there grew no trees big enough to furnish materials! There were no trees big enough—so Teller admitted—on any of the islands near by.

At this realization a consternation blank of everything but baffled irritation fell upon the spirits of the multitude. With one accord all stared at the cow; with one accord all cursed the cow. One or two even cursed Teller for daring to own the cow. Teller was quite meek, but very anxious and worried; and only muttered that she was the gentlest cow he had ever known. Which, of course, helped.

"Better shoot the fool and use her up for beef and be done with it!" sighed Walker wearily.

Into this lull obtruded the splash of oars. It had not been noticed that some time previous Sam had withdrawn. Now he was to be seen, in full white regalia, his bulk nearly filling the little dinghy, placidly paddling to shore. He beached his craft, deliberately shipped his oars, heaved himself on the strand, and approached.

"Lunching," he remarked with dignity, "is served. Gittin' cows down offen rocks is no job on an empty stummick."

"Good Lord! It's two o'clock!" cried Walker, glancing at his wrist watch. "Sam has the right idea. Get aboard and feed."

The cow, released from pressure, advanced to the edge of the little plateau, dragging her rope after her. She stared down at them with the unfocused bulging-eyed imbecility of the rattled bovine.

"Bla-a-a-a!" she bellowed, and in the cry there seemed to be a note of sneering scorn.

"Make it snappy!" ordered Walker. "A half-hour. Teller, you go abroad and eat with the men. I'm going to get that cow down if it takes a leg!"

LUNCH was, to Sam's scandal, quite devoid of customary formalities. Walker swallowed his food hastily and without further comment. Then suddenly he bellowed for Johnston.

That astonished individual, accustomed to being summoned gently and electrically as though by the lascivious pleasings of a lute, popped in with unwonted haste.

"Bring that man Teller in here—the cow man," commanded Walker.

"In here, sir?"

"I said here!"

Johnston popped out again, looking slightly scandalized.

"Sit down," invited Walker when the ranchman had been ushered in. "Tell me, how deep is the water on the other side of the island just under the cliff?"

"It's about eight or ten fathom."

"Sure?"

"Yes, I've caught cod there."

"Any rock or shoals?"

"No, she runs off sheer and clean."

"How close in could a craft like this get?"

"Lord, you could tie up to the clift if you wanted to."

Walker hit the table with satisfaction.

"All right," he cried. "I've got it! It's as simple as falling off a log. We'll take the yacht around there right under the confounded cow. We'll use our mainmast as our upright and our main boom as the spar."

"You can't raise it high enough," interposed Forbes quickly.

"Can't, eh? Well, to make sure, we'll hoist it and chock it high enough up."

"It'll mar your mast."

"Hang the mast! I wish it was taller. We can't hoist her clear, but we can pull her off sideways and catch her weight as she comes off the plateau. It'll work perfectly, if only the weather will continue calm."

He was as eager as a boy. Leaping from his seat, he ran on deck. The crew, already fed, were up from below.

"I've got it worked out," he told them rapidly, and detailed his scheme.

"They's nigh a twenty-foot tide in these waters, sir," said the mate, "so if you pull her off at high tide you'd gain that much on her."

"Good man!" cried Walker. The mate had already dived for the tide-tables. They flipped the pages. "Here we are, Port Simpson—it won't be far off Port Simpson tides here—high water 19.7 feet at 22:48—why in blazes don't they say 10:48 P. M. and be done with it? We can't do it to-day. It's 19.5 feet to-morrow morning. We'll do it then. It'll take us the rest of the day to get rigged, anyway."

Walker underestimated the activity of sailormen at work on a job they really understand and in a cause that has enlisted their fervent interest. The boom was raised a little higher up the mast; the gaff was unshipped and lashed to the boom where it would lend most support; the necessary blocks and running gear were installed; the contraption was swung and tested and pronounced satisfactory by the middle of the first dog watch. Satisfied that nothing more could be done until the next day, Walker went below to remove the signs of toil.

BUT shortly appeared Teller from the shore, where he had been thrusting some fodder and a pail of water up to the plateau. He had a new and disconcerting idea, which was that it was very possible that during the night the noose might fall loose and the cow be enabled to slip it off her horns. This horrible thought gave pause to all satisfaction. Walker retired into executive session with himself to grapple with the new problem. Finally he summoned the mate, and explained the difficulty.

"We've got to keep that noose from slipping open," said he, "and the only way to do it that I can see is to throw a half hitch, or something, above it around the beast's horns. It can be done, I think, by flipping the slack of the rope in a sort of loop and giving it a twist that will cross it as it flips. See what I mean?"

The mate said that he did.

"Well, send one of the men over to

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try it. On no account must he get up onto the plateau with that crazy animal. I don't want any accidents."

He went below to finish his interrupted toilet, which he did leisurely. After a bath and a complete change he returned to the deck to find that he was absolutely alone on the yacht. On the last ledge below the pinnacle were closely grouped the missing ship's company intently watching a man who, head and shoulders above the level of the plateau, was painstakingly flipping in hopeful spirals the bight of the line toward a brace-legged and snortsome cow.

After a number of trials he desisted, and to an accompaniment of somewhat subdued jeers clambered down to the level of the company. Another man deposited something in a hat that lay on the ground, spat on his hands, climbed to the edge of the pinnacle, and in his turn began to flip the rope.

Walker glanced overside. At least they had had the grace to leave him his own dinghy. He dropped into it and rowed ashore.

On his appearance activities ceased, and a slight cloud of uneasy uncertainty fell upon the occasion. Jimmy Forbes took upon himself an explanation.

"It is a game," said he—"an excellent game in that it combines the elements of chance, of skill, and the hope of pecuniary gain. You deposit ten cents in the hat, and in return therefor you are allowed ten tries. If you succeed in throwing a half hitch, you are rewarded by the contents of the hat. I have myself already contributed twenty cents, which, I am bound to confess, I am beginning to believe irretrievably lost to me. Want to join? If you have not ten cents, I am sure your credit is good."

"Thanks. I've just cleaned up," replied Walker dryly. "But don't let me interrupt. I'll watch."

He went to seat himself by Aline, who was perched near by, a book in her lap. The game was renewed, at first a little deprecatingly, but soon with noisy hilarity. Walker picked up the book. It was Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

"I brought it as a textbook," Aline explained.

A wild cheer greeted Johnston's extremely lucky cast. He descended, emptied the hat.

"It's just a twist of the wrist," he announced loftily. "It's not unlike handling a bolo."

THE next morning proved calm, so the yacht was run around to the other side of the island, moored fore and aft, and properly fended from the perpendicular cliffs. It was found that the end of the boom was just enough above the tiny plateau on which stood the marooned cow that with the six-foot rise that remained of the tide a sufficient hoist would be afforded.

But now a new complication was introduced by Teller. Where were they going to deposit the cow once she was swung clear? Walker said he had thought they would dump her into the sea and let her swim. Teller had no faith that the cow in her present condition could swim that far, and in such cold water and with so many currents. The alternative seemed to be to lower her to the deck. Walker looked a little dashed. The yacht's spick and span ultra-holystoned deck! He took the hurdle nobly, however, and the men set to work to arrange a suitable place on which to deposit her.

At last the great moment was at hand. Dispositions were carefully made. Each was assigned his job and minutely instructed as to just what he was to do. The men on the guy ropes braced themselves; those on the falls began slowly and cautiously to haul. A lookout at the foretop reported progress.

"She's afloat!" he shouted as the cow, hanging back and snorting, began to be forced, in spite of braced feet, inexorably toward the edge of the cliff. "Her bow's off bottom!" he yelled as the upward pull lifted her from her forefeet. Over the edge of the cliff, in a cloud of loose earth, the beast came into view.

"Hoist away! Smartly, men!" cried Walker.

She rose into the air; dangled. The yacht careened slightly as she took the weight so far offside and so high up.

"Hold the falls! Swing her!" shouted Walker.

The men on the guy ropes swung the boom. High in the air, kicking like a fish and uttering cries either of bovine profanity or of terror, the cow dangled by her horns.

"Oh, the poor thing!" exclaimed Aline.

"Lower away!" cried Walker.

THE cow descended, swinging to and fro, rocking the yacht from side to side. The men at the falls watched their chance to catch her at center, lowering rapidly a few feet, then checking the descent. A dozen pairs of hands were outstretched to receive and guide the descending pendulum. For a moment or so there was imminent danger that the animal would either be dashed against the rocky wall or carry away some of the yacht's standing rigging. The lookout man, reaching up, managed to get hold of a hind leg. This was a mistake. He went overside and splashed into the sea as though he had been projected from a catapult. Somebody threw him a rope and he scrambled aboard dripping, against a volley of facetious remarks from those who were not too busy.

"Hurt?" snapped Walker.

"No, sir," replied the man, but he stood apart rubbing his shoulder, having had enough of cows for the moment. Some ingenious and more cautious spirit threw the loop of a small line over the beast. By means of it she was guided safely to the deck, where she stood, feet apart, blowing and rolling her eyes. The men cheered.

But the jubilation was cut short by a cry of warning from aloft. The calf was seen to be wabbling back and forth along the edge of the cliff, apparently getting ready to jump down after his parent. The lookout man waved his cap; those on deck shouted and threw up their arms and tossed up rope ends and cut antics in an effort to convince the child that in spite of appearances to the contrary cows cannot fly. Teller fell into the dinghy and began frantically to splash toward a point from which he could scale the cliff. All these maneuvers seemed doomed to failure; the calf had apparently every intention of casting itself into space. Suddenly it froze to immobility, staring fixedly straight out in front. All looked in the direction of that gaze. At the foretop crouched Johnston, humped up and gazing directly into the calf's bulging eyes. Calmly he held that calf with his glittering eye. The calf stared. For the second time Johnston had made good!

Breathless silence fell. If Teller could scale the cliff before the unprecedented spell broke! He did! Breathing heavily and perspiring freely, he was seen to creep upon the hypnotized calf, to grasp him firmly. Everybody cheered. Two of the sailors clasped each other and pulled off an impromptu dance.

But the celebration nearly proved fatal. In the excitement the two men at the falls had dropped their rope in order to do a little caper of triumph. This released the pressure on the cow. Whether her finer feelings had been outraged to the point of retaliation, or whether she was merely looking for her progeny, is obscure. At any rate, she uttered another bellow and took charge of the deck. There was no opposition. Men swarmed up the rigging. Aline and her brother dived down the hatch. The lookout man, caught unawares between wind and water, and with no other place to go, again went overside. But, then, he was already wet. Walker swung himself up on the boom, from which point he gave his view of the situation in no uncertain terms.

The flurry was, of course, momentary. The trailing rope was soon seized and the beast made fast. And at that moment the gentle and plaintive voice of Teller was heard alongside, begging

(*Continued on page 44*)

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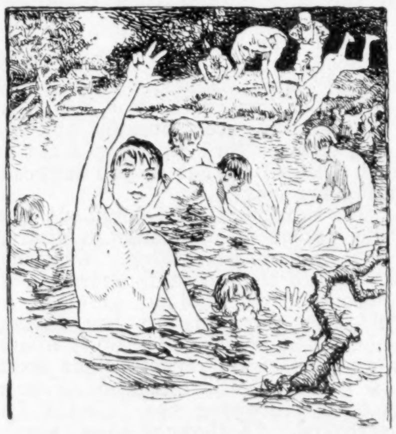

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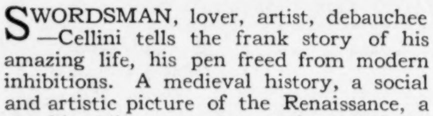

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The Milky Way

Continued from page 43

for assistance in getting the calf aboard.

Excitement drained away as the sea drains from rocks, leaving the yacht and her people once more a part of the surroundings instead of a self-contained center of an unholy row. Walker looked about him. The deck was strewn with ropes and chairs and things. Rigging flapped idly at loose ends. The varnish on the masts and rails was scraped and marred. The yacht looked like a drunken harridan. Also the trip down and the excitement had made the cow seasick.

"Some job!" cried Walker, wiping his forehead. "I never expected to be skipper of a cattle ship, but I guess I am." He began to laugh. "I haven't had so much fun in a coon's age," he chuckled to Aline and her brother. "Now what?"

Teller, in his deprecating way, proffered a suggestion, or rather a request.

"You see," said he, "my gas boat is out of order and I've got to run in a new bearing; and I wouldn't dast to put the cow back on this island again, nohow; she might do the same thing again; and I thought as how it wouldn't be no more trouble for you now if you was to take her over back home again."

Walker stared at him a moment incredulously; then chuckled.

"All right, old-timer," he agreed; "anything goes. Where is it?"

Teller pointed. The other island was now in plain sight and about four miles distant.

"They's a bight with five fathom on the south side. You can't miss it. They's a good beach, and the water's still, so all you have to do to to drop her overside and let her swim. It's only about a hundred feet and she can make that. You'll find my partner across the neck. Just tell him I will be along as soon as I get my gas boat fixed up."

"All right," agreed Walker. "Here, Parks, you row him around to his boat in the dinghy and then come back. We'll wait here."

The dinghy departed.

"Good Lord, I'll be glad to be rid of her!" cried Walker, with a despairing glance toward the cow, which was now bellowing continuously and with more vigor. "How did we ever get into such a mess? What do you suppose is ailing her now?"

"It's so romantic!" pointed out Aline. "The rescue of a matron in distress! She's hungry, poor thing. What have we aboard that is fit for cows?" She approached the animal gingerly and held out something in her flattened palm. The cow smelled of it and resumed her awful racket. "She doesn't like green olives," observed Aline, regretfully throwing the rejected fruit overboard. "I thought there was no harm trying." She stopped as though thunderstruck. "Isn't there some proper thing we have neglected?" she inquired seriously. "Oughtn't we to run up the milk-white flag, for instance?"

Johnston appeared bearing a large white bowl.

"What have you there?" asked Walker.

"It's canned green peas, sir," answered Johnston, "It's all we've got in the stores that we ever used to feed cows when I was in the dairy business."

"How long were you in the dairy business, Johnston?" inquired Aline interestedly.

"Not long, madam, about a year."

"A hundred and sixty-eight," tallied Aline.

JOHNSTON approached the rescued matron, holding out his bowl of canned peas. The cow ceased her racket and sniffed. Then she inserted her nose in the bowl. Johnston looked around in pardonable triumph. The cow apparently tasted and disapproved. Without troubling to remove her muzzle from the bowl she blew violently. Canned peas sprayed upward as from a fountain. Around both Johnston and the cow was a nimbus of green peas. They scattered over the already disgraceful deck. Johnston disappeared, spattered and discomfited. The howls of joy from all in sight were drowned by the renewed ululations of the cow. Johnston had leaned too heavily on his luck.

Sam was summoned. He suggested canned corn and dried beans and beets. A pail was produced and in it was prepared a marvelous bovine goulash. "We've got to quiet the beast somehow, or we'll go mad," said Walker. "We ought to have a vegetable garden aboard," said Aline. "It would be very simple: a foot or so of good garden soil in that flat place there just forward of that funny thingumajig." The cow accepted this; ate it; drank a pail of water; quieted down, began to lick her calf, which in turn applied itself to its own meal.

Parks and the dinghy returned. Preparations were made for getting under way.

"Two of the men will have to stand by while we're under way," Walker instructed his mate, "in case there's a swell outside or the confounded beast gets excited."

"The cow watch!" cried Aline delighted, "and it comes right before the dog watch; and it's miles ahead of the dog watch because the dog watch hasn't any dog to watch, but the cow watch has a real cow to watch!"

THE engine took up its rhythm; the moorings were loosed; the yacht swung slowly to the open. All was well. The cow had now apparently become the gentlest critter in the world, as so repeatedly advertised by her loving owner, and was dreamily chewing a placid cud. The calf was still in search of refreshments.

"Sweet rural scene!" murmured Aline.

But beyond the point the yacht encountered a dead swell which cradled her in long slow swoops from trough to crest. Thanks to the pen improvised for her by spare spars and canvas, the cow had no difficulty in holding her feet, but she stopped chewing her cud and into her eyes came a haunted, querying uneasiness.

"I've seen that expression before. And she's stopped chewing her cud!" cried Aline, "I believe she's going to regurgitate."

"The demoralization is complete," groaned Jimmy, "and I do not refer to the cow."

"Tell Johnston to bring a basin," suggested one of the crew.

The spirit, however, was one of hilarity. Everyone had his little joke. Some of those voiced by the crew out of hearing of the quarterdeck were not entirely decorous, having to do largely with possible safeguards of a no longer immaculate deck. Aline alone was silent, lost in a brown study. Walker noticed this most unusual condition and inquired about it.

"I'm composing a poem," she vouchsafed. "I haven't got very far with it. Only the first two lines."

"Let's have them," urged Walker.

Aline struck an attitude; her voice became deep and solemn.

When canned goods take the place of grass and hay,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the sea,

she declaimed in a stage-elocution voice.

The cove on the other island was found without difficulty, and after an interval of sounding the yacht came to anchor within a few hundred feet of a shelving beach. Preparations were made for the landing. The cow presented no difficulties: simply sling her overside, cast off the lines, and let her swim ashore. Teller had informed them that the cow could swim. But how about the calf? Nobody knew. It was a very young calf. Do such animals swim naturally, or do they have to be taught? Birds have to be taught to fly, and flying is their natural mode of progression. Swimming is not a cow's natural mode of progression. Aline brought up these points, and argued them with great ability in face of much scoffing. Finally, more in disgusted yielding to feminine imbecility than from any conviction, Walker ordered life preservers to be hooked about the body of the little beast. The calf did not object. He had but one idea in his poor little head, and that was concerned solely with the meals at all hours of his conception.

"No meals will be served during the landing!" sang out one of the men.

It was finally considered advisable to lead the beasts while in the water. Walker, Jimmy and three men in the dinghy undertook this task. The other members of the ship's company lined the rail. The men beached the boat and disappeared in the small timber and brush, in search of Teller's partner. After a half hour they returned and rowed over. Jimmy was laughing.

"Did you find him?" asked Aline as soon as they had stepped on deck.

"Yes, we found him: across a little narrow peninsula. He was working in a garden. He was a long, lank, solemn individual, and he didn't even look up at us as we approached. Just grunted in answer to our greeting, and went right on working. He was planting potatoes, and he had a basket of seed potatoes and a sack of starfish. He'd lay a starfish in the hole and put a potato on top of that, and then another starfish, and cover them up with earth.

"Probably planting a milky way for the cow," murmured Aline. "Go on."

"Finally Glenn told him his partner's boat was out of commission, so we'd brought back the cow for him, as the cow didn't like the other island. Didn't go into details, and the partner didn't ask for them.

" 'That so?' said he. 'What kind of boat you got?'

" 'Pretty good sized boat,' says Glenn.

" 'Well now,' says the old boy, 'that's a piece of luck that don't often happen to me, because I was figuring on how we're going to get the old bull back there—he's getting mighty poor here, and our gas boat is too small. Could you take him back with you?' "

Jimmy chuckled. "What did you say?" Aline asked Walter.

"Say!" exploded the young man, "I said *no* more forcefully than I ever said it in my life!"

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Andrew W. Mellon

What are the Chances of
LOWER TAXES?

Whether you pay a tax bill or not, revision of taxation will touch the money in your pocket. Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, talks about tax reform in an exclusive, authorized interview

In Next Week's
COLLIER'S

HAVE YOU READ?

By GRANT OVERTON

HE WAS under a year old when, as his mother told, he gave his aunt "as beautiful a black eye as you ever saw. She was kneeling and holding out her hands to him, when he let go with his right." Nor was that all of his infantile prowess. He could walk at ten months and could talk at fourteen.

He sometimes became a trifle musclebound in later life, but he was never tongue-tied.

His name was John Lawrence Sullivan. He did not originate the expression, "I'll tell the world." But he sure did tell the world.

"Let me put you wise," he once said, "that I'm admitted to be one of the prize products of the Boston College School of Oratory, and if you don't believe it, just listen to this sample: The fighting men Boston has turned out never give her no bad name, and she's been turning 'em out ever since the big Bunker Hill scrap. I believe in having a little fight in most everything except funerals. Anything that ain't got some fight in it is like a funeral, and I don't like funerals."

The Strong Boy of Boston spent his boyhood tilting pianos and tossing kegs of nails over his head. Once he picked up an overturned trolley car and set it back gently on the rails. He was about twenty when he began to knock out opponents in the ring. John L's way was a short and sweet one. He just rested his fist against the other fellow's jaw. Once in a while the other fellow could outrun John L.

His very appearance won many battles before the starting gong. He had gray eyes that glared from under an ambush of eyebrow, a large mouth peculiarly merciless in appearance when closed, a jaw resembling a granite promontory. One look from those eyes, and cold steel passed through the heart of his adversary. And John started with a rush across the ring which put the whole of his 190 pounds of bone and muscle behind the action of his fist.

He was a natural-born fighter. His training was simple, even rude. Of technique, subtlety and science he remained to the last almost magnificently innocent. But for ten years he dominated the prize ring, not of America only, of the world. Early in the '90's he encountered Gentleman Jim Corbett, a youngster who had come up from infancy while John L. was undisputed champion. John L. failed to intimidate the youngster by his mien; what was worse, he failed to knock him down for keeps. And so there was a new champion at last.

He Didn't Want to Kill Him

ON HIS way to the championship, which he achieved in 1882 at the age of twenty-four, John L. had to deal with a blacksmith who was seven feet tall and weighed over 300 pounds. "His gigantic proportions," says R. F. Dibble in his book, "John L. Sullivan," "necessitated a new form of assault—or, as John remarked, he 'had to figure on a way to get at him.' Inspiration came to John at the beginning of the first round; he merely poked his left hand into the pit of the blacksmith's stomach. The fellow at once doubled up willy-nilly—an action that brought his jaw within John's reach. This action was repeated several times."

John L. became champion by licking Paddy Ryan under the London Prize-Ring Rules; "that is to say, the ring was on the ground, the rivals fought with bare knuckles, and the contest soon developed into a combined hitting, wrestling, biting, gouging, and scratching match." His seconds had to caution John L. not to hit Paddy too hard, so John, as he explained afterward, "just pushed him over; I didn't want to kill him."

A fellow who was disposed of in two seconds in Knoxville, Tenn., recovered his senses twenty minutes later and inquired, "Did I win?"

Yet this lionlike creature whose very appearance often scared opponents to death was childlike and rather gullible. A broker once parted John L. from $32,000 in exchange for some copper stock, and the big fellow confided pathetically to a friend:

"I'm a good loser, but I can't help thinking of the thousands of miles I've traveled to scrape that $32,000 together, and the bum meals I've et at punk hotels, and the night runs in sleepers I don't fit, and sometimes nothing but plain water to drink."

It would be pleasant to think that it was this broker he encountered in a barber shop into which he once proceeded with skysails set. At any rate, he found a man in the barber's chair "and whacked his right fist down upon the doomed man's head," at the same time shaking his left fist in the beggar's face the while he croaked:

"You little bald-headed cuss, what 're you gettin' a haircut for? You need one 'bout as much as a baby."

"Nature Gave Out"

JOHN L. was often arrested for drunkenness but perhaps unnecessarily often, for the Boston policemen always valued the honor and appreciated seeing their names in the papers right alongside the champion's.

Somewhat late in life, as you may remember, John L. not only stopped drinking but became a powerful and of course a highly oratorical advocate of total abstinence.

The last bare-fist combat in America was fought on July 8, 1889, between John L. and Jake Kilrain, at Richburg, Miss. This Homeric struggle takes its place with other great natural phenomena, such as the Blizzard of 1888 and the San Francisco fire of 1906. As in the fight with Paddy Ryan, New Orleans had to be deserted and a special train sped to Richburg with the crowd. The roofs of the cars were black with people. Angry conductors tried to frighten them down and collect fares by "shooting pistols up by the edge of the cars by the dangling legs, but it didn't work."

At the beginning of the forty-fourth round, John drank a mixture of cold tea and whisky. He afterward said there was too much liquor in the tea, "and my stomach being in such good condition, I threw it right off." His trainer says that "John threw up the tea and kept down the whisky." Round after round followed. "At the end of each," says Mr. Dibble, "John's second begged him to sit down and get a little rest; but he regularly replied, 'What's the use of settin' down? I've got to get up again, ain't I?'"

The fight went seventy-five rounds until—under a brassy sun, with a temperature of 120—it was feared both men would die of exhaustion, and Sullivan was declared the winner. Kilrain still had enough wind left to dictate a telegram to his wife:

"Nature gave out. Not hurt, though licked. Your husband."

R. F. Dibble's biography of John L. Sullivan has given me more laughs than anything I have read since "Helen's Babies," twenty-five years ago.

"John L. Sullivan: An Intimate Narrative." By R. F. Dibble. Little, Brown & Company.

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

SOME time ago Collier's asked its readers to tell what they thought of the movies. The responses struck every note in the scale. They (a) damned with faint praise; (b) damned with no praise; (c) praised. One little overtone hovered over almost all the letters: "Movies exert a tremendous influence and that influence might be better." That statement is simple enough to make, but the reform it suggests can only be brought about by our support of the good pictures offered by motion picture producers and our absence from other pictures which some of us denounce but which a great many people manage to see.

Soft-Pedal Luxury

To the Editor of Collier's:

Movies run the whole gamut of moral tone. We cannot make a "wholesale" condemnation or an unqualified endorsement.

I think that some films have a tendency to disturb the mental contentment of the not-too-highly paid office girl—causing her to decide that she ought to be wearing finer clothes, getting the notice of more prosperous young men and visiting gayer places.

Some care should be exercised in introducing gold-trimmed, bepillowed retreats whose air is heavily laden with incense. Yet this need be no reflection on those delightful bits of small-town life that introduce the grasping money-lender and his ne'er-do-well offspring, the beautiful maiden and the poor-but-honest hero; neither does it discount Tom Mix in his hot pursuit of an outlaw band, a group of pioneers making their tedious way over the Western plains, Harold Lloyd dodging a cop, Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro," nor Harry Myers in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

R. A. C.,
Des Moines, Iowa.

This is the Faint Praise

To the Editor of Collier's:

I express my own opinion and that of many friends when I state that I would attend the movies, my favorite form of entertainment, regularly were the subjects less offensive.

It is three weeks since I went to a movie. I needed some time to recover from the effects of the last one I saw.

MRS. ANNA ROGERS,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

So Various, So Beautiful, So New

To the Editor of Collier's:

I always enjoy the movies, and it is not my fault that I have seen comparatively few. To me they are simply books, with numerous, life-size illustrations. What could be better? As to the influence they exert, the parallel holds good.

Beautiful pictures are often both a spiritual and a mental uplift. One of my boys looks like an angel when he speaks of the "Blue Bird," and for me the memory of a little Irish picture is a mental tonic.

Regulate the pictures, surely, but don't regulate them out of existence, or the crime will be on a par with that of Cortez when, in religious zeal, he burned the Aztec libraries.

REBECCA LINLEY FRIPP,
Pendleton, S. C.

Better Movies, Better Men

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have been a successful leading woman for a number of years in the legitimate line, but have retired to devote my time to my two children. My husband and father are both connected with the largest theatre here and I see pictures of every make. I think that pictures and plays of to-day are unfit for the younger generation to witness. Oh, there are exceptions such as "The Covered Wagon," "Ten Commandments," etc., but the majority of pictures are far from being uplifting. And now we ask who is to blame? Well, outside of a few people who are struggling to uphold the moral standard, the public is to blame.

As an example, not long ago I went to see "Abraham Lincoln," and as I was leaving the theatre a young man stopped my father and asked him how much the producer had to pay the management to run that picture. Then on the other side of me a young girl was saying, "Oh, dear, such a tiresome picture, no kick to it. I don't want to see any more like that."

And this condition is everywhere in cities large and small. The things people clamor to see now would have lost us our positions had we attempted to display them before our audiences ten years ago.

M. G. A., Huntington, Ind.

No More Crook Heroes

To the Editor of Collier's:

Indecent, salacious pictures are a rotten influence, I'll admit, but I don't consider them 35 per cent of the cancerous growth in our American system. To me the terrible things in our everyday life is the awful number of robberies and murders and crimes of that class nearly all done by kids. The answer for me is the movies. Wild West. Good brave bad men. The crook always outwits the law. Kills and robs but is the hero.

Everyone is familiar now with the value of "propaganda." Why not have some sheriff and police heroes knocking some sneaking crooks for a series of loops and walking off with the pretty daughter and the rest of it. It doesn't make any difference to the movies who is hero just so there is one.

C. L. THOMAS,
Holdenville, Okla.

Little Elsie Makes Her Bow

To the Editor of Collier's:

I can criticize the movies only in a most gracious way because I have found them to be inspirational and uplifting. Like many young girls, I have been tempted to leave home with a "mad desire" to lose myself in "the great whirl of the big city," but through the eyes of the camera I have witnessed both penance and the rewards of virtue until that "mad desire" has left me. The movies have made it possible for me to look upon life with a broader and better understanding.

If I "go wrong" it will be because I am willful and not because I am ignorant of "the ways of the world."

ONE OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

We Made Them What They Are To-day

To the Editor of Collier's:

"What is happening to the movies?" I'll give you a reply from the standpoint of a newspaper man who has been connected with the production, distribution and exhibition of motion pictures since 1912. Your question would be more basic if you asked "What is happening to our people?" In the short span of my life, I have seen the people of the Middle West change from a simple, small-town, God-fearing people to an urban-dwelling bunch of Mammon worshipers.

The movies may have an educational future, but in the past and present they are merely secondary entertainment. The public decides at supper time with what form of excitement it will pass the evening hours. Do they desire to benefit their minds? Absolutely not. They have had to work all day for a living. Now they want to live. If there isn't any jazzier form of entertainment they will go to the movies and will generally —particularly the younger folk—patronize the play or the picture which offers the most excitement or spice. It's not necessarily sexual.

What the common, ordinary garden variety of motion picture exhibitor resents is having to shoulder the blame for all these jazz-age evils that our younger generation is heir to. A novelist writes a rotten book. The public devours it and many of our public libraries carry it on their shelves. He sells the moving picture rights and a comparatively innocuous picturization is sold the public on the demerits of the book title. Do the uplifters go after the novelist? They do not. But they lift up their raucous voices in dismal chorus against the movie, which is generally about one tenth as rotten as is the book.

We who are trying to earn a living by showing motion picture programs to a sated public will indeed be grateful if someone will answer our everyday question, "What is happening to our people and what must we do to keep them coming to our theatres?"

J. P. GRUWELL,
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

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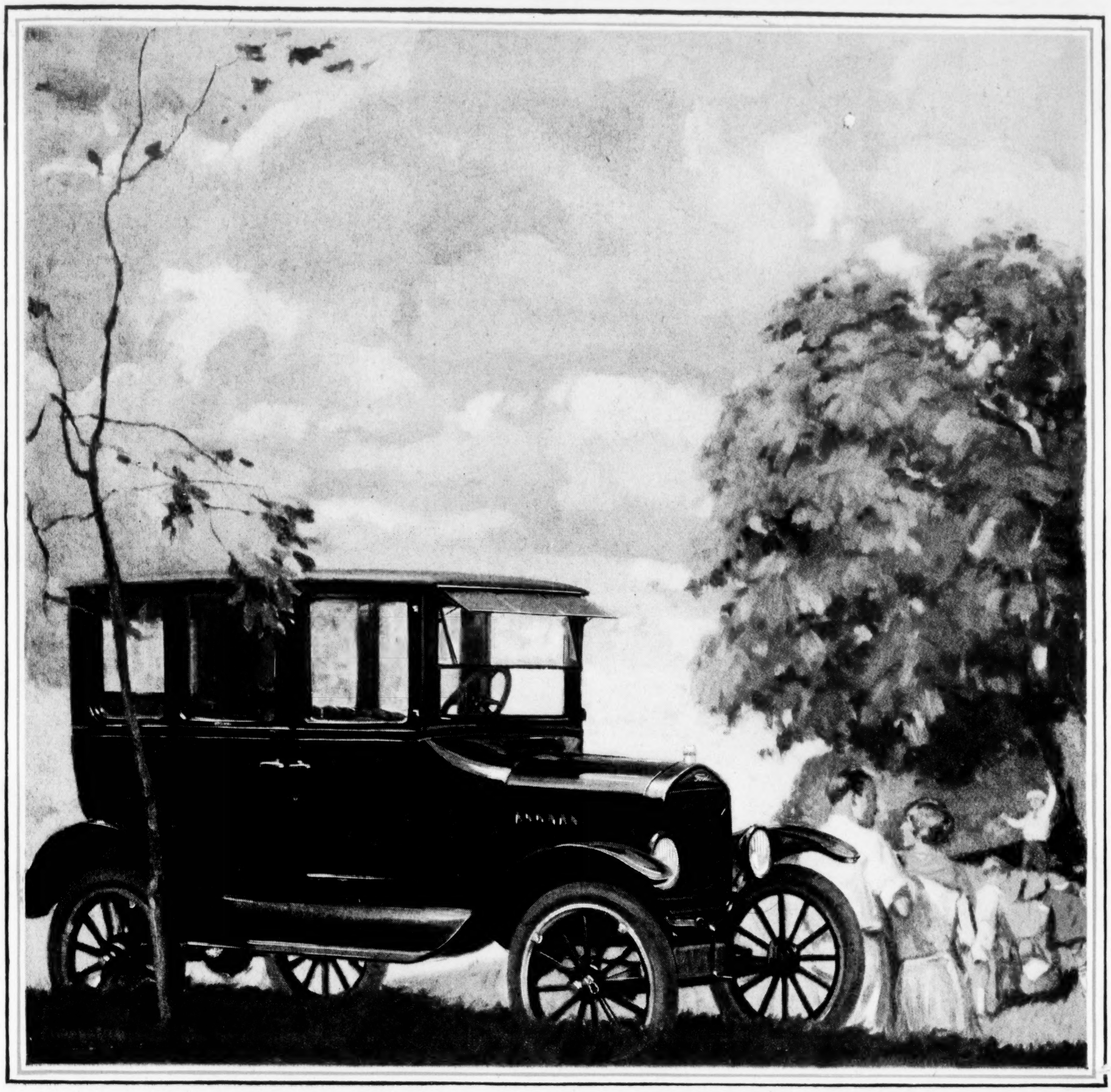

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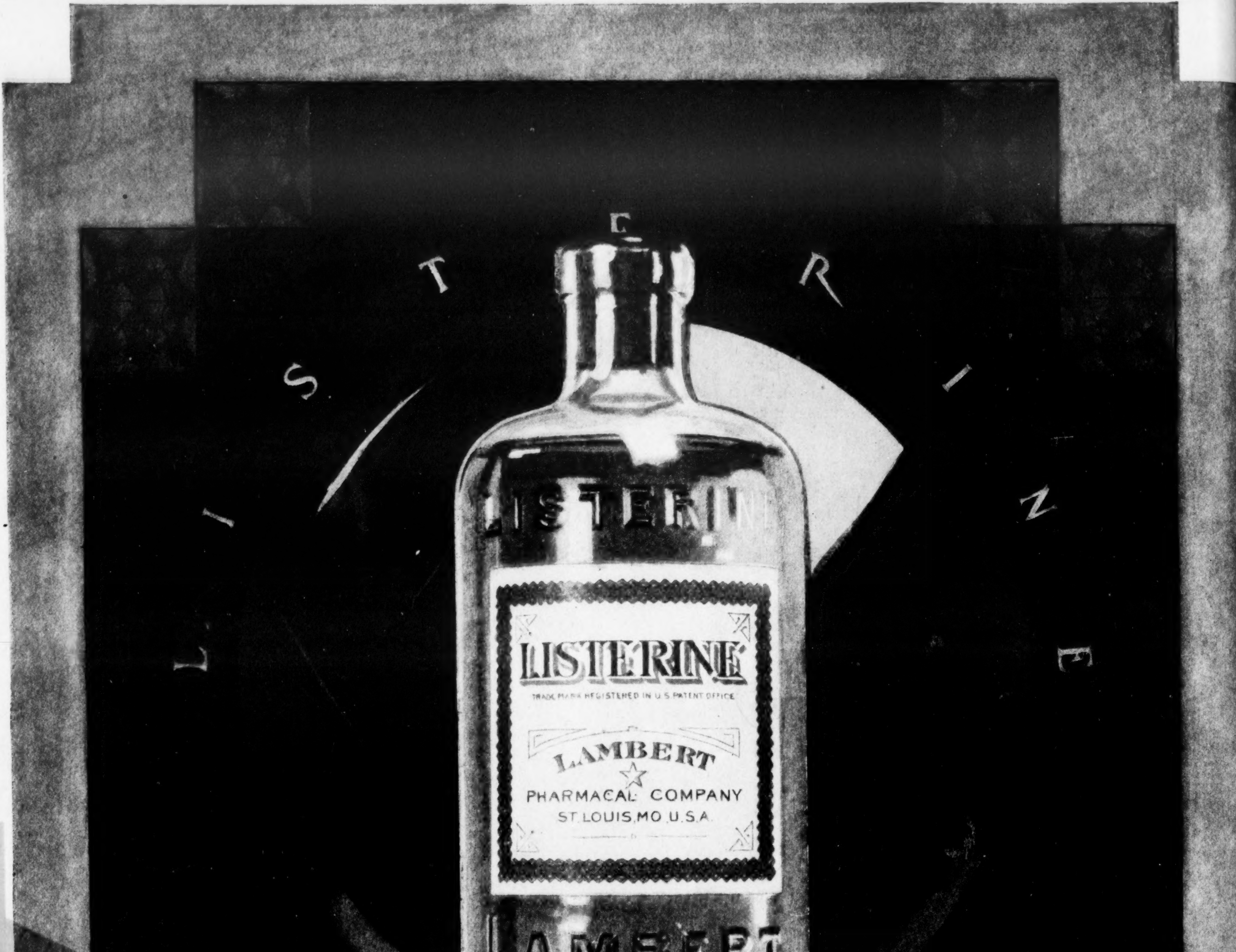
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